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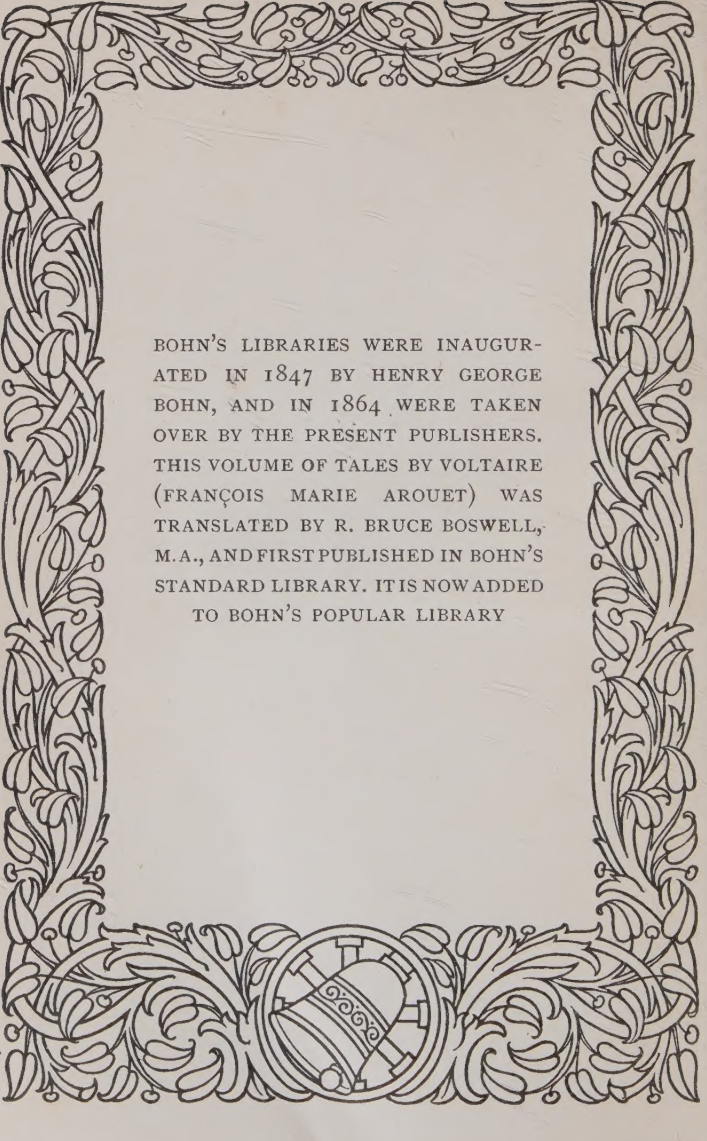
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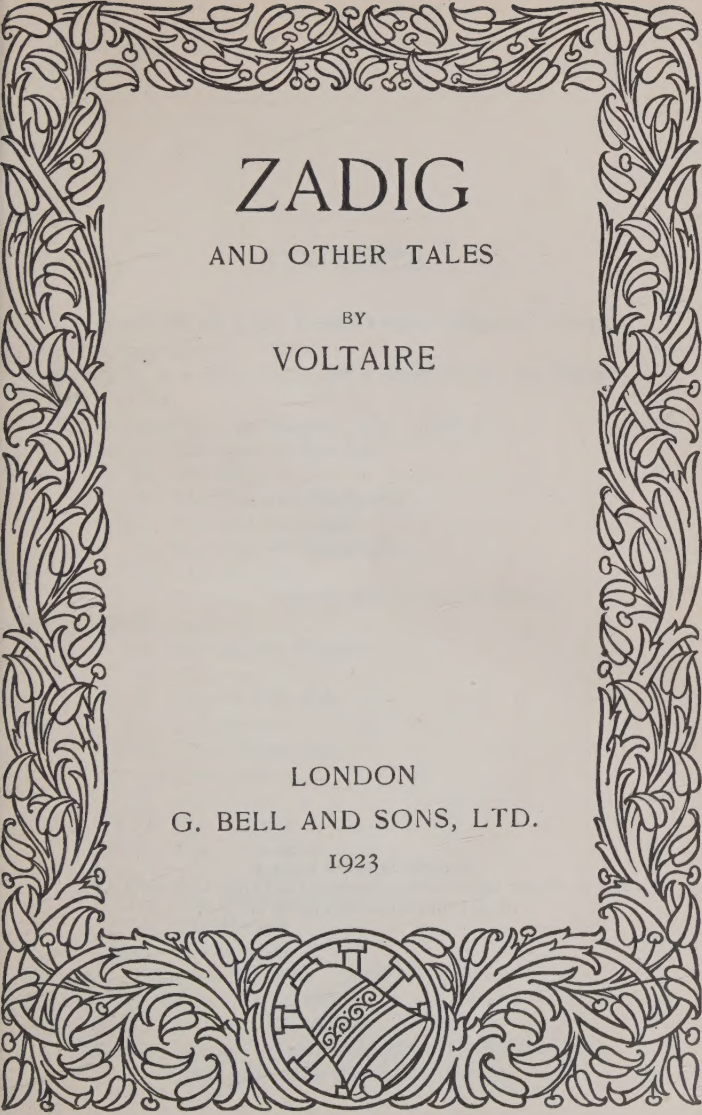
ZADIG

OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROBABILITIES

BY MONTESQUIEU
TRANSLATED BY J. B. GILCHRIST
ESQ. OF ABERDEEN
IN TWO VOLUMES
LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1785.

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ZADIG

AND OTHER TALES

BY
VOLTAIRE

LONDON
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ADIC

AND OTHER

NOTES

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THE WAY THE WORLD GOES, OR
THE VISION OF BABOUC.

(1746.)

THE WAY THE WORLD GOES, OR THE VISION OF BABOUC.

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CHAPTER I.

AMONG the genii who preside over the empires of the world, Ithuriel holds one of the first places, and has the province of Upper Asia. He came down one morning, entered the dwelling of Babouc, a Scythian who lived on the banks of the Oxus, and addressed him thus :

“Babouc, the follies and disorders of the Persians have drawn down upon them our wrath. An assembly of the genii of Upper Asia was held yesterday to consider whether Persepolis should be punished or utterly destroyed. Go thither, and make full investigation ; on thy return inform me faithfully of all, and I will decide according to thy report either to chastise the city or to root it out.”

“But, my lord,” said Babouc humbly, “I have never been in Persia, and know no one there.”

“So much the better,” said the angel, “thou wilt be the more impartial. Heaven has given thee discernment, and I add the gift of winning confidence. Go, look, listen, observe, and fear nothing ; thou shalt be well received everywhere.”

Babouc mounted his camel, and set out with his servants. After some days, on approaching the plains of

Sennah, he fell in with the Persian army, which was going to fight with the army of India.¹ He first accosted a soldier whom he found at a distance from the camp, and asked him what was the cause of the war.

"By all the gods," said the soldier, "I know nothing about it; it is no business of mine; my trade is to kill and be killed to get a living. It makes no odds to me whom I serve. I have a great mind to pass over to-morrow into the Indian camp, for I hear that they are giving their men half a copper drachma a day more than we get in this cursed service of Persia. If you want to know why we are fighting, speak to my captain."

Babouc gave the soldier a small present, and entered the camp. He soon made the captain's acquaintance, and asked him the cause of the war.

"How should I know?" said he; "such grand matters are no concern of mine. I live two hundred leagues away from Persepolis; I hear it said that war has been declared; I immediately forsake my family, and go, according to our custom, to make my fortune or to die, since I have nothing else to do."

"But surely," said Babouc, "your comrades are a little better informed than yourself?"

"No," replied the officer, "hardly anybody except our chief satraps has any very clear notion why we are cutting each other's throats."

Babouc, astonished at this, introduced himself to the generals, and they were soon on intimate terms. At last one of them said to him:

"The cause of this war, which has laid Asia waste for the last twenty years, originally sprang out of a quarrel between a eunuch belonging to one of the wives of the

¹ Allusion is here made to the wars between England and France

great King of Persia, and a custom-house clerk in the service of the great King of India. The matter in dispute was a duty amounting to very nearly the thirtieth part of a daric.¹ The Indian and Persian prime ministers worthily supported their masters' rights. The quarrel grew hot. They sent into the field on both sides an army of a million troops. This army has to be recruited every year with more than 400,000 men. Massacres, conflagrations, ruin, and devastation multiply; the whole world suffers, and their fury still continues. Our own as well as the Indian prime minister often protest that they are acting solely for the happiness of the human race; and at each protestation some towns are always destroyed and some province ravaged."

The next day, on a report being spread that peace was about to be concluded, the Persian and Indian generals hastened to give battle; and a bloody one it was. Babouc saw all its mistakes and all its abominations; he witnessed stratagems carried on by the chief satraps, who did all they could to cause their commander to be defeated; he saw officers slain by their own troops; he saw soldiers despatching their dying comrades in order to strip them of a few blood-stained rags, torn and covered with mud. He entered the hospitals to which they were carrying the wounded, most of whom died through the inhuman negligence of those very men whom the King of Persia paid handsomely to relieve them.

"Are these creatures men," cried Babouc, "or wild beasts? Ah! I see plainly that Persepolis will be destroyed."

Occupied with this thought, he passed into the camp of the Indians, and found there as favourable a reception as in that of the Persians, just as he had been led to

¹ A coin about a guinea in value.

expect ; but he beheld there all the same abuses that had already filled him with horror.

“ Ah ! ” said he to himself, “ if the angel Ithuriel resolves to exterminate the Persians, then the angel of India must destroy the Indians as well.”

Being afterwards more particularly informed of all that went on in both camps, he was made acquainted with acts of generosity, magnanimity, and humanity that moved him with astonishment and delight.

“ Unintelligible mortals ! ” he exclaimed, “ how is it that ye can combine so much meanness with so much greatness, such virtues with such crimes ? ”

Meanwhile peace was declared. The commanders of both armies, neither of whom had gained the victory, but who had caused the blood of so many of their fellow-men to flow, only to promote their own interests, began to solicit rewards at their respective courts. The peace was extolled in public proclamations, which announced nothing less than the return of virtue and happiness to earth.

“ God be praised ! ” said Babouc, “ Persepolis will be the abode of purified innocence. It will not be destroyed, as those rascally genii wished : let us hasten without delay to this capital of Asia.”

CHAPTER II.

ON his arrival he entered that immense city by the old approach, which was altogether barbarous, and offended the eye with its hideous want of taste.¹ All that part of the city bore witness to the time at which it had been built ; for, in spite of men’s obstinate stupidity in

¹ Allusion is here made to a quarter of Paris which formerly bore the name of the suburb of Saint Marceau.

praising ancient at the expense of modern times, it must be confessed that in every kind of art first attempts are always rude.

Babouc mingled in a crowd of people composed of all the dirtiest and ugliest of both sexes, who with a dull and sullen air were pouring into a vast and dreary building. From the constant hum of voices and the movements that he remarked, from the money that some were giving to others for the privilege of sitting down, he thought that he was in a market where straw-bottomed chairs were on sale; but soon, when he observed several women drop upon their knees, pretending to look fixedly before them, but giving sidelong glances at the men, he became aware that he was in a temple. Grating voices, harsh, disagreeable, and out of tune, made the roof echo with ill-articulated sounds, which produced much the same effect as the braying of wild asses on the plains of the Pictavians,¹ when they answer the summons of the cow-herd's horn. He shut his ears; but he was yet more anxious to shut his eyes and nose, when he saw workmen entering this temple with crowbars and spades, who removed a large stone, and threw up the earth to right and left, from which there issued a most offensive smell. Then people came and laid a dead body in the opening, and the stone was put back above it.

"What!" cried Babouc, "these folk bury their dead in the same places where they worship the Deity, and their temples are paved with corpses! I am no longer surprised at those pestilential diseases which often consume Persepolis. The air, tainted with the corruption of the dead and by so many of the living gathered and crammed together in the same place, is enough to poison the whole earth. Oh, what an abominable city is this Persepolis!"

¹ The Pictavi were the ancient inhabitants of the modern province of Poitou.

It would seem that the angels intend to destroy it in order to raise up a fairer one on its site, and to fill it with cleaner inhabitants, and such as can sing better. Providence may be right after all; let us leave it to take its own course."

CHAPTER III.

MEANWHILE the sun had almost reached the middle of its course. Babouc was to dine at the other end of the town with a lady for whom he had letters from her husband, an officer in the army. He first took several turns in and about Persepolis, where he saw other temples better built and more tastefully adorned, filled with a refined congregation, and resounding with harmonious music. He observed public fountains, which, badly placed though they were, struck the eye by their beauty; open spaces, where the best kings who had governed Persia seemed to breathe in bronze, and others where he heard the people exclaiming: "When shall we see our beloved master here?" He admired the magnificent bridges that spanned the river, the splendid and serviceable quays, the palaces built on either side, and especially an immense mansion where thousands of old soldiers, wounded in the hour of victory, daily returned thanks to the God of armies.¹ At last he entered the lady's house, where he had been invited to dine with a select company. The rooms were elegant and handsomely furnished, the dinner delicious, the lady young, beautiful, clever, and charming, the company worthy of their hostess; and Babouc kept saying to himself every moment: "The angel Ithuriel must set the opinion of the whole world at defiance, if he thinks of destroying a city so delightful."

¹ The Hôtel des Invalides at Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

AS time went on he perceived that the lady, who had begun by making tender inquiries after her husband, was, towards the end of the repast, speaking more tenderly still to a young magian. He saw a magistrate who, in his wife's presence, was bestowing the liveliest caresses upon a widow; and that indulgent widow kept one hand round the magistrate's neck, while she stretched out the other to a handsome young citizen whose modesty seemed equal to his good looks. The magistrate's wife was the first to leave the table, in order to entertain in an adjoining chamber her spiritual director, who had been expected to dine with them but arrived too late; and the director, a man of ready eloquence, addressed her in that chamber with such vigour and unction, that the lady, when she came back, had her eyes moist and her cheeks flushed, an unsteady step, and a stammering utterance.

Then Babouc began to fear that the genius Ithuriel was in the right. The gift that he possessed of winning confidence let him into the secrets of his fair hostess that very day; she owned to him her partiality for the young magian, and assured him that in all the houses at Persepolis he would find the same sort of behaviour as he had witnessed in hers. Babouc came to the conclusion that such a society could not long hold together; that jealousy, discord, and revenge were bound to make havoc in every household; that tears and blood must be shed daily; that the husbands would assuredly kill or be killed by the lovers of their wives; and, finally, that Ithuriel would do well to destroy immediately a city given up to continual dissensions.

CHAPTER V.

HE was brooding over these doleful thoughts, when there appeared at the door a man of grave countenance, clad in a black cloak, who humbly entreated a word with the young magistrate. The latter, without getting up or even looking at him, gave him some papers with a haughty and absent air, and then dismissed him. Babouc asked who the man was. The mistress of the house said to him in a low tone:

"That is one of the ablest counsellors we have in this city, and he has been studying the laws for fifty years. The gentleman yonder, who is but twenty-five years of age, and who was made a satrap of the law two days ago, has employed him to draw up an abstract of a case on which he has to pronounce judgment to-morrow, and which he has not yet examined."

"This young spark acts wisely," said Babouc, "in asking an old man's advice, but why is not that old man himself the judge?"

"You must be joking," was the reply; "those who have grown old in toilsome and inferior employments never attain positions of great dignity. This young man enjoys a high office because his father is rich, and because the right of administering justice is bought and sold here like a farm."

"O unhappy city, to have such customs!" cried Babouc; "that is the coping-stone of confusion. Doubtless those who have purchased the right of dispensing justice sell their judgments; I see nothing here but unfathomable depths of iniquity."

As he thus testified his sorrow and surprise, a young

warrior, who had that very day returned from the campaign, addressed him in the following terms :

“Why should you object to judicial appointments being made matter of purchase? I have myself paid a good price for the right of facing death at the head of two thousand men under my command; it has cost me forty thousand gold darics this year to lie on the bare ground in a red coat for thirty nights together, and to be twice wounded by an arrow pretty severely, of which I still feel the smart. If I ruin myself to serve the Persian emperor whom I have never seen, this gentleman who represents the majesty of the law may well pay something to have the pleasure of giving audience to suitors.”

Babouc in his indignation could not refrain from condemning in his heart a country where the highest offices of peace and war were put up to auction; he hastily concluded that there must be among such people a total ignorance of legal and military affairs, and that even if Ithuriel should spare them, they would be destroyed by their own detestable institutions.

His bad opinion was further confirmed by the arrival of a fat man, who, after giving a familiar nod to all the company, approached the young officer, and said to him :

“I can only lend you fifty thousand gold darics; for to tell you the truth, the imperial taxes have not brought me in more than three hundred thousand this year.”

Babouc inquired who this man might be who complained of getting so little, and was informed that there were in Persepolis forty plebeian kings,¹ who held the Persian empire on lease, and paid the monarch something out of what they made.

¹ The earlier editions have “seventy-two.” The number of farmers-general of the taxes in France differed at different times,

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER dinner he went into one of the grandest temples in the city, and seated himself in the midst of a crowd of men and women who had come there to pass away the time. A magian appeared in a structure raised above their heads, and spoke for a long time about virtue and vice. This magian divided under several heads what had no need of division; he proved methodically what was perfectly clear, and taught what everybody knew already. He coolly worked himself into a passion, and went away perspiring and out of breath. Then all the congregation awoke, and thought that they had been listening to an edifying discourse. Babouc said :

“There is a man who has done his best to weary two or three hundred of his fellow-citizens ; but his intention was good, there is no reason in that for destroying Persepolis.”

On leaving this assembly, he was taken to witness a public entertainment, which was exhibited every day in the year. It was held in a sort of hall, at the further end of which appeared a palace. The fairest part of the female population of Persepolis and the most illustrious satraps, seated in orderly ranks, formed a spectacle so brilliant that Babouc imagined at first that there was nothing more to be seen. Two or three persons, who seemed to be kings and queens, soon showed themselves at the entrance of the palace ; their language was very different from that of the people ; it was measured, harmonious, and sublime. No one slept, but all listened in profound silence, which was only interrupted by expressions of feeling and admiration on the part of the audience. The duty of kings, the love of virtue, and the dangerous nature of the passions were

set forth in terms so lively and touching that Babouc shed tears. He had no doubt that those heroes and heroines, those kings and queens whom he had just heard, were the preachers of the empire. He even proposed to himself to persuade Ithuriel to come and hear them, quite convinced that such a spectacle would reconcile him for ever to the city.

As soon as the entertainment was over, he was anxious to see the principal queen, who had delivered such pure and noble sentiments of morality in that beautiful palace. He procured an introduction to her majesty, and was led up a narrow staircase to the second storey, and ushered into a badly furnished apartment, where he found a woman meanly clad, who said to him with a noble and pathetic air :

“This calling of mine does not afford me enough to live upon ; one of the princes whom you saw has got me into the family way, and I shall soon be brought to bed ; I am in want of money, and one cannot lie in without that.”

Babouc gave her a hundred gold darics, saying to himself :

“If there were nothing worse than this in the city, I think Ithuriel would be wrong in being so angry.”

After that he went, under the escort of an intelligent man with whom he had become acquainted, to pass the evening in the shops of those who dealt in objects of useless ostentation. He bought whatever took his fancy, and everything was sold him in the most polite manner at far more than it was worth. His friend, on their return to his house, explained to him how he had been cheated, and Babouc made a note of the tradesman's name, in order to have him specially marked out by Ithuriel on the day when the city should be visited with punishment. As he was writing, a knock was heard at the door ; it was the

shopkeeper himself come to restore his purse, which Babouc had left by mistake on his counter.

"How comes it to pass," cried Babouc, "that you can be so honest and generous, after having had the face to sell me a lot of trumpery for four times as much as it is worth?"

"There is no merchant of any note in this city," answered the shopkeeper, "who would not have brought you back your purse; but whoever told you that you paid four times its proper value for what you bought from me, has grossly deceived you; my profit was ten times as much; and so true is this, that if you wish to sell the articles again in a month's time, you will not get even that tenth part. But nothing is fairer; it is men's passing fancy which settles the price of such gewgaws; it is that fancy which affords a livelihood to the hundred workmen whom I employ; it is that which provides me with a fine house, a comfortable carriage, and horses; it is that which stimulates industry, and promotes taste, traffic, and plenty. I sell the same trifles to neighbouring nations at a much dearer rate than to you, and in that way I am useful to my country."

Babouc, after a moment's reflection, scratched the man's name out of his pocket-book.

"For after all," said he, "the arts that minister to luxury multiply and flourish in a country only when all the necessary arts are also practised, and the nation is numerous and wealthy. Ithuriel seems to me a little too severe."

CHAPTER VII.

BABOUC, much puzzled as to what opinion he ought to have of Persepolis, determined to visit the magi and men of letters ; for, inasmuch as the former devote themselves to religion and the latter to wisdom, he had great hopes that they would obtain pardon for the rest of the people. So next morning he repaired to a college of the magi. The archimandrite acknowledged that he had an income of a hundred thousand crowns for having taken a vow of poverty, and that he exercised a very extensive dominion in virtue of his profession of humility ; after which he left Babouc in the hands of a brother of low degree, who did the honours of the place.

Whilst this brother was showing him all the magnificence of that home of penitence, a rumour spread that he was come to reform all those religious houses. He immediately began to receive memorials from each of them, all of which were substantially to this effect : “ Preserve us, and destroy all the others.”

To judge by the arguments that were used in self-defence, these societies were all absolutely necessary ; if their mutual accusations were to be believed, they all alike deserved extinction. He marvelled how there was not one of them but wished to govern the whole world in order to enlighten it. Then a little fellow, who was a demi-magian, came forward and said to him :

“ I see clearly that the work is going to be accomplished ; for Zerdust has returned to earth ; little girls prophesy, getting themselves pinched in front and whipped behind. It is evident that the world is coming to an end ; could you not, before the final catastrophe, protect us from the grand lama ? ”

"What nonsense!" said Babouc. "From the grand lama? From the pontiff-king who resides in Thibet?"

"Yes," said the little demi-magian, with a decided air; "against him, and none else."

"Then you wage war on him, and have armies?" asked Babouc.

"No," said the other, "but we have written three or four thousand books against him, that nobody reads, and as many pamphlets, which are read by women at our direction.¹ He has hardly ever heard us spoken of, he has only pronounced sentence against us, as a master might order the trees in his garden to be cleared of caterpillars."

Babouc shuddered at the folly of those men who made a profession of wisdom; the intrigues of those who had renounced the world; the ambition, greed, and pride of those who taught humility and unselfishness; and he came to the conclusion that Ithuriel had very good reason for destroying the whole brood.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON his return to his lodging, he sent for some new books in order to soothe his indignation; and he invited some literary men to dinner for the sake of cheerful society. Twice as many came as he had asked, like wasps attracted by honey. These parasites were as eager to speak as they were to eat; two classes of persons were the objects of their praise, the dead and their own selves,—never their contem-

¹ Satire is here aimed at the standing quarrel of the Jansenists with the Pope, their controversial works, and the nuns of Port Royal. The fanatical extravagance and claim to prophetic powers of their later disciples, the "convulsionnaires" of 1730, etc., are also turned into ridicule.

poraries, the master of the house excepted. If one of them happened to make a clever remark, the countenances of all the others fell, and they gnawed their lips for vexation that it was not they who had said it. They did not disguise their real feelings so much as the magi, because their ambition was not pitched so high. There was not one of them but was soliciting some petty post or another, and at the same time wishing to be thought a great man. They said to each other's face the most insulting things, which they took for flashes of wit. Having some knowledge of Babouc's mission, one of them begged him in a whisper to annihilate an author who had not praised him as much as he thought proper, five years ago; another entreated the ruin of a citizen for having never laughed at his comedies; and a third desired the abolition of the Academy, because he himself had never succeeded in gaining admission. When the meal was finished, each went out by himself, for in all the company there were not two men who could endure or even speak a civil word to each other; outside the houses of those rich patrons who invited them to their table. Babouc deemed that it would be no great loss if all that breed of vermin were to perish in the general destruction.

CHAPTER IX.

AS soon as he was rid of them, he began to read some of the new books, and recognized in them the same temper as his guests had shown. He saw with special indignation those gazettes of slander, those records of bad taste, which are dictated by envy, baseness, and abject poverty; those cowardly satires in which the vulture is treated with respect while the dove is torn to pieces; and

those novels, destitute of imagination, in which are displayed so many portraits of women with whom the author is totally unacquainted.

He threw all those detestable writings into the fire, and went out to take an evening stroll. He was introduced to an old scholar who had not made one of his late company of parasites ; for he always avoided the crowd. Knowing men well, he made good use of his knowledge, and was careful to whom he gave his confidence. Babouc spoke to him with indignation of what he had read and what he had seen.

“ You have been reading poor contemptible stuff,” said the learned sage ; “ but at all times, in all countries, and in every walk of life, the bad swarm and the good are rare. You have entertained the mere scum of pedantry, for in all professions alike those who least deserve to appear always obtrude themselves with most effrontery. The men of real wisdom live a quiet and retired life ; there are still among us some men and books worthy of your attention.”

While he was speaking thus another man of letters joined them ; and their conversation was so agreeable and instructive, so superior to prejudice and conformable to virtue, that Babouc confessed he had never heard anything like it before.

“ Here are men,” he said to himself, “ whom the angel Ithuriel will not dare to touch, or he will be ruthless indeed.”

Reconciled as he now was to the men of letters, Babouc was still enraged with the rest of the nation.

“ You are a stranger,” said the judicious person who was talking to him ; “ abuses present themselves to your eyes in a mass, and the good which is concealed, and which sometimes springs out of these very abuses, escapes your observation.”

Then he learned that among the men of literature there

were some who were free from envy, and that even among the magi virtuous men were to be found. He understood at last that these great societies, which seemed by their mutual collisions to be bringing about their common ruin, were in the main beneficial institutions; that each community of magi was a check upon its rivals; that if they differed in some matters of opinion, they all taught the same principles of morality, instructed the people, and lived in obedience to the laws; like tutors who watch over the son of the house, while the master watches over them. Becoming acquainted with several of these magi, he saw souls of heavenly disposition. He found that even among the simpletons who aspired to make war on the grand lama there had been some very great men. He began to suspect that the character of the people of Persepolis might be like their buildings, some of which had seemed to him deplorably bad, while others had ravished him with admiration.

CHAPTER X.

SAID Babouc to his literary friend:

“I see clearly enough that these magi, whom I thought so dangerous, are in reality very useful, especially when a wise government prevents them from making themselves too indispensable. But you will at least acknowledge that your young magistrates, who buy a seat on the bench as soon as they have learned to mount a horse, must needs display in your courts of law the most ridiculous incompetence and the most perverse injustice; it would undoubtedly be better to give these appointments gratuitously to those old lawyers who have passed all their lives in weighing conflicting arguments.”

The man of letters made reply :

“ You saw our army before your arrival at Persepolis; you know that our young officers fight very well, although they have purchased their commissions; perhaps you will find that our young magistrates do not pronounce wrong judgments, in spite of having paid for the positions they occupy.”

He took Babouc the next day to the High Court of Judicature, where an important decision was to be delivered. The case was one that excited universal interest. All the old advocates who spoke about it were uncertain in their opinions; they quoted a hundred laws, not one of which had any essential bearing upon the question; they regarded the matter from a hundred points of view, none of which presented it in its true light. The judges were quicker in giving their decision than the advocates in raising doubts; their judgment was almost unanimous; and their sentence was just, because they followed the light of reason, whereas the others went astray in their opinions, because they had only consulted their books.

Babouc came to the conclusion that abuses often entail very good results. He had an opportunity of seeing that very day how the riches of the farmers of the revenue, which had given him so much offence, might produce an excellent effect, for the emperor, being in want of money, obtained in an hour by their means a sum that he would not have been able to procure in six months through the ordinary channels; he saw that those big clouds, swollen with the dews of earth, restored to it in rain all that they received from it. Moreover, the children of those self-made men, often better educated than those of the most ancient families, were sometimes of much greater value to their country; for there is nothing to hinder a man from making a good judge, a brave soldier, or a clever statesman, in the circumstance of his having had a good accountant for his father.

CHAPTER XI.

BY degrees Babouc forgave the greed of the farmers of the revenue, who are not in reality more greedy than other men, and who are necessary to the welfare of the state. He excused the folly of those who impoverished themselves in order to be a judge or a soldier, a folly which creates great magistrates and heroes. He pardoned the envy displayed by the men of letters, among whom were to be found men who enlightened the world; he became reconciled to the ambitious and intriguing magi, among whom eminent virtues outweighed petty vices. But there remained behind abundant matter of offence, above all, the love affairs of the ladies; and the ruin which he felt sure must follow filled him with disquietude and alarm.

As he wished to gain an insight into human life under all conditions, he procured an introduction to a minister of state, but on his way he was trembling all the time lest some wife should be assassinated by her husband before his eyes. On arriving at the statesman's house, he had to wait two hours in the antechamber before he was announced, and two hours more after that had been done. He fully made up his mind during that interval to report to the angel Ithuriel both the minister and his insolent lackeys. The antechamber was filled with ladies of every degree, with magi of all shades of opinion, with judges, tradesmen, officers, and pedants; all found fault with the minister. The misers and usurers said: "That fellow plunders the provinces, there's no doubt about it." The capricious reproached him with being eccentric. The libertines said: "He thinks of nothing but his pleasures." The factious

flattered themselves that they should soon see him ruined by a cabal. The women hoped that they might ere long have a younger minister.

Babouc heard their remarks, and could not help saying :

“What a fortunate man this is! He has all his enemies in his antechamber; he crushes under his heel those who envy him; he sees those who detest him grovelling at his feet.”

At last he was admitted, and saw a little old man stooping under the weight of years and business, but still brisk and full of energy.¹

He was pleased with Babouc, who thought him a worthy man, and their conversation became interesting. The minister confessed that he was very unhappy; that he passed for rich, but was really poor; that he was believed to be all powerful, yet was being constantly thwarted; that almost all his favours had been conferred on the ungrateful; and that amid the continual labours of forty years he had scarcely had a moment's peace. Babouc was touched with compassion, and thought that if this man had committed faults and the angel Ithuriel wished to punish him, he had no need to destroy him; it would be enough to leave him where he was.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILE the minister and he were talking together, the fair dame with whom Babouc had dined hastily entered; and in her eyes and on her forehead were seen symptoms of vexation and anger. She burst out into reproaches against the statesman; she shed tears; she com-

¹ This portrait is thought to be intended for Cardinal Fleury.

plained bitterly that her husband had been refused a post to which his birth allowed him to aspire, and to which his services and his wounds entitled him. She expressed herself so forcibly, she made her complaints with so much grace, she overcame objections with such skill, and reinforced her arguments with such eloquence, that ere she left the room she had made her husband's fortune.

Babouc held out his hand, and said :

"Is it possible, madam, that you can have given yourself all this trouble for a man whom you do not love, and from whom you have everything to fear?"

"A man whom I do not love!" she cried. "My husband, let me tell you, is the best friend I have in the world; there is nothing that I would not sacrifice for him, except my lover, and he would do anything for me, except giving up his mistress. I should like you to know her; she is a charming woman, full of wit, and of an excellent disposition; we sup together this evening with my husband and my little magian; come and share our enjoyment."

The lady took Babouc home with her. The husband, who had arrived at last, overwhelmed with grief, saw his wife again with transports of delight and gratitude; he embraced by turns his wife, his mistress, the little magian, and Babouc. Unity, cheerfulness, wit, and elegance were the soul of the repast.

"Learn," said the fair dame at whose house he was supping, "that those who are sometimes called women of no virtue have almost always merits as genuine as those of the most honourable man; and to convince yourself of it come with me to-morrow and dine with the fair Theona. There are some old vestals who pick her to pieces, but she does more good than all of them together. She would not commit even a trifling act of injustice to promote her own interests, however important; the advice she gives her lover

is always noble; his glory is her sole concern; he would blush to face her if he had neglected any occasion of doing good; for a man can have no greater encouragement to virtuous actions than to have for a witness and judge of his conduct a mistress whose good opinion he is anxious to deserve."

Babouc did not fail to keep the appointment. He saw a house where all the pleasures reigned, with Theona at their head, who knew how to speak in the language of each. Her natural good sense put others at their ease; she made herself agreeable without an effort, for she was as amiable as she was generous, and, what enhanced the value of all her good qualities, she was beautiful.

Babouc, Scythian though he was, and though a genius had sent him on his mission, perceived that, if he stayed any longer at Persepolis, he should forget Ithuriel for Theona. He felt fond of a city whose inhabitants were polite, good-humoured, and kind, however frivolous they might be, greedy of scandal, and full of vanity. He feared that the doom of Persepolis was sealed; he dreaded, too, the report he would have to give.

This was the method he adopted for making that report. He gave instructions to the best founder in the city to cast a small image composed of all kinds of metals, earth, and stones, alike the most precious and the most worthless. He brought it to Ithuriel, and said:

"Wilt thou break this pretty little image, because it is not all gold and diamonds?"

Ithuriel understood his meaning before the words were out of his mouth, and determined that he would not think of punishing Persepolis, but would let the world go on in its own way; "for," said he, "if everything is not as it should be, there is nothing intolerably bad." So Persepolis was allowed to remain unharmed, and Babouc was

very far from uttering any complaint like Jonah, who was angry because Nineveh was not destroyed. But when a man has been three days in a whale's belly, he is not so good-tempered as after a visit to the opera or to the play, or after having supped in good company.



THE ONE-EYED PORTER.

(1746.)



THE ONE-EYED PORTER.

(1746.)

THE possession of two eyes does not confer upon us any advantage; one of them serves to show us the good things, and the other the evils of life. A large number of people have acquired the bad habit of shutting the first eye, but very few shut the second: and that is why there are so many people who would rather be blind altogether than see all they have to see. Happy the one-eyed who are only deprived of that evil eye which spoils all that we look upon! Of this Mesrour is an instance.

Anybody who was not blind could see that he had only one eye. He was born like that; but so contented was he with his condition, that it had never occurred to him to wish for another eye. It was not that the gifts of fortune consoled him for the faults of nature, for he was nothing better than a street porter, and all his riches lay in his shoulders; but he was happy, and showed how little an eye the more or a hardship the less contributes to one's felicity. A good appetite and the money wherewith to satisfy it always came to him in a measure proportionate to the exertions he made; he toiled all the morning, ate and drank in the evening, slept at night, and regarded each fresh day as an independent existence, so that care for the future never disturbed his enjoyment of the

present. He was, as you see, at one and the same time blind of an eye, a porter, and a philosopher.

He happened one day to see a grand princess pass by in a splendid carriage. She had one eye more than he had, a circumstance that did not prevent him from admiring her as extremely beautiful; and as one-eyed people do not differ from other men except in such singularity, he became desperately in love with her. Perhaps it will be said that a one-eyed porter has no business to fall in love, above all with a grand princess, and, what is more, with a princess in possession of two eyes. I admit that one in such a situation has good grounds for distrusting his capacity to please; however, since there can be no love without hope, and our porter was in love, he had hope as well. As he was blessed with more legs than eyes, and good legs too, he followed the chariot of his goddess for the space of four leagues, as she was borne along with great rapidity by six fine white horses. The fashion at that time amongst the ladies was to travel without a coachman or footmen, and to drive their own carriage; their husbands wished them to be always alone, in order that they might make sure of their virtue, a view which is directly opposed to the sentiment of those moralists who say that there is no scope for virtue in solitude. Mesrour kept running beside the wheels, turning his serviceable eye towards the lady, who was surprised to see such agility in a one-eyed man. While he was proving in this way that there is no fatigue too great where love is concerned, a tawny monster, pursued by hunters, ran across the road and scared the horses, which, taking the bit between their teeth, dashed with the carriage and its fair occupant towards a precipice. Her newly created lover, more alarmed even than herself, and she was thoroughly terrified, cut the traces with marvellous adroitness; the six white horses took the dangerous leap by

themselves, and the lady, who was as white as they were, escaped with nothing worse than a fright.

"Whoever you may be," she said, "I shall never forget that it is to you I owe my life; ask of me what you will, all that I have is at your disposal."

"Ah," replied Mesrour, "with far more reason may I offer you as much; but my offering will, after all, be less than yours, for I have only one eye, and you have two; but a single eye that looks at you is better than a pair of them which has no such privilege."

The lady smiled, for compliments from a one-eyed man are compliments in spite of that, and compliments always elicit a smile.

"I would I had it in my power to give you another eye," she said; "but that is a present your mother only could make you; however, you shall be my escort."

So saying, she stepped down from the carriage, and continued her journey on foot; her little dog did the same, and walked beside her, barking at the queer figure presented by her squire. I was wrong in calling him her squire, for it was in vain that he offered her his arm, the lady would by no means accept it, on the pretext that it was too dirty; you will soon see that she was made the victim of her own daintiness. She had very small feet, and shoes still smaller, so that she was adapted neither by nature nor art for a long journey on foot. Pretty feet are some compensation for weak legs, when one passes one's life on a sofa surrounded by a crowd of dandies; but what is the use of gold-embroidered slippers on a stony road, where there is no one to see them but a street porter with only one eye? Mélinade (that was the lady's name, which I had good reason for not mentioning before, because it has only just been invented) proceeded as well as she could, execrating her shoemaker, tearing her slippers, cutting her feet, and spraining her ankles at every step.

She had walked for about an hour and a half at the pace to which fine ladies are accustomed, that is to say, she had gone about a quarter of a league,¹ when she fell on the ground overcome with exhaustion. Mesrour, whose help she had declined while she was on her legs, hesitated to offer it now for fear of soiling her with his touch, for he knew well that he was not as clean as he might be, the lady had given him to understand that pretty clearly, and the comparison he had instituted on the way between himself and his mistress had shown it to him more plainly still. She was wearing a dress of some light silvery material, over which were scattered festoons of flowers, which set off her graceful figure to advantage; and, as for him, he had on a brown smock-frock, stained in a thousand places, full of holes, and patched in such a way that the new pieces were beside the old holes, not over them, where they would have been more in place. He had compared his sinewy and horny hands with two little hands whiter and more delicate than lilies; and, lastly, he had seen the lovely flaxen locks of Mélinade gleaming from underneath a light gauze veil, some of them gathered in plaits, and some in ringlets, and he had nothing to put beside them but a mop of frizzly black hair, without any other adornment than a ragged handkerchief tied up as a turban.

Meanwhile, Mélinade attempted to rise, but immediately fell back, and so unwarily, that what she let Mesrour see took away the little reason which the sight of her face had left him. He forgot that he was a porter and had only one eye, and he thought no more of the distance which fortune had placed between the princess and himself; he scarcely remembered even that he was a lover, for he

¹ The French league was about two and a half English miles in length.

lacked that delicacy which is said to be inseparable from genuine love, and which sometimes constitutes its highest charm, though more often it becomes only a nuisance. He availed himself of those rights which his calling of a porter gave him to act like a brute, and brutal he was accordingly—and happy. The princess no doubt fainted, or at least bewailed her lot; but as she was just, she assuredly blessed the kind fate which provides that every misfortune carries with it its own consolation.

Night had spread her veil over the horizon, and under its shade concealed the genuine happiness of Mesrour, and the pretended misery of Mélinade; Mesrour tasted all the enjoyment of capable lovers, and he tasted it like a street porter, that is to say (to the shame of humanity it must be owned) in the most perfect manner. Each instant Mélinade grew more feeble, and her lover more vigorous.

“Great Mahomet!” he said once, like a man transported with rapture, but not like a good christian; “there is nothing wanting to my felicity but that it should be shared by her who causes it. While I am in thy paradise, divine prophet, grant me one favour more, that I may be in the eyes of Mélinade all that she would be in mine, if it were light!”—He ceased praying, and continued to enjoy himself.

Aurora, always more expeditious than lovers like, surprised Mesrour and Mélinade in the position in which she might have been caught herself a moment before with Tithonus; but what was Mélinade’s astonishment when, on opening her eyes to the first rays of dawn, she saw herself in a place of enchantment, with a young man of noble stature, whose countenance resembled that star of day whose return the earth was expecting! He had rosy cheeks and coral lips; his large eyes, tender and passionate, at once expressed and inspired pleasure; his golden quiver, adorned with jewels, hung from his shoulders, and its

arrows rattled at each movement that he made; his long hair, confined over his forehead by a clasp of diamonds, floated freely down his back, and a transparent texture, embroidered with pearls, served him for clothing without concealing any of the beauty of his person.

"Where am I, and who are you?" exclaimed Mélinade in the extremity of her surprise.

"You are," answered he, "with the poor wretch who had the happiness of saving your life, and who has been so well repaid for his trouble."

Mélinade, as pleased as she was astonished, only regretted that Mesrour's transformation had not began sooner. She approached a splendid palace which burst upon her sight, and read this inscription on its gate: "Withdraw, ye who are unworthy; these doors will only open to the master of the ring." Mesrour drew near in his turn to read the same inscription; but he saw other characters, and read these words: "Knock, and fear not." He knocked, and immediately the doors flew open of themselves with a loud noise. The two lovers entered a vestibule of Parian marble, to the sound of a thousand voices and a thousand instruments of music; thence they passed into a magnificent hall, where a delicious banquet had been awaiting them for twelve hundred and fifty years, without any of the dishes having yet grown cold; they sat down to table, and a thousand slaves of exquisite beauty attended upon each. The repast was enlivened with songs and dances, and, when it was over, all the genii came, marshalled in perfect order into various groups, with raiment as gorgeous as it was quaint, to take an oath of fidelity to the master of the ring, and to kiss the sacred finger on which he wore it.

Now there was at Bagdad a very devout mussulman, who, not being able to go and wash himself in the mosque, had water from the mosque brought to him, by paying a

small fee to the priest. He had just performed his fiftieth ablution, to prepare himself for a fiftieth prayer, when his maid-servant, a giddy young damsel with very little sense of reverence, disencumbered herself of the holy water by throwing it out of the window. It descended on an unfortunate wretch who was sound asleep, propped up against a mile-stone which served him for a bolster. He awoke well drenched. It was poor Mesrour, who, returning from his sojourn in the land of enchantment, had lost Solomon's ring on his passage. He had doffed his grand clothing, and resumed his blouse; his beautiful golden quiver was changed into wooden hooks, and, to crown his ill-luck, he had dropped one of his eyes on the way. Then he recollected that he had drunk the night before a great quantity of brandy, which had stupefied his senses and heated his imagination. He had hitherto loved that liquor from inclination; he began to love it now from a feeling of gratitude, and he gaily returned to his work, quite determined to employ whatever money he might earn in purchasing the means whereby he might recover his beloved Mélinade. Any other man would have been disconsolate at finding himself a low fellow with only one eye, after having had such a handsome pair; at meeting with nothing but disdain from the sluts who swept the palace steps, after having enjoyed the favours of a princess more beautiful than the concubines of the caliph; and at being at the beck and call of all the shopkeepers in Bagdad, after having lorded it over all the genii; but Mesrour had not the eye which looks at things on the seamy side.



COSI-SANCTA, OR A LITTLE HARM
FOR A GREAT GOOD.

AN AFRICAN TALE.

(1746.)



COSI-SANCTA, OR A LITTLE HARM FOR A GREAT GOOD.

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IT is a maxim founded upon error that it is not allowable to commit a small fault in order that a greater good may result. St. Augustine was decidedly of this opinion, as it is easy to see from his mention of that little occurrence which took place in his diocese, under the proconsulship of Septimus Acindynus, and which is related in his work entitled "The City of God."¹

There lived at Hippo an old parish priest, a great founder of brotherhoods, and father-confessor to all the young damsels in the neighbourhood; who had the reputation of being a man inspired by God, because he took upon himself to utter predictions, a vocation in which he acquitted himself tolerably well.

One day a young girl was brought to him named Cosi-Sancta, the most beautiful in all the province. Her father and mother were Jansenists, and they had brought her up in the strictest principles of virtue; and of all the admirers that she had had, not one had been able to cause her so

¹ The reference should have been to St. Augustine's "Treatise upon the Sermon on the Mount" (lib. i. chap. xvi.).

much as a moment's distraction in the midst of her devotions. She had been for some time betrothed to a little withered old man, whose name was Capito, a councillor in the inferior court of justice at Hippo. He was a cross and crabbed little man, not without some sense of humour, but affected in his conversation, given to sneers, and fond of ill-natured ridicule; moreover, he was as jealous as a Venetian, and would not for all the world have consented to be on friendly terms with his wife's lovers. The young creature did all she could to love him, because he was to be her husband; she set herself to make the attempt with all sincerity, and yet she scarcely succeeded.

She went then to consult her parish priest, to know if her marriage would be happy. The good man told her in the tone of a prophet:

"My daughter, your virtue will cause you much unhappiness, but you will be one day canonised for having been three times unfaithful to your husband."

This oracle sorely astonished and perplexed the innocent young maiden. She shed tears; she asked for an explanation, thinking that some mysterious meaning must be concealed behind those words; but all the explanation that was vouchsafed her was that the three times were not to be understood as three assignations with the same lover, but as three different adventures.

Then *Cosi-Sancta* uttered loud cries; she even made some rude remarks to the old priest, and swore that she would never be made a saint. She was made one, however, in spite of that, as you will soon see.

She was married not long afterwards, and the wedding was a very grand one. She bore pretty well all the sly speeches that she had to encounter, all the coarse jokes, and all the ill-disguised ribaldry with which it is the custom to embarrass the modesty of young brides. She danced extremely gracefully with several well-made and

handsome young fellows, on whom her husband scowled with the most ferocious expression imaginable.

She lay down in bed beside little Capito with a certain amount of repugnance. She passed a considerable portion of the night in sleep, and awoke in a pensive frame of mind. Her husband however was less the subject of her meditation than a young man named Ribaldos, who had got into her head without her knowing anything about it. This young man seemed as if fashioned by the hands of Cupid; he had the same winning airs, the same impudence and roguish tricks. He was a little too forward perhaps, but only with those ladies who liked it: he was the darling of all Hippo. He had set all the women in the place at variance one against another, and he was at loggerheads with all the mothers and husbands. His flirtations were generally prompted by mere giddiness, not unmixed with vanity; but he loved Cosi-Sancta from genuine inclination, and loved her all the more desperately the more difficult it was to make a conquest of her.

He endeavoured in the first instance, like a sensible man, to please the husband. He made a thousand advances, complimented him on his good looks, and on his genial and generous temper; he lost money to him at play, and was always having some insignificant secret to tell him in confidence. Cosi-Sancta found him as amiable as could possibly be; she loved him already more than she imagined; indeed, she had no suspicion of it, but her husband had instead. Although he was as self-conceited as any little man could be, he could not help doubting whether the visits of Ribaldos were for his sake only. He broke with him on some frivolous pretext, and forbade him to enter his house again.

Cosi-Sancta was very sorry for this, but did not dare to say so; and Ribaldos, becoming more amorous as his difficulties increased, passed all his time in watching for

opportunities of seeing her. He disguised himself as a monk, as a dealer in old wardrobes, and as the exhibitor of a puppet-show; but, after all, he did not succeed well enough to gain a triumph over his mistress, though too well to escape being recognised by the husband. If *Cosi-Sancta* had been of one mind with her lover, they might have taken such precautions that her husband would not have been able to suspect anything; but as she resisted her inclination, and did nothing for which she could reproach herself, she saved everything that concerned her honesty, except appearances; and her husband believed her guilty to the last degree.

The little fellow, who was very passionate, and who fancied that his honour depended on his wife's fidelity, abused her cruelly, and punished her because other people could see her charms. She found herself in the most horrible situation that a woman can be in,—unjustly accused and ill-treated by a husband to whom she was faithful, and tortured by a violent passion which she did all she could to overcome.

She believed that if her lover ceased from pursuing her, her husband might cease to be unjust, and that she might be happy enough to be cured of a love which there would be nothing any longer to keep alive. Under this impression she ventured to write the following letter to *Ribaldos*:

“If you have any goodness, cease to render me miserable; you love me, and your love exposes me to the suspicions and violence of a master to whom I am bound for the remainder of my life. Would that this were the only risk I had to run! For pity's sake cease from pursuing me; I entreat you by that very love which constitutes your unhappiness and my own, and which can never render you happy.”

Poor *Cosi-Sancta* had never foreseen that a letter so

virtuous, though so tender, would produce an effect quite contrary to what she hoped. It inflamed her lover's heart more than ever, and he determined to risk his life in order to obtain a sight of his mistress.

Capito, who was fool enough to want to be informed of everything, and had trusty spies, was warned that Ribaldos had disguised himself as a mendicant friar of the Carmelite order to ask for charity from his wife. He thought that it was all over with him now; for he was of opinion that a Carmelite's costume was far more dangerous than any other for the honour of a husband. He placed people in ambush to give friar Ribaldos a good drubbing; and his orders were only too well executed. The young man on entering the house was received by these gentry; it was in vain that he cried out that he was an honest Carmelite, and that poor friars should not be treated so; he was beaten unmercifully, and a fortnight afterwards died from a blow which he received on his head. All the women in the city shed tears over him, and Cossi-Sancta was inconsolable. Capito himself was sorry, but for another reason, for he found himself in a very unpleasant scrape.

Ribaldos was a kinsman of the proconsul Acindynus. The representative of Rome wished to avenge the assassination in an exemplary manner; and as he had previously had some disputes with the inferior court of Hippo, he was not sorry to have an excuse for hanging one of its councillors; and he was particularly pleased that the lot should fall on Capito, who was by far the vainest and most intolerable little pettifogger in the country.

Thus Cossi-Sancta had seen her lover assassinated, and was near seeing her husband hanged, and all for having been virtuous; for, as I have already observed, if she had granted her favours to Ribaldos, she would have found it much more easy to deceive her husband.

And so you see how the first part of the priest's prediction

was fulfilled. Cossi-Sancta then called to mind the oracle, and greatly feared lest the rest of it might also be accomplished; but having reflected that one cannot conquer one's fate, she resigned herself to Providence, which led her to her destination by ways the most honest in the world.

The proconsul Acindynus was a man devoted to profligacy rather than to pleasure, finding very little entertainment in preliminary dalliance, frankly brutal, a regular garrison hero, and much dreaded in the province, with whom all the women in Hippo had had intrigues only to escape his displeasure.

He sent for Madam Cossi-Sancta, and she arrived in tears, but none the less charming for that.

"Your husband, madam," he said, "is going to be hanged, and it is only you who can save him."

"I would give my life for his," said the lady.

"That is not what is asked of you," replied the proconsul.

"What then is to be done?" said she.

"I only want you to pass one of your nights with me," answered the proconsul.

"They are not mine to dispose of," said Cossi-Sancta; "they belong to my husband. I will shed my blood to save him, but I cannot sacrifice my honour."

"But if your husband gives his consent?" urged the proconsul.

"He is my lord and master," answered the lady: "everyone may do what he pleases with his own property. But I know my husband too well to think that he will do anything of the sort; he is a little man quite capable of letting himself be hanged sooner than allow anyone to touch me with the tip of his finger."

"We shall see about that," said the magistrate in a rage.

He immediately caused the criminal to be brought before

him, and offered him his choice, either to be hanged or to be horned ; there must be no hesitation. The little fellow, notwithstanding, required some pressing. At last he did what anybody else would have done in his place, and his wife, out of charity, saved his life. This was the first of the three times. The same day her son fell ill of a most extraordinary disease, unknown to all the physicians in Hippo. There was only one who had a secret remedy for this disease, and he lived at Aquila, some leagues away from Hippo. At that time a physician established at one town was forbidden to leave it in order to go and practise his profession in another, so Cossi-Sancta was obliged to go herself to his house at Aquila, with a brother of hers to whom she was tenderly attached. On her way she was stopped by brigands. The chief of these worthies was not insensible to her charms, and, just as her brother was about to be killed, he approached her, and said that, if she would only be a little obliging, her brother's life should be spared, and that it should cost him nothing. The crisis was urgent ; she had just saved the life of a husband for whom she had no great affection, she was about to lose a brother whom she loved much ; moreover her son's dangerous condition alarmed her, and there was not a moment to be lost. So she commended herself to the care of Heaven, and did all that was required of her. This then was the second of the three times.

She arrived the same day at Aquila, and alighted at the leech's house. He was one of those fashionable physicians whom women send for when they have the vapours, or when they have nothing at all the matter with them. He was the confidant of some and the lover of others, a man of agreeable and polite manners, not quite on the best terms however with the Faculty, at whose expense he had occasionally made some very good jokes.

Cossi-Sancta related the symptoms of her son's disease,

and offered him a high fee, a sum in fact that would amount to more than a thousand crowns in French money.

“It is not in such coin as this, madam, that I desire to be paid,” said the gay physician; “I would myself offer you all I possess, if you were disposed to take payment for the cures you can effect; heal me only of the malady from which you make me suffer, and I will restore your son to health.”

The proposal seemed extravagant to the lady, but her fate had accustomed her to queer proceedings. The physician was obstinate, and would take no other price for his specific. Cossi-Sancta had not her husband with her to consult; but how could she let a son whom she idolised die for the want of the smallest possible help that she could give him! She was as good a mother as she was sister: she bought the remedy at the required price. This was the last of the three times.

She returned to Hippo with her brother, who never ceased thanking her during the journey for the courage with which she had saved his life.

Thus Cossi-Sancta, who by being too scrupulous had been the cause of her lover's destruction and her husband's condemnation to death, by her readiness to oblige preserved the lives of her husband, her brother, and her son. Such a woman was deemed a very desirable acquisition in a family; so she was canonised after her death for having done so much good to her relations by mortifying her own inclinations, and the following epitaph was engraved on her tomb:

“A LITTLE HARM FOR A GREAT GOOD.”

ZADIG, OR DESTINY.

AN EASTERN TALE.

(1747.)



ZADIG, OR DESTINY.

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CERTIFICATE OF APPROVAL.—I, the undersigned, who have succeeded in making myself pass for a man of learning and even of wit, have read this manuscript, and found it, in spite of myself, curious and amusing, moral and philosophical, and worthy even of pleasing those who hate romances. So I have disparaged it, and assured the cadi that it is an abominable work.

DEDICATORY EPISTLE OF ZADIG TO THE SULTANA SHERAH,
BY SADI.

The 10th day of the month Shawal,
in the year 837 of the Hegira.

Delight of the eyes, torment of the heart, and lamp of the soul, I kiss not the dust of thy feet, because thou dost scarcely ever walk, or only on Persian carpets or over rose leaves. I present thee with the translation of a book written by an ancient sage, to whom, being in the happy condition of having nothing to do, there occurred the happy thought of amusing himself by writing the story of Zadig, a work that means more than it seems to do. I beseech thee to read it and form thy judgment on it; for although thou art in the springtime of life, and courted by pleasures of every kind; although thou art fair, and thy talents add to

thy beauty ; and although thou art loaded with praises from morning to night, and so hast every right to be devoid of common sense, yet thou hast a very sound intelligence and a highly refined taste, and I have heard thee argue better than any old dervish with a long beard and pointed cap. Thou art cautious yet not suspicious ; thou art gentle without being weak ; thou art beneficent with due discrimination ; thou dost love thy friends, and makest to thyself no enemies. Thy wit never borrows its charm from the shafts of slander ; thou dost neither say nor do evil, in spite of abundant facilities if thou wert so inclined. Lastly, thy soul has always appeared to me as spotless as thy beauty. Thou hast even a small stock of philosophy, which has led me to believe that thou wouldst take more interest than any other of thy sex in this work of a wise man.

It was originally written in ancient Chaldee, which neither thou nor I understand. It was translated into Arabic for the entertainment of the famous Sultan Oulook, about the time when the Arabs and Persians were beginning to compose "The Thousand and One Nights," "The Thousand and One Days," etc. Oulook preferred to read "Zadig" ; but the ladies of his harem liked the others better.

"How can you prefer," said the wise Oulook, "senseless stories that mean nothing?"

"That is just why we are so fond of them," answered the ladies.

I feel confident that thou wilt not resemble them, but that thou wilt be a true Oulook ; and I venture to hope that when thou art weary of general conversation, which is of much the same character as "The Arabian Nights Entertainment," except that it is less amusing, I may have the honour of talking to thee for a few minutes in a rational manner. If thou hadst been Thalestris in the time of Alexander, son of Philip, or if thou hadst been the

Queen of Sheba in the days of Solomon, those kings would have travelled to thee, not thou to them.

I pray the heavenly powers that thy pleasures may be unalloyed, thy beauty unfading, and thy happiness everlasting.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN OF ONE EYE.

IN the time of King Moabdar there lived at Babylon a young man named Zadig, who was born with a good disposition, which education had strengthened. Though young and rich, he knew how to restrain his passions; he was free from all affectation, made no pretension to infallibility himself, and knew how to respect the foibles of others. People were astonished to see that, with all his wit, he never turned his powers of raillery on the vague, disconnected, and confused talk, the rash censures, the ignorant judgments, the scurvy jests, and all that vain babble of words which went by the name of conversation at Babylon. He had learned in the first book of Zoroaster that self-conceit is a bladder puffed up with wind, out of which issue storms and tempests when it is pricked. Above all, Zadig never prided himself on despising women, nor boasted of his conquests over them. Generous as he was, he had no fear of bestowing kindness on the ungrateful, therein following the noble maxim of Zoroaster: *When thou eatest, give something to the dogs, even though they should bite thee.* He was as wise as man can be, for he sought to live with the wise. Instructed in the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he was not ignorant of such principles of natural philosophy as were then known, and knew as

much of metaphysics as has been known in any age, that is to say, next to nothing. He was firmly persuaded that the year consists of 365 days and a quarter, in spite of the latest philosophy of his time, and that the sun is the centre of our system ; and when the leading magi told him with contemptuous arrogance that he entertained dangerous opinions, and that it was a proof of hostility to the government to believe that the sun turned on its own axis and that the year had twelve months, he held his peace without showing either anger or disdain.

Zadig, with great riches, and consequently well provided with friends, having health and good looks, a just and well-disciplined mind, and a heart noble and sincere, thought that he might be happy. He was to be married to Semira, a lady whose beauty, birth, and fortune rendered her the first match in Babylon. He felt for her a strong and virtuous attachment, and Semira in her turn loved him passionately. They were close upon the happy moment which was about to unite them, when, walking together towards one of the gates of Babylon, under the palm trees which adorned the banks of the Euphrates, they saw a party of men armed with swords and bows advancing in their direction. They were the satellites of young Orcan, the nephew of a minister of state, whom his uncle's hangers-on had encouraged in the belief that he might do what he liked with impunity. He had none of the graces nor virtues of Zadig ; but, fancying he was worth a great deal more, he was provoked at not being preferred to him. This jealousy, which proceeded only from his vanity, made him think that he was desperately in love with Semira, and he determined to carry her off. The ravishers seized her, and in their outrageous violence wounded her, shedding the blood of one so fair that the tigers of Mount Imaus would have melted at the sight of her. She pierced the sky with her lamentations. She cried aloud :

“My dear husband! They are tearing me from him who is the idol of my heart.”

Taking no heed of her own danger, it was of her beloved Zadig alone that she thought, who, meanwhile, was defending her with all the force that love and valour could bestow. With the help of only two slaves he put the ravishers to flight, and carried Semira to her home unconscious and covered with blood. On opening her eyes she saw her deliverer, and said:

“O Zadig, I loved you before as my future husband, I love you now as the preserver of my life and honour.”

Never was there a heart more deeply moved than that of Semira; never did lips more lovely express sentiments more touching, in words of fire inspired by gratitude for the greatest of benefits and the most tender transports of the most honourable love. Her wound was slight, and was soon cured; but Zadig was hurt more severely, an arrow had struck him near the eye and made a deep wound. Semira's only prayer to Heaven now was that her lover might be healed. Her eyes were bathed in tears night and day; she longed for the moment when those of Zadig might once more be able to gaze on her with delight; but an abscess which attacked the wounded eye gave every cause for alarm. A messenger was sent as far as Memphis for Hermes, the famous physician, who came with a numerous train. He visited the sick man, and declared that he would lose the eye; he even foretold the day and the hour when this unfortunate event would happen.

“If it had been the right eye,” said he, “I might have cured it, but injuries to the left eye are incurable.”

All Babylon, while bewailing Zadig's fate, admired the profound scientific research of Hermes. Two days afterwards the abscess broke of itself, and Zadig was completely cured. Hermes wrote a book, in which he proved to him that he ought not to have been cured; but Zadig

did not read it. As soon as he could venture forth, he prepared to visit her in whom rested his every hope of happiness in life, and for whose sake alone he desired to have eyes. Now Semira had gone into the country three days before, and on his way he learned that this fair lady, after loudly declaring that she had an insurmountable objection to one-eyed people, had just married Orcan the night before. At these tidings he fell senseless, and his anguish brought him to the brink of the grave; he was ill for a long time, but at last reason prevailed over his affliction, and the very atrocity of his treatment furnished him with a source of consolation.

"Since I have experienced," said he, "such cruel caprice from a maiden brought up at the court, I must marry one of the townspeople."

He chose Azora, who came of the best stock and was the best behaved girl in the city. He married her, and lived with her for a month in all the bliss of a most tender union. The only fault he remarked in her was a little giddiness, and a strong tendency to find out that the handsomest young men had always the most intelligence and virtue.

CHAPTER II.

THE NOSE.

ONE day Azora returned from a walk in a state of vehement indignation, and uttering loud exclamations.

"What is the matter with you, my dear wife?" said Zadig; "who can have put you so much out of temper?"

"Alas!" she replied, "you would be as indignant as I,

if you had seen the sight which I have just witnessed. I went to console the young widow Cosrou, who two days ago raised a tomb to her young husband beside the stream which forms the boundary of this meadow. She vowed to Heaven, in her grief, that she would dwell beside that tomb as long as the stream flowed by it."

"Well!" said Zadig, "a truly estimable woman, who really loved her husband!"

"Ah!" returned Azora, "if you only knew how she was occupied when I paid her my visit!"

"How then, fair Azora?"

"She was diverting the course of the brook."

Azora gave vent to her feelings in such lengthy invectives, and burst into such violent reproaches against the young widow, that this ostentatious display of virtue was not altogether pleasing to Zadig.

He had a friend named Cador, who was one of those young men in whom his wife found more merit and integrity than in others; Zadig took him into his confidence, and secured his fidelity, as far as possible, by means of a considerable present.

Azora, having passed a couple of days with one of her lady friends in the country, on the third day returned home. The servants, with tears in their eyes, told her that her husband had died quite suddenly the night before, that they had not dared to convey to her such sad news, and that they had just buried Zadig in the tomb of his ancestors at the end of the garden. She wept, and tore her hair, and vowed that she would die. In the evening Cador asked if she would allow him to speak to her, and they wept in company. Next day they wept less, and dined together. Cador informed her that his friend had left him the best part of his property, and gave her to understand that he would deem it the greatest happiness to share his fortune with her. The lady shed tears, was

offended, allowed herself to be soothed; the supper lasted longer than the dinner, and they conversed together more confidentially. Azora spoke in praise of the deceased, but admitted that he had faults from which Cador was free.

In the middle of supper, Cador complained of a violent pain in the spleen. The lady, anxious and attentive, caused all the essences on her toilet table to be brought, to try if there might not be some one among them good for affections of the spleen. She was very sorry that the famous Hermes was no longer in Babylon. She even condescended to touch the side where Cador felt such sharp pains.

"Are you subject to this cruel malady?" she asked in a tone of compassion.

"It sometimes brings me to the brink of the grave," answered Cador; "and there is only one remedy which can relieve me: it is to apply to my side the nose of a man who has been only a day or two dead."

"What a strange remedy!" said Azora.

"Not more strange," was his reply, "than the scent-bags of Mr. Arnoult being an antidote to apoplexy."¹

That reason, joined to the distinguished merit of the young man, at last decided the lady.

"After all," said she, "when my husband shall pass from the world of yesterday into the world of to-morrow over the bridge Chinavar, the angel Azrael will not grant him a passage any the less because his nose will be a little shorter in the second life than in the first."

She then took a razor, and went to her husband's tomb; after she had watered it with her tears, she approached to cut off Zadig's nose, whom she found stretched at full

¹ Our author has here a note to the effect that there was at that time a Babylonian [Parisian] named Arnoult, who, according to his announcement in the newspapers, cured and prevented all sorts of fits by means of a bag hung round the neck.

length in the tomb, when he suddenly got up, and, holding his nose with one hand, stopped the razor with the other.

“Madam,” said he, “do not cry out so loudly another time against young Cosrou ; your intention of cutting off my nose is as bad as that of turning aside a stream.”

CHAPTER III.

THE DOG AND THE HORSE.

ZADIG found by experience that the first month of marriage is, as it is written in the book of the Zendavesta, the moon of honey, and that the second is the moon of wormwood. He was some time afterwards obliged to put away Azora, who became too unmanageable to live with, and he sought for happiness in the study of nature.

“There is no delight,” he said, “equal to that of a philosopher, who reads in this great book which God has set before our eyes. The truths which he discovers are his own : he nurtures and educates his soul, he lives in peace, he fears no man, and no tender spouse comes to cut off his nose.”

Full of these ideas, he retired to a country house on the banks of the Euphrates. There he did not spend his time in calculating how many inches of water flowed in a second under the arches of a bridge, or whether a cubic line of rain fell in the month of the mouse more than in the month of the sheep. He did not contrive how to make silk out of cobwebs, nor porcelain out of broken bottles ; but he studied most of all the properties of animals and plants ; and soon acquired a sagacity that showed him a thousand differences where other men see nothing but uniformity.

One day, when he was walking near a little wood, he saw one of the queen's eunuchs running to meet him, followed by several officers, who appeared to be in the greatest uneasiness, and were running hither and thither like men bewildered and searching for some most precious object which they had lost.

"Young man," said the chief eunuch to Zadig, "have you seen the queen's dog?"

Zadig modestly replied: "It is a bitch, not a dog."

"You are right," said the eunuch.

"It is a very small spaniel," added Zadig; "it is not long since she has had a litter of puppies; she is lame in the left forefoot, and her ears are very long."

"You have seen her, then?" said the chief eunuch, quite out of breath.

"No," answered Zadig, "I have never seen her, and never knew that the queen had a bitch."

Just at this very time, by one of those curious coincidences which are not uncommon, the finest horse in the king's stables had broken away from the hands of a groom in the plains of Babylon. The grand huntsman and all the other officers ran after him with as much anxiety as the chief of the eunuchs had displayed in his search after the queen's bitch. The grand huntsman accosted Zadig, and asked him if he had seen the king's horse pass that way.

"It is the horse," said Zadig, "which gallops best; he is five feet high, and has small hoofs; his tail is three and a half feet long; the bosses on his bit are of gold twenty-three carats fine; his shoes are silver of eleven penny-weights."

"Which road did he take? Where is he?" asked the grand huntsman.

"I have not seen him," answered Zadig, "and I have never even heard anyone speak of him."

The grand huntsman and the chief eunuch had no doubt

that Zadig had stolen the king's horse and the queen's bitch, so they caused him to be brought before the Assembly of the Grand Desterham, which condemned him to the knout, and to pass the rest of his life in Siberia. Scarcely had the sentence been pronounced, when the horse and the bitch were found. The judges were now under the disagreeable necessity of amending their judgment; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. He was forced to pay this fine first, and afterwards he was allowed to plead his cause before the Council of the Grand Desterham, when he expressed himself in the following terms :

“ Stars of justice, fathomless gulfs of wisdom, mirrors of truth, ye who have the gravity of lead, the strength of iron, the brilliance of the diamond, and a close affinity with gold, inasmuch as it is permitted me to speak before this august assembly, I swear to you by Ormuzd that I have never seen the queen's respected bitch, nor the sacred horse of the king of kings. Hear all that happened : I was walking towards the little wood where later on I met the venerable eunuch and the most illustrious grand huntsman. I saw on the sand the footprints of an animal, and easily decided that they were those of a little dog. Long and faintly marked furrows, imprinted where the sand was slightly raised between the footprints, told me that it was a bitch whose dugs were drooping, and that consequently she must have given birth to young ones only a few days before. Other marks of a different character, showing that the surface of the sand had been constantly grazed on either side of the front paws, informed me that she had very long ears; and, as I observed that the sand was always less deeply indented by one paw than by the other three, I gathered that the bitch belonging to our august queen was a little lame, if I may venture to say so.

“With respect to the horse of the king of kings, you must know that as I was walking along the roads in that same wood, I perceived the marks of a horse’s shoes, all at equal distances. ‘There,’ I said to myself, ‘went a horse with a faultless gallop.’ The dust upon the trees, where the width of the road was not more than seven feet, was here and there rubbed off on both sides, three feet and a half away from the middle of the road. ‘This horse,’ said I, ‘has a tail three feet and a half long, which, by its movements to right and left, has whisked away the dust.’ I saw, where the trees formed a canopy five feet above the ground, leaves lately fallen from the boughs; and I concluded that the horse had touched them, and was therefore five feet high. As to his bit, it must be of gold twenty-three carats fine, for he had rubbed its bosses against a touchstone, the properties of which I had ascertained. Lastly, I inferred from the marks that his shoes left upon stones of another kind, that he was shod with silver of eleven pennyweights in quality.”

All the judges marvelled at Zadig’s deep and subtle discernment, and a report of it even reached the king and queen. Nothing but Zadig was talked of in the antechambers, the presence chamber, and the private closet; and, though several of the magi were of opinion that he ought to be burned as a wizard, the king ordered that he should be released from the fine of four hundred ounces of gold to which he had been condemned. The registrar, the bailiffs, and the attorneys came to his house with great solemnity to restore him his four hundred ounces; they kept back only three hundred and ninety-eight of them for legal expenses, and their servants too claimed their fees.

Zadig saw how very dangerous it sometimes is to show oneself too knowing, and resolved on the next occasion of the kind to say nothing about what he had seen.

Such an opportunity soon occurred. A state prisoner made his escape, and passed under the windows of Zadig's house, who, on being questioned, answered nothing; but it was proved that he had looked out of the window. For this offence he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold, and he thanked his judges for their leniency, according to the custom of Babylon.

"Good Heavens!" said Zadig to himself, "what a pity it is when one takes a walk in a wood through which the queen's bitch and the king's horse have passed! how dangerous it is to stand at a window! and how difficult it is to be happy in this life!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENVIOUS MAN.

ZADIG sought consolation in philosophy and friendship for the unkindness with which fortune had treated him. In one of the suburbs of Babylon he had a house tastefully furnished, where he had gathered all the arts and pleasures that were worthy of a gentleman. In the morning his library was open to all men of learning; in the evening his table was surrounded by good company. But he soon discovered what danger there is in entertaining the learned. A hot dispute arose over a law of Zoroaster, which prohibited the eating of a griffin.

"How can a griffin be forbidden," said some, "if no such creature exists?"

"It must exist," said the others, "since Zoroaster forbids it to be eaten."

Zadig endeavoured to bring them to an agreement by saying:

“If there are griffins, let us refrain from eating them ; and if there are none, there will be all the less danger of our doing so. Thus, in either case alike, Zoroaster will be obeyed.”

A learned scholar who had composed thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, and who was moreover a great magician, lost no time in bringing an accusation against Zadig before an archimagian named Yebor,¹ the most foolish of the Chaldeans, and consequently the most fanatical. This man would fain have impaled Zadig for the greater glory of the Sun, and would have recited the breviary of Zoroaster in a more complacent tone of voice for having done it ; but his friend Cador (one friend is worth more than a hundred priests) sought out old Yebor, and addressed him thus :

“Long live the Sun and the griffins ! Take good heed that you do no harm to Zadig ; he is a saint ; he keeps griffins in his back-yard, and abstains from eating them ; and his accuser is a heretic, who dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet and are not unclean.”

“In that case,” said Yebor, shaking his bald head, “Zadig must be impaled for having thought wrongly about griffins, and the other for having spoken wrongly about rabbits.”

Cador settled the matter by means of a maid of honour, who had borne Yebor a child, and who was held in high esteem in the college of the magi. No one was impaled, though a good many of the doctors murmured thereat, and prophesied the downfall of Babylon in consequence.

Zadig exclaimed : “On what does happiness depend ! Everybody in this world persecutes me, even beings that do not exist.”

¹ This is an anagram of Boyer, a bishop by whom Voltaire had been subjected to repeated persecution, or what he considered such.

He cursed all men of learning, and determined to live henceforth only in the best society. He invited to his house the most distinguished men and the most charming women in Babylon ; he gave elegant suppers, often preceded by concerts, and enlivened by interesting conversation, from which he knew how to banish that straining after a display of wit, which is the surest way to have none and to mar the most brilliant company. Neither the choice of his friends, nor that of his dishes, was prompted by vanity ; for in everything he preferred being to seeming, and thereby he attracted to himself the real respect to which he made no claim.

Opposite Zadig's house lived Arimaze, a person whose depraved soul was painted on his coarse countenance.¹ He was consumed with malice, and puffed up with pride, and, to crown all, he set up for being a wit and was only a bore. Having never been able to succeed in the world, he took his revenge by railing at it. In spite of his riches, he had some trouble in getting flatterers to flock to his house. The noise of the carriages entering Zadig's gates of an evening annoyed him, the sound of his praises irritated him yet more. He sometimes went to Zadig's parties, and sat down at his table without being invited, where he spoiled all the enjoyment of the company, just as the harpies are said to infect whatever food they touch. One day a lady whom he was anxious to entertain, instead of accepting his invitation, went to sup with Zadig. Another day, when he was talking with him in the palace, they came across a minister who asked Zadig to supper without asking Arimaze. The most inveterate hatreds are often founded on causes quite as trivial. This person, who went by the name of "the Envious man" in Babylon, wished to ruin Zadig because people called him "the Happy man." Opportunities for doing harm

¹ The Abbé Desfontaines.

are found a hundred times a day, and an opportunity for doing good occurs once a year, as Zoroaster has observed.

On one occasion the Envious man went to Zadig's house, and found him walking in his garden with two friends and a lady, to whom he was addressing frequent compliments, without any intention other than that of making himself agreeable. The conversation turned upon a war, which the king had just brought to a prosperous termination, against the prince of Hyrcania, his vassal. Zadig, who had displayed his valour during the short campaign, had much to say in praise of the king, and still more in praise of the lady. He took out his note-book, and wrote down four lines, which he made on the spur of the moment, and which he gave to his fair companion to read. His friends entreated him to be allowed a sight of them; but his modesty, or rather a natural regard for his reputation, made him refuse. He knew that such impromptu verses are never of any value except in the eyes of her in whose honour they have been composed, so he tore in two the leaf on which he had just written them, and threw the pieces into a thicket of roses, where his friends looked for them in vain. A shower came on, and they betook themselves indoors. The Envious man, who remained in the garden, searched so diligently that he found one fragment of the leaf, which had been torn in such a way that the halves of each line that were left made a continuous sense, and even a rhymed verse, in shorter metre than the original; but by an accident still more strange, these short lines were found to contain the most opprobrious libel against the king. They read thus:

“By heinous crimes
Set on the throne,
In peaceful times
One foe alone.”

The Envious man was happy for the first time in his life, for he had in his hands the means of destroying a virtuous and amiable man. Full of such cruel joy, he caused this lampoon written by Zadig's own hand to be brought to the king's notice, who ordered him to be sent to prison, together with his two friends and the lady. His trial was soon over, nor did his judges deign to hear what he had to say for himself. When he was brought up to receive sentence, the Envious man crossed his path, and told him in a loud voice that his verses were good for nothing. Zadig did not pride himself on being a fine poet, but he was in despair at being condemned as guilty of high treason, and at seeing so fair a lady and his two friends kept in prison for a crime that he had never committed. He was not allowed to speak, because his notebook spoke for him. Such was the law of Babylon. He was then forced to go to his execution through a crowd of inquisitive spectators, not one of whom dared to commiserate him, but who rushed forward in order to scrutinise his countenance, and to see whether he was likely to die with a good grace. His relations alone were distressed; for they were not to be his heirs. Three quarters of his estate were confiscated for the king's benefit, and the Envious man profited by the other quarter.

Just as he was preparing for death, the king's parrot escaped from its perch, and alighted in Zadig's garden, on a thicket of roses. A peach had been carried thither by the wind from a tree hard by, and it had fallen on a piece of writing paper, to which it had stuck. The bird took up both the peach and the paper, and laid them on the monarch's knees. The king, whose curiosity was excited, read some words which made no sense, and which appeared to be the ends of four lines of verse. He loved poetry, and princes who love the muses never find time hang

heavy on their hands. His parrot's adventure set him thinking. The queen, who remembered what had been written on the fragment of the leaf from Zadig's note book, had it brought to her.

Both pieces were put side by side, and were found to fit together exactly. The verses then read as Zadig had made them :

“ By heinous crimes I saw the earth alarm'd,
Set on the throne one king all evil curbs ;
In peaceful times now only Love is arm'd,
One foe alone the timid heart disturbs.”

The king immediately commanded that Zadig should be brought before him, and that his two friends and the fair lady should be let out of prison. Zadig prostrated himself with his face to the ground at their majesties' feet, asked their pardon most humbly for having made such poor rhymes, and spoke with so much grace, wit, and good sense, that the king and queen desired to see him again. He came again accordingly, and won still greater favour. All the property of the Envious man who had accused him unjustly was given to Zadig, but he restored it all, and the Envious man was touched, but only with the joy of not losing his wealth after all. The king's esteem for Zadig increased every day. He made him share all his pleasures, and consulted him in all matters of business. The queen regarded him from that time with a tender complacency that might become dangerous to herself, to her royal consort, to Zadig, and to the whole State. Zadig began to think that it is not so difficult after all to be happy.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRIZE OF GENEROSITY.

THE time was now arrived for celebrating a high festival, which recurred every five years. It was the custom at Babylon to announce in a public and solemn manner, at the end of such a period, the name of that citizen who had done the most generous act during the interval. The grandees and the magi were the arbitrators. The chief satrap, who had the city under his charge, made known the most noble deeds that had been performed under his government. The election was made by vote, and the king pronounced judgment. People came to this festival from the farthest corners of the earth, and the successful candidate received from the monarch's hands a cup of gold decorated with precious stones, the king addressing him in these terms :

“Receive this reward of generosity, and may the gods grant me many subjects who resemble you.”

The memorable day then was come, and the king appeared upon his throne, surrounded by grandees, magi, and deputies, sent by all nations to these games, where glory was to be gained, not by the swiftness of horses nor by strength of body, but by virtue. The chief satrap proclaimed with a loud voice the actions that might entitle their authors to this inestimable prize. He said nothing about the magnanimity with which Zadig had restored all his fortune to the Envious man ; that was not considered an action worthy of disputing the prize.

First, he presented a judge who, after having given judgment against a citizen in an important law-suit, under a mistake for which he was in no way responsible, had

given him all his own property, which was equal in value to what the other had lost.

He next brought forward a young man, who, being over head and ears in love with a damsel to whom he was engaged to be married, had resigned her to a friend who was nearly dying for love of her, and had moreover resigned the dowry as well as the damsel.

Then he introduced a soldier, who in the Hyrcanian war had given a still nobler example of generosity. Some of the enemy's troops were laying hands on his mistress, and he was defending her from them, when he was told that another party of Hyrcanians, a few paces off, were carrying away his mother. With tears he left his mistress, and ran to rescue his mother; and when he returned to the object of his love, he found her dying. He was on the point of slaying himself, but when his mother pointed out that she had no one but him to whom she could look for succour, he was courageous enough to endure to live on.

The arbitrators were inclined to give the prize to this soldier; but the king interposed, and said:

“This man's conduct and that of the others is praiseworthy, but it does not astonish me; whereas yesterday Zadig did a thing that made me marvel. Some days before, my minister and favourite Coreb had incurred my displeasure and been disgraced. I uttered violent complaints against him, and all my courtiers assured me that I was not half severe enough; each vied with his neighbour in saying as much evil as he could of Coreb. I asked Zadig what he thought of him, and he dared to say a word in his favour. I am free to confess that I have heard of instances in our history of men atoning for a mistake by the sacrifice of their goods, giving up a mistress, or preferring a mother to a sweetheart, but I have never read of a courtier speaking a good word for a minister in dis-

grace, against whom his sovereign was bitterly incensed. I award twenty thousand pieces of gold to each of those whose generous acts have been recounted ; but I award the cup to Zadig."

"Sire," said he, "it is Your Majesty alone who deserves the cup, for having done a deed of unprecedented magnanimity, in that, being a king, you were not angry with your slave when he ran counter to your passion."

The king and Zadig were regarded with equal admiration. The judge who had given away his fortune, the lover who allowed his friend to marry his mistress, and the soldier who had preferred his mother's safety to that of his sweetheart, received at the monarchs' hands the presents he had assigned, and saw their names written in the Book of the Generous, but Zadig had the cup. The king gained the reputation of a good prince, which he did not keep long. The day was celebrated with feasts that lasted longer than the law directed, and its memory is still preserved in Asia. Zadig said :

"At last, then, I am happy." But he was deceived.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MINISTER.

THE king had lost his prime minister, and chose Zadig to fill his place. All the fair ladies in Babylon applauded the choice ; for since the foundation of the empire there had never been known such a young minister. All the courtiers were offended ; and the Envious man spat blood on hearing the news, while his nose swelled to an enormous size. Zadig, having thanked the king and queen, proceeded to thank the parrot also.

“Beautiful bird,” he said, “it is you who have saved my life, and made me prime minister: the bitch and the horse belonging to Their Majesties did me much harm, but you have done me good. On what slight threads do human destinies depend! But,” added he, “a happiness so strangely acquired will, perhaps, soon pass by.”

“Ay,” replied the parrot.

Zadig was startled at the response; but, being a good naturalist, and not believing that parrots were prophets, he soon recovered himself.

Applying all his energies to the duties of his office, he made everybody feel the sacred power of the laws, but made no one feel the weight of his dignity. He did not interfere with the free expression of opinion in the divan, and each vizier was welcome to hold his own without displeasing him. When he acted as judge in any matter, it was not he who pronounced sentence, it was the law; but when the law was too harsh, he tempered its severity; and when there were no laws to meet the case, his sense of equity supplied him with decisions that might have been taken for those of Zoroaster.

It is from Zadig that the nations of the world have received the grand maxim: “It is better that a guilty man should be acquitted than that an innocent one should be condemned.” He held that laws were made as much for the sake of helping as of intimidating the people. His chief skill lay in revealing the truth which all men try to darken. From the very beginning of his administration he put this great talent to good use. A famous merchant of Babylon had died in India, and made his two sons heirs to equal portions of his estate, after having given their sister in marriage; and he left a present of thirty thousand gold pieces to that one of his two sons who should be judged to have shown the greater love towards himself. The elder built him a tomb, the second increased his sister’s dowry

with a part of his own inheritance. Everybody said : " It is the elder son who has the greater love for his father, the younger loves his sister better ; the thirty thousand pieces belong to the elder."

Zadig sent for the two brothers, one after the other. He said to the elder :

" Your father is not dead ; he has been cured of his last illness, and is returning to Babylon."

" God be praised !" answered the young man, " but his tomb has cost me a large sum of money."

Zadig then said the same thing to the younger brother.

" God be praised !" answered he ; " I will restore to my father all that I have, but I hope that he will leave my sister what I have given her."

" You shall restore nothing," said Zadig, " and you shall have the thirty thousand pieces ; it is you who love your father best."

A very rich young lady had promised her hand to two magi, and, after having received a course of instruction for some months from each of them, found herself likely to become a mother. Both still wishing to marry her, she said she would take for her husband the one who had put her in a position to present the empire with a citizen.

" It is I who have done that good work," said one of them.

" It is I who have had that privilege," said the other.

" Well," answered she, " I will recognise that one as the father of the child who can give him the best education."

She was brought to bed of a son. Each of the two magi wished to bring it up, and the case was referred to Zadig, who summoned the magi to his presence.

" What will you teach your pupil ? " he asked of the first.

" I will instruct him," said the learned professor, " in the eight parts of speech, in logic, astrology, demonology, the

difference between substance and accident, abstract and concrete, the doctrine of the monads and the pre-established harmony.”¹

“For my part,” said the other, “I will endeavour to render him just and worthy of having friends.”

Zadig exclaimed: “Whether you are his father or not, you shall marry his mother.”

Day after day complaints reached court of the governor of Media, whose name was Irax. He was a high and mighty personage, not a bad fellow at bottom, but spoiled by vanity and self-indulgence. He seldom suffered any one to speak to him, and never to contradict him. Peacocks are not more conceited than he was, nor doves more voluptuous, nor turtles more indolent; every breath he drew was devoted to vain glory and false pleasures. Zadig undertook to reform him.

He sent him, in the king's name, a skilful musician with a dozen singers and two dozen fiddlers, also a butler with half a dozen cooks and four chamberlains, who were never to leave him alone. By the king's orders the following ceremonies were strictly observed, and this is how matters were carried on.

The first day, as soon as the pleasure-loving Irax was awake, the musical conductor entered his chamber followed by the singers and fiddlers: a cantata was sung which lasted two hours, and every three minutes there was this refrain:

“Whose merits e'er attain'd such height?

Who with such grace was e'er endow'd?

Has not his Highness every right

To feel self-satisfied and proud?”

¹ Allusion is here made to the philosophical system of Leibnitz (d. 1716), in which “monads” figure largely as the ultimate atoms of nature, and the intimate connection between the mind and body is explained by a “pre-established harmony” which admits of per-

After this cantata was performed, one of the chamberlains made him a speech, three quarters of an hour long, in which he praised him expressly for all those good qualities in which he was most deficient. The oration finished, he was escorted to the table to the sound of musical instruments. The dinner lasted three hours ; whenever he opened his mouth to speak, the first chamberlain said : " Whatever he says will be right." Scarcely had he spoken four words, when the second chamberlain would exclaim : " He is right." The two other chamberlains burst into fits of laughter at all the witticisms which Irax uttered, or which they attributed to him. After dinner he was favoured with a repetition of the cantata.

This first day seemed to him delightful ; he thought that the king of kings was honouring him according to his deserts. The second appeared a little less agreeable, the third palled upon him considerably, the fourth was intolerable, and the fifth absolute torture. At last, rather than hear the continual refrain :

" Has not his Highness every right
To feel self-satisfied and proud ? "

rather than hear the perpetual assurance that whatever he said was right, rather than be harangued every day at the same hour, he wrote to the court entreating the king to be good enough to recall his chamberlains, his musicians, and his butler ; and he promised to be less vain and more industrious in future. He was henceforth less tolerant of flattery, gave fewer entertainments, and was all the happier ; for, as the Sadder¹ has said :

" Continual pleasure is no pleasure."

fect independence. The optimism of Leibnitz is ridiculed by Voltaire in " *Candide*."

¹ A summary of various parts of the Zendavesta.

CHAPTER VII.

SETTLING DISPUTES AND GIVING AUDIENCE.

THUS it was that Zadig daily showed the shrewdness of his intellect and the goodness of his heart. He was admired, yet he was also loved. He passed for the most fortunate of men ; all the empire resounded with his name, all the women ogled him, and all the citizens extolled his justice ; the men of science regarded him as their oracle, and even the priests confessed that he knew more than the old archimagian Yebor. Far from wishing to prosecute him for his opinions on the subject of griffins, they believed only what seemed credible to him.

Now there was a great controversy in Babylon, which had lasted fifteen hundred years, and had divided the empire into two bigoted sects ; one maintained that the temple of Mithras should never be entered except with the left foot foremost ; the other held this practice in abomination, and always entered with the right foot first. The rival sects waited impatiently for the day on which the solemn feast of the holy fire was to be held, to know which side would be favoured by Zadig. All had their eyes fixed on his two feet, and the whole city was in agitation and suspense. Zadig leaped into the temple with both his feet together, and afterwards proved in an eloquent discourse that the God of heaven and earth, who is no respecter of persons, cares no more for the left leg than for the right. The Envious man and his wife contended that there were not enough figures of speech in his discourse, that he had not made the mountains and hills skip about freely enough.

“He is dry and wants imagination,” they said ; “one

does not see the ocean fly before him, nor the stars fall, nor the sun melt like wax; he lacks the fine oriental style."

Zadig was content with having the style of a reasonable man. He was a favourite with all classes, not because he was in the right road, nor because he was reasonable, nor even because he was amiable, but because he was grand vizier.

He also happily put an end to the hot dispute between the white and the black magi. The white asserted that it was impious, when praying to God, to turn towards the east in winter; the black were confident that God abhorred the prayers of those who turned towards the west in summer. Zadig directed that men should turn to whatever quarter of the compass they pleased.

He likewise found out the secret of dispatching all his business, both public and private, in the morning, and he employed the rest of the day in providing Babylon with refined entertainments. He caused tragedies to be represented which moved the audience to tears, and comedies that made them laugh; a custom which had long passed out of fashion, and which he had the good taste to revive. He did not pretend to know more about their art than the actors themselves; he rewarded them with gifts and distinctions, and was not secretly jealous of their talents. In the evenings he diverted the king much, and the queen still more.

"A great minister!" said the king.

"A charming minister!" said the queen.

Both of them agreed that it would have been a thousand pities if Zadig had been hanged.

Never was statesman in office obliged to give so many audiences to the ladies. The greater number came to speak to him about no business in particular for the sake of having particular business with him. The wife of the

Envious man presented herself among the first ; she swore by Mithras and the Zendavesta, and the holy fire, that she detested the conduct of her husband ; then she told him in confidence that this husband of hers was jealous and treated her brutally, and gave him to understand that the gods punished him by refusing him the precious effects of that holy fire whereby alone man is made like the immortals. She ended by dropping her garter. Zadig picked it up with his customary politeness, but did not offer to fasten it again round the lady's knee, and this little fault, if it can be considered such, was the cause of the most dreadful misfortunes. Zadig thought no more about the incident, but the Envious man's wife thought about it a great deal.

Other ladies continued to present themselves every day. The secret annals of Babylon assert that he yielded to temptation on one occasion, but that he was astonished to find that he enjoyed his mistress without pleasure, and that his mind was distracted even in the midst of the tenderest embraces. The fair one to whom he gave, almost unconsciously, these tokens of his favour was a lady in waiting to Queen Astarte. This amorous daughter of Babylon consoled herself for his coldness by saying to herself :

“That man must have a prodigious amount of business in his head, since his thoughts are absorbed with it even when he is making love.”

Zadig happened at a moment when many people say nothing and others only utter terms of endearment, to suddenly exclaim : “The queen !” The fair Babylonian fancied that he had at last recovered his wits at a happy moment, and that he was addressing her as his queen. But Zadig, still absent-minded, proceeded to utter the name of Astarte. The lady, who in this agreeable situation interpreted everything in a flattering sense, imagined

that he meant to say: "You are more beautiful than Queen Astarte." She left the seraglio of Zadig with magnificent presents, and went to relate her adventure to the Envious woman, who was her intimate friend. The latter was cruelly piqued at the preference shown to the other.

"He did not even condescend," said she, "to replace this garter which I have here, and which I will never use again."

"Oh!" said her more fortunate friend, "you wear the same garters as the queen! Do you get them from the same maker?"

The Envious woman fell into a brown study, and made no reply, but went and consulted her husband, the Envious man.

Meanwhile Zadig became aware of his constant absence of mind whenever he gave an audience or administered justice; he did not know to what to attribute it; it was his only subject of annoyance.

He had a dream, in which he seemed to be lying at first on a heap of dry herbs, among which were some prickly ones which made him uncomfortable, and that afterwards he reposed luxuriously upon a bed of roses, out of which glided a snake that wounded him in the heart with its pointed and poisoned tongue.¹

"Alas!" said he, "I lay a long time on those dry and prickly herbs; I am now on the bed of roses; but who will be the serpent?"

¹ That venomous serpents sting with their tongues is of course a popular error.

CHAPTER VIII.

JEALOUSY.

ZADIG'S ill-luck arose out of his very happiness, and was mainly due to his merits. He had daily interviews with the king and with Astarte, his august consort. The charm of his conversation was doubled by that desire to please which is to the mind what ornaments are to personal beauty; his youth and graceful manners insensibly made an impression upon Astarte, of the strength of which she was not at first aware. Her passion grew up in the bosom of innocence. Astarte gave herself up without scruple and without fear to the pleasure of seeing and hearing a man who was so dear to her husband and to the State; she never ceased singing his praises to the king; she was perpetually speaking about him to her women, who even went beyond her in their commendations; everything served to fix more deeply in her heart the arrow of which she was unconscious. She bestowed presents upon Zadig, into which more love-making entered than she supposed; she meant to speak to him as a queen satisfied with his services, but the expressions she used were sometimes those of a woman of tender sensibility.

Astarte was much more beautiful than that Semira who had such a detestation of one-eyed men, or that other woman who had intended to cut off her husband's nose. Astarte's familiar manner, her soft speeches at which she began to blush, her eyes which, despite her efforts to turn them away, were ever fixed upon his own, kindled in Zadig's heart a fire which filled him with astonishment. He fought against his feelings; he called to his aid the philosophy which had never before failed him; he drew from it nothing

but a clearer perception of his folly, and received no relief. Duty, gratitude, and outraged majesty presented themselves to his view as so many avenging deities; he struggled, and he triumphed; but this victory, which had to be repeated every moment, cost him groans and tears. He no longer dared to address the queen with that delightful freedom which had had such charms for both of them; a cloud overshadowed his eyes; his conversation was constrained and abrupt; his eyes were downcast, and when, in spite of himself, they turned towards Astarte, they encountered those of the queen moistened with tears from which there shot forth arrows of flame. They seemed to say to each other:

“Our adoration is mutual, yet we are afraid to love; we are both consumed with a fire which we condemn.”

When Zadig left her side it was with bewilderment and despair, his heart oppressed with a burden which he was no longer able to support: in the violence of his agitation he let his friend Cador penetrate his secret, like a man who, after having endured the most excruciating pains, at last makes his malady known by a cry which a keener spasm than any before wrings from him, and by the cold sweat which pours over his forehead.

Cador addressed him as follows:

“I have already divined the feelings that you would fain hide from yourself; the passions have symptoms which cannot be misinterpreted. Judge, my dear Zadig, since I have been able to read your heart, whether the king is not likely to discover there a sentiment that may give him serious offence. He has no other fault but that of being the most jealous of men. You resist your passion with more vigour than the queen can contend against hers, because you are a philosopher, and because you are Zadig. Astarte is a woman; she lets her looks speak for her with all the more imprudence that she does not yet believe her-

self blameworthy. Assured of her innocence, she unfortunately neglects appearances which it is necessary to observe. I shall tremble for her so long as she has nothing wherewith to reproach herself. If you came to a common understanding, you would be able to throw dust into all eyes; a growing passion, forcibly checked, gives evident tokens of its existence; but love when gratified can easily conceal itself."

Zadig shuddered at the suggestion of betraying the king, his benefactor; and he was never more faithful to his prince than when guilty of an involuntary crime against him. Meanwhile the queen pronounced the name of Zadig so often, she blushed so deeply as she uttered it, she was sometimes so animated, and at other times so confused when she addressed him in the king's presence, and she was seized with so profound a fit of abstraction whenever he went away, that the king began to be alarmed. He believed all that he saw, and imagined all that he did not see. He particularly remarked that his wife's slippers were blue, and that Zadig's slippers were blue; that his wife's ribbons were yellow, and that Zadig's cap was yellow. Terrible indications these to a prince of such delicate sensibility! Suspicion soon became certainty in his envenomed mind.

All the slaves of kings and queens are so many spies over their hearts. It was soon discovered that Astarte was tender and that Moabdar was jealous. The Envious man got his wife to send the king her garter, which was like the queen's; and, to make the matter worse, this garter was blue. The monarch thought of nothing now but how to take his revenge. One night he determined to poison the queen, and to have Zadig strangled as soon as it was light. The order was given to a merciless eunuch, the usual executioner of his vengeance. Now there happened to be at the time in the king's chamber a little dwarf, who

was dumb but not deaf. He was allowed to wander about when and where he pleased, and, like a domestic animal, was oftentimes a witness of what passed in the strictest privacy. This little mute was much attached to the queen and Zadig, and he heard with no less surprise than horror the order given for their death. But what could he do to prevent this frightful order, which was to be carried out within a few hours? He did not know how to write, but he had learned how to paint, and was particularly skilful in taking likenesses. He spent part of the night in portraying what he wished the queen to understand. His sketch represented in one corner of the picture the king in a furious rage, giving orders to his eunuch; a blue bowstring and a cup on a table, with garters and yellow ribbons; the queen in the middle of the picture, expiring in the arms of her women, and Zadig lying strangled at her feet. A rising sun was represented on the horizon to indicate that this horrible execution was to take place at the earliest glimpse of dawn. As soon as this task was finished he ran to one of Astarte's women, awoke her, and made her understand that she must take the picture that very instant to the queen.

In the middle of the night someone knocked at Zadig's door; he was roused from sleep, and a note from the queen was given him; he doubted whether or not it were a dream, and opened the letter with a trembling hand. What was his surprise, and who could express the consternation and despair with which he was overwhelmed, when he read these words: "Fly, this very moment, or you will be seized and put to death! Fly, Zadig; I command you in the name of our love and of my yellow ribbons. I have done nothing wrong, but I foresee that I am going to die like a criminal."

Zadig, who had scarcely strength enough to speak, sent for Cador, and then, without a word, gave him the letter.

Cador forced him to obey its injunction, and to set out immediately for Memphis.

"If you venture to go in search of the queen," said he, "you will only hasten her death ; if you speak to the king, that step again will lead to her destruction. Her fate shall be my care ; do you follow your own. I will spread the report that you have taken the road to India. I will soon come and find you out, when I will tell you ail that shall have passed at Babylon."

Cador, without a moment's delay, had two of the swiftest dromedaries brought to a private postern of the palace, and made Zadig mount one of them ; he had to be carried, for he was almost ready to expire. Only one servant accompanied him ; and soon Cador, plunged in astonishment and grief, lost sight of his friend.

The illustrious fugitive, when he arrived at the brow of a hill which commanded a view of Babylon, turned his gaze towards the queen's palace, and fainted. He recovered his senses only to shed tears and to wish that he was dead. At last, after having occupied his thoughts awhile with the deplorable fate of the most amiable of women and the best of queens, he returned for a moment to himself, and exclaimed :

"What, then, is human life ? O virtue ! of what use hast thou been to me ? Two women have basely deceived me, and the third, who is innocent and is more beautiful than the others, is about to die ! All the good that I have done has always brought upon me a curse, and I have been raised to the height of grandeur only to fall down the most horrible precipice of misfortune. If I had been wicked, like so many others, I should be happy like them."

Overwhelmed with these gloomy reflections, his eyes shrouded with a veil of sorrow, the paleness of death on his countenance, and his soul sunk in the depths of a dark despair, he continued his journey towards Egypt.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEATEN WOMAN.

ZADIG directed his course by the stars. The constellation of Orion, and the bright star of Sirius guided him towards the harbour of Canopus. He marvelled at those vast globes of light, which appear only like feeble sparks to our eyes, while the earth, which is in reality nothing more than an imperceptible point in nature, appears to our covetous eyes something grand and noble. He then pictured to himself men as they really are, insects devouring one another on a little atom of clay. This true image seemed to annihilate his misfortunes, by making him realize the insignificance of his own existence and that of Babylon itself. His soul launched forth into the infinitude of space, detached from the operation of the senses, and contemplated the unchangeable order of the universe. But when, afterwards returning to himself and once more looking into his own heart, he thought how Astarte was perhaps already dead for his sake, the universe vanished from his eyes, and he saw nothing in all nature save Astarte dying and Zadig miserable. As he gave himself up to this alternate flow of sublime philosophy and overwhelming grief, he approached the confines of Egypt; and his faithful servant was already in the first village, looking out for a lodging. Zadig was, meanwhile, walking towards the gardens which skirted the village, and saw, not far from the high road, a woman in great distress, who was calling out to heaven and earth for succour, and a man who was following her in a furious rage. He had already reached her before Zadig could do so, and the

woman was clasping his knees, while the man overwhelmed her with blows and reproaches. He judged from the Egyptian's violence, and from the repeated prayers for forgiveness which the lady uttered, that he was jealous and she unfaithful ; but after he had closely regarded the woman, who was of enchanting beauty, and who, moreover, bore a little resemblance to the unhappy Astarte, he felt moved with compassion towards her, and with horror towards the Egyptian.

" Help me ! " she cried to Zadig in a voice choked with sobs ; " deliver me out of the hands of this most barbarous man, and save my life ! "

Hearing these cries, Zadig ran and threw himself between her and the barbarian ; and having some knowledge of the Egyptian tongue, he addressed him in that language, and said :

" If you have any humanity, I entreat you to respect beauty and weakness. How can you ill-treat so cruelly such a masterpiece of nature as lies there at your feet, with no protection but her tears ? "

" Ah, ha ! " answered the man, more enraged than ever ; " then you are another of her lovers ! and on you too I must take revenge. "

Saying these words, he left the lady, whom he had been holding by the hair with one hand, and, seizing his lance, made an attempt to run the stranger through with it. But he, being cool and composed, easily avoided the thrust of one who was beside himself with rage, and caught hold of the lance near the iron point with which it was armed. The one tried to draw it back, while the other tried to wrench it out of his hand, so that it was broken between the two. The Egyptian drew his sword, Zadig did the same, and they forthwith attacked each other ; the former dealing a hundred blows in quick succession, the latter skilfully warding them off. The lady, seated on a piece of

turf, readjusted her head-dress, and looked calmly on. The Egyptian was stronger than his antagonist, Zadig was the more dexterous. The latter fought like a man whose arm was guided by his head, the former like a madman who in blind frenzy delivered random strokes. Zadig, attacking him in his turn, disarmed his adversary; and whilst the Egyptian, rendered still more furious, tried to throw himself upon him, the other seized him with a tight grip, and threw him on the ground; then, holding his sword to his breast, he offered to give him his life. The Egyptian, transported with rage, drew his dagger, and therewith wounded Zadig, at the very instant that the conqueror was granting him pardon. Provoked beyond endurance, Zadig plunged his sword into the other's heart. The Egyptian uttered a horrible yell, and died struggling violently. Then Zadig advanced towards the lady, and said in a respectful tone:

"He forced me to kill him; you I have avenged, and delivered out of the hands of the most outrageous man I ever saw. What will you have me do for you now, madam?"

"To die, scoundrel," she replied; "to die! You have killed my lover; I would that I were able to tear out your heart."

"Truly, madam, you had a strange sort of lover in him," returned Zadig; "he was beating you with all his might, and he wanted to have my life because you implored me to help you."

"I wish he was beating me still," answered the lady, giving vent to loud lamentation; "I well deserved it, and gave him good cause for jealousy. Would to heaven that he were beating me and that you were in his place!"

Zadig, more surprised and indignant than he had ever been before in his life, said to her:

"Madam, beautiful as you are, you deserve to have me

beat you in my turn for your unreasonable behaviour, but I shall not take the trouble."

So saying, he remounted his camel, and advanced towards the village. He had hardly proceeded a few steps when he turned back at the clatter of four messengers riding post haste from Babylon. One of them, seeing the woman, exclaimed:

"That is the very person! She resembles the description that was given us."

They did not encumber themselves with the dead body, but forthwith caught hold of the lady, who never ceased calling out to Zadig:

"Help me once more, generous stranger! I beg your pardon for having reproached you: help me, and I will be yours till death."

Zadig no longer felt any desire to fight on her behalf.

"Apply to someone else," he answered, "you will not entrap me again."

Moreover he was wounded and bleeding; he had need of help himself; and the sight of the four Babylonians, probably sent by King Moabdar, filled him with uneasiness. So he hastened towards the village, unable to imagine why four messengers from Babylon should come to take this Egyptian woman, but still more astonished at the conduct of the lady.

CHAPTER X.

SLAVERY.

AS he entered the Egyptian village, he found himself surrounded by the people. Everyone was crying out :
“ This is the fellow who carried off the lovely Missouf, and who has just murdered Cletofis ! ”

“ Gentlemen,” said he, “ may Heaven preserve me from carrying off your lovely Missouf ! she is too capricious for me ; and with regard to Cletofis, I have not murdered him, I only fought against him in self-defence. He wanted to kill me because I had asked him most humbly to pardon the lovely Missouf, whom he was beating unmercifully. I am a stranger come to seek a refuge in Egypt ; and it is not likely that, in coming to claim your protection, I should begin by carrying off a woman and murdering a man.”

The Egyptians were at that time just and humane. The people conducted Zadig to the court-house. They began by getting his wound dressed, and then they questioned him and his servant separately, in order to learn the truth. They came to the conclusion that Zadig was not a murderer ; but he was found guilty of homicide, and the law condemned him to be a slave. His two camels were sold for the benefit of the village ; all the gold that he carried was distributed among the inhabitants ; his person was exposed for sale in the market-place, as well as that of his fellow-traveller. An Arab merchant, named Setoc, made the highest bid for him ; but the serving-man, as more fit for hard work, was sold at a much higher price than the master. There was no comparison, it was thought, between the two men ; so Zadig became a slave

of inferior position to his own servant. They were fastened together with a chain, which was passed round their ankles, and in that state they followed the Arab merchant to his house. Zadig, on the way, tried to console his servant, and exhorted him to be patient; and, according to his custom, he made some general reflections on human life.

"I see," he said, "that my unhappy fate has spread its shadow over yours. Hitherto at every turn I have met with strange reverses. I have been condemned to pay a fine for having seen traces of a passing bitch; I thought I was going to be impaled on account of a griffin; I have been sent to execution because I made some complimentary verses on the king; I was on the point of being strangled because the queen had yellow ribbons; and here am I a slave along with you, because a brute of a man chose to beat his mistress. Come, let us not lose courage; all this perhaps will come to an end. It must needs be that Arab merchants should have slaves; and why should not I be one as well as another, since I also am a man? This merchant will not be unmerciful; he must treat his slaves well, if he wishes to make good use of them."

Thus he spoke, but in the depths of his heart he was thinking only of the fate of the queen of Babylon.

Setoc the merchant started, two days afterwards, for Arabia Deserta, with his slaves and his camels. His tribe dwelt near the desert of Horeb, the way to which was long and painful. Setoc, on the journey, took greater care of the servant than of the master, because the former could load the camels much better; and any little distinction that was made between them was in his favour.

A camel died two days before they expected to reach Horeb, and its load was distributed among the men, so that each back had its burden, Zadig's among the rest.

Setoc laughed to see how all his slaves were bent almost double as they walked. Zadig took the liberty of explaining to him the reason, and gave him some instruction in the laws of equilibrium. The astonished merchant began to regard him with other eyes. Zadig seeing that he had excited his master's curiosity, increased it by teaching him many things that had a direct bearing on his business, such as the specific gravity of metals and commodities in equal bulk, the properties of several useful animals, and the way in which those might be rendered useful which were not naturally so, until Setoc thought him a sage. He now gave Zadig the preference over his comrade, whom he had before esteemed so highly. He treated him well, and had no reason to repent of it.

Having reached his tribe, the first thing Setoc did was to demand repayment of five hundred ounces of silver from a Jew to whom he had lent them in the presence of two witnesses; but these two witnesses were dead, and the Jew, assured that there was no proof of the debt, appropriated the merchant's money, and thanked God for having given him the opportunity of cheating an Arab. Setoc confided his trouble to Zadig, who was now his adviser in everything.

"In what place was it," asked Zadig, "that you lent these five hundred ounces to the infidel?"

"On a large stone near Mount Horeb," answered the merchant.

"What kind of man is your debtor?" said Zadig.

"A regular rogue," returned Setoc.

"But I mean, is he hasty or deliberate, cautious or imprudent?"

"Of all bad payers," said Setoc, "he is the hastiest man I ever knew."

"Well," pursued Zadig, "allow me to plead your cause before the judge."

In the end he summoned the Jew to take his trial, and thus addressed the judge :

"Pillar of the throne of equity, I come here to claim from this man, in my master's name, repayment of five hundred ounces of silver which he will not restore."

"Have you witnesses?" asked the judge.

"No, they are dead; but there still remains a large stone upon which the money was counted out; and, if it please your lordship to order someone to go and fetch the stone, I hope that it will bear witness to the truth. We will remain here, the Jew and I, until the stone arrives; I will send for it at my master Setoc's expense."

"I am quite willing that that should be done," answered the judge; and then he proceeded to dispatch other business.

At the end of the sitting he said to Zadig :

"Well, your stone is not arrived yet, is it?"

The Jew laughed, and answered :

"Your lordship would have to remain here till to-morrow before the stone could be brought; it is more than six miles away, and it would take fifteen men to move it."

"Now then," exclaimed Zadig, "did I not say well that the stone itself would bear witness? Since this man knows where it is, he acknowledges that upon it the money was counted." The Jew was abashed, and was soon obliged to confess the whole truth. The judge ordered him to be bound to the stone, without eating or drinking, until the five hundred ounces should be restored, and it was not long before they were paid.

After that Zadig the slave was held in high esteem throughout Arabia, and so was the stone.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FUNERAL PILE.

SETOC was so enchanted with his slave that he made him his intimate friend. He could no more dispense with him than the king of Babylon had done; and Zadig was glad that Setoc had no wife. He found in his master an excellent disposition, with much integrity and good sense; but he was sorry to see that he worshipped the host of heaven (that is to say, the sun, moon, and stars), according to the ancient custom of Arabia. He spoke to him sometimes on the subject with judicious caution. At last he told him that they were material bodies like other things, which were no more worthy of his adoration than a tree or a rock.

“But,” said Setoc, “they are immortal beings, from whom we derive all the benefits we enjoy; they animate nature, and regulate the seasons; besides, they are so far from us that one cannot help worshipping them.”

“You receive more advantages,” answered Zadig, “from the waters of the Red Sea, which bear your merchandise to India. Why may it not be as ancient as the stars? And if you adore what is far away from you, you ought to adore the land of the Gangarides, which lies at the very end of the world.”

“No,” said Setoc; “the stars are so bright that I cannot refrain from worshipping them.”

When the evening was come, Zadig lighted a great number of candles in the tent where he was to sup with Setoc; and, as soon as his patron appeared, he threw himself on his knees before those wax lights, saying:

"Eternal and brilliant luminaries, be ever propitious to me!"

Having offered this prayer, he sat down to table without paying any attention to Setoc.

"What is that you are doing?" asked Setoc in astonishment.

"I am doing what you do," answered Zadig; "I adore these candles, and neglect their master and mine."

Setoc understood the profound meaning of this parable. The wisdom of his slave entered into his soul; he no longer lavished his incense upon created things, but worshipped the Eternal Being who had made them.

There prevailed at that time in Arabia a frightful custom, which came originally from Scythia, and which, having established itself in India through the influence of the Brahmans, threatened to invade all the East. When a married man died, and his favourite wife wished to obtain a reputation for sanctity, she used to burn herself in public on her husband's corpse. A solemn festival was held on such occasions, called *the Funeral Pile of Widowhood*, and that tribe in which there had been the greatest number of women consumed in this way was held in the highest honour. An Arab of Setoc's tribe having died, his widow, named Almona, who was very devout, made known the day and hour when she would cast herself into the fire to the sound of drums and trumpets. Zadig showed Setoc how contrary this horrible custom was to the interests of the human race, for young widows were every day allowed to burn themselves who might have presented children to the State, or at least have brought up those they already had; and he made him agree that so barbarous an institution ought, if possible, to be abolished.

Setoc replied: "It is more than a thousand years since the women acquired the right of burning themselves. Which of us will dare to change a law which time has con-

secrated? Is there anything more venerable than an ancient abuse?"

"Reason is more ancient," rejoined Zadig. "Do you speak to the chiefs of the tribes, and I will go and find the young widow."

He obtained admission to her presence; and after having insinuated himself into her good graces by commending her beauty, and after having said what a pity it was to commit such charms to the flames, he praised her again on the score of her constancy and courage.

"You must have loved your husband wonderfully?" said he.

"I? Oh no, not at all," answered the Arab lady. "I could not bear him, he was so brutal and jealous; but I am firmly resolved to throw myself on his funeral pile."

"Apparently," said Zadig, "there must be some very delicious pleasure in being burned alive."

"Ah! it makes nature shudder to think of it," said the lady; "but I must e'en put up with it. I am a pious person, and I should lose my reputation and be mocked by everybody if I did not burn myself."

Zadig, having brought her to admit that she was burning herself for the sake of other people and out of vanity, spoke to her for a long time in a manner calculated to make her a little in love with life, and even managed to inspire her with some kindly feeling towards himself.

"What would you do now," said he, "if you were not moved by vanity to burn yourself?"

"Alas!" said the lady, "I think that I should ask you to marry me."

Zadig was too much engrossed with thoughts of Astarte to take any notice of this declaration; but he instantly went to the chiefs of the different tribes, told them what had passed, and advised them to make a law by which no widow should be allowed to burn herself until

after she had had a private interview with a young man for the space of a whole hour. Since that time no lady has burned herself in Arabia. To Zadig alone was the credit due for having abolished in one day so cruel a custom, and one that had lasted so many ages. Thus he became the benefactor of all Arabia.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SUPPER.

SETOC, who could not part from the man in whom wisdom dwelt, brought him to the great fair of Bassora, whither the wealthiest merchants of the habitable globe were wont to resort. It was no little consolation to Zadig to see so many men of different countries assembled in the same place. It seemed to him that the universe was one large family which gathered together at Bassora. The second day after their arrival Zadig found himself at table with an Egyptian, an Indian from the banks of the Ganges, an inhabitant of China, a Greek, a Celt, and several other foreigners, who, in their frequent voyages to the Persian Gulf, had learned enough Arabic to make themselves understood. The Egyptian appeared exceedingly angry. "What an abominable country Bassora is!" said he; "I cannot get a loan here of a thousand ounces of gold on the best security in the world."

"How is that?" said Setoc; "on what security was that sum refused you?"

"On the body of my aunt," answered the Egyptian; "she was the worthiest woman in Egypt. She always accompanied me on my journeys, and died on the way hither. I have turned her into one of the finest mummies

to be had ; and in my own country I could get whatever I wanted by giving her in pledge. It is very strange that no one here will lend me even a thousand ounces of gold on such sound security."

In spite of his indignation, he was just on the point of devouring a capital boiled fowl, when the Indian, taking him by the hand, exclaimed in a doleful voice, "Ah! what are you about to do?"

"To eat this fowl," said the man with the mummy.

"Beware of what you are doing," said the man from the Ganges; "it may be that the soul of the departed has passed into the body of that fowl, and you would not wish to run the risk of eating up your aunt. To cook fowls is plainly an outrage upon nature."

"What do you mean with your nonsense about nature and fowls?" returned the wrathful Egyptian. "We worship an ox, and yet eat beef for all that."

"You worship an ox! Is it possible?" said the man from the Ganges.

"There is nothing more certain," replied the other; "we have done so for a hundred and thirty-five thousand years, and no one among us has any fault to find with it."

"Ah! A hundred and thirty-five thousand years!" said the Indian. "There must be a little exaggeration there; India has only been inhabited eighty thousand years, and we are undoubtedly more ancient than you are; and Brahma had forbidden us to eat oxen before you ever thought of putting them on your altars and on your spits."

"An odd kind of animal, this Brahma of yours, to be compared with Apis!" said the Egyptian. "What fine things now has your Brahma ever done?"

"It was he," the Brahman answered, "who taught men to read and write, and to whom all the world owes the game of chess."

“You are wrong,” said a Chaldean who was sitting near him; “it is to the fish Oannes that we owe such great benefits; and it is right to render our homage to him alone. Anybody will tell you that he was a divine being, that he had a golden tail and a handsome human head, and that he used to leave the water to come and preach on land for three hours every day. He had sundry children who were all kings, as everyone knows. I have his likeness at home, to which I pay all due reverence. We may eat as much beef as we please; but there is no doubt that it is a very great sin to cook fish. Moreover, you are, both of you, of too mean and too modern an origin to argue with me about anything. The Egyptian nation counts only one hundred and thirty-five thousand years, and the Indians can boast of no more than eighty thousand, while we have almanacs that go back four thousand centuries. Believe me, renounce your follies, and I will give each of you a beautiful likeness of Oannes.”

The Chinaman here put in his word, and said :

“I have a strong respect for the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Celts, Brahma, the ox Apis, and the fine fish Oannes, but it may be that Li or Tien,¹ by whichever name one may choose to call him, is well worth any number of oxen and fishes. I will say nothing about my country; it is as large as the land of Egypt, Chaldea, and India all put together. I will enter into no dispute touching antiquity, because it is enough to be happy, and it is a very little matter to be ancient; but if there were any need to speak about almanacs, I could tell you that all Asia consults ours, and that we had very good ones before anything at all was known of arithmetic in Chaldea.”

“You are a set of ignoramuses, all of you!” cried the

¹ Chinese words signifying respectively *reason* and *heaven*.

Greek ; “ is it possible that you do not know that Chaos is the father of all things, and that form and matter have brought the world into the state in which it is ? ”

This Greek spoke for a long time ; but he was at last interrupted by the Celt, who, having drunk deeply whilst the others were disputing, now thought himself wiser than any of them, and affirmed with an oath that there was nothing worth the trouble of talking about except Teutates and the mistletoe that grows on an oak ; that, as for himself, he always had some mistletoe in his pocket ; that the Scythians, his forefathers, were the only honest people that had ever been in the world ; that they had indeed sometimes eaten men, but that no one ought to be prevented by that from having a profound respect for his nation ; and finally, that if anyone spoke evil of Teutates, he would teach him how to behave.

Thereupon the quarrel waxed hot, and Setoc saw that in another moment there would be bloodshed at the table, when Zadig, who had kept silence during the whole dispute, at last rose. He addressed himself first to the Celt as the most violent of them all ; he told him that he was in the right, and asked him for a piece of mistletoe ; he commended the Greek for his eloquence, and soothed the general irritation. He said very little to the Chinaman, because he had been the most reasonable of them all. Then he said to the whole party :

“ My friends, you were going to quarrel for nothing, for you are all of the same opinion.”

When they heard him say that, they all loudly protested.

“ Is it not true,” he said to the Celt, “ that you do not worship this mistletoe, but Him who made the mistletoe and the oak ? ”

“ Assuredly,” answered the Celt.

“ And you, my Egyptian friend, revere, as it would seem,

in a certain ox Him who has given you oxen, is it not so ? ”

“ Yes,” said the Egyptian.

“ The fish Oannes,” continued Zadig, “ must give place to Him who made the sea and the fishes.”

“ Granted,” said the Chaldean.

“ The Indian,” added Zadig, “ and the Chinaman recognise, like you, a first principle ; I did not understand very well the admirable remarks made by the Greek, but I am sure that he also admits the existence of a Supreme Being, upon whom form and matter depend.”

The Greek who was so much admired said that Zadig had seized his meaning very well.

“ You are all then of the same opinion,” replied Zadig, “ and there is nothing left to quarrel over ; ” at which all the company embraced him.

Setoc, after having sold his merchandise at a high price, brought his friend Zadig back with him to his tribe. On their arrival Zadig learned that he had been tried in his absence, and that he was going to be burned at a slow fire.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ASSIGNATION.

DURING his journey to Bassora, the priests of the stars had determined to punish Zadig. The precious stones and ornaments of the young widows whom they sent to the funeral pile were their acknowledged perquisite ; it was in truth the least they could do to burn Zadig for the ill turn he had done them. Accordingly they accused him of holding erroneous views about the host of heaven ; they

gave testimony against him on oath that they had heard him say that the stars did not set in the sea. This frightful blasphemy made the judges shudder; they were ready to rend their garments when they heard those impious words, and they would have done so, without a doubt, if Zadig had had the means wherewith to pay them compensation; but dreadfully shocked as they were, they contented themselves with condemning him to be burned at a slow fire.

Setoc, in despair, exerted his influence in vain to save his friend; he was soon obliged to hold his peace. The young widow Almona, who had acquired a strong appetite for life, thanks to Zadig, resolved to rescue him from the stake, the misuse of which he had taught her to recognise. She turned her scheme over and over in her head, without speaking of it to anyone. Zadig was to be executed the next day, she had only that night to save him in. This is how she set about the business, like a charitable and discreet woman. She anointed herself with perfumes; she enhanced her charms by the richest and most seductive attire, and went to ask the chief priest of the stars for a private audience. When she was ushered into the presence of that venerable old man, she addressed him in these terms:

“Eldest son of the Great Bear, brother of the Bull, and cousin of the Great Dog” (such were the pontiff’s titles), “I come to confide to you my scruples. I greatly fear that I have committed an enormous sin in not burning myself on my dear husband’s funeral pyre. In truth, what had I worth preserving? A body liable to decay, and which is already quite withered.” Saying these words, she drew up her long silk sleeves, and displayed her bare arms, of admirable form and dazzling whiteness. “You see,” said she, “how little it is worth.”

The pontiff thought in his heart that it was worth a great deal. His eyes said so, and his mouth confirmed it;

he swore that he had never in his life seen such beautiful arms.

“Alas!” said the widow, “my arms may be a little less deformed than the rest; but you will admit that my neck was unworthy of any consideration,” and she let him see the most charming bosom that nature had ever formed. A rosebud on an apple of ivory would have appeared beside it nothing better than madder upon box-wood, and lambs just come up from the washing would have seemed brown and sallow. This neck; her large black eyes, in which a tender fire glowed softly with languishing lustre; her cheeks, enlivened with the loveliest crimson mingled with the whiteness of the purest milk; her nose, which was not at all like the tower of Mount Lebanon; her lips, which were like two settings of coral enclosing the most beautiful pearls in the Arabian sea; all these charms conspired to make the old man fancy himself a youth of twenty summers. With stammering tongue he made a tender declaration; and Almona, seeing how he was smitten, craved pardon for Zadig.

“Alas!” said he, “my lovely lady, though I might grant you his pardon, my indulgence would be of no use, as the order would have to be signed by three others of my colleagues.”

“Sign it all the same,” said Almona.

“Willingly,” said the priest, “on condition that your favours shall be the price of my compliance.”

“You do me too much honour,” said Almona; “only be pleased to come to my chamber after sunset, when the bright star *Sheat* shall rise above the horizon; you will find me on a rose-coloured sofa, and you shall deal with your servant as you may be able.”

Then she went away, carrying with her the signature, and left the old man full of amorous passion and of diffidence as to his powers. He employed the rest of the day

in bathing; he drank a liquid compounded of the cinnamon of Ceylon, and the precious spices of Tidor and Ternat, and waited with impatience for the star *Sheat* to appear.

Meanwhile the fair Almona went in search of the second pontiff, who assured her that the sun, the moon, and all the lights of heaven were nothing but faint marsh fires in comparison with her charms. She asked of him the same favour, and he offered to grant it on the same terms. She allowed her scruples to be overcome, and made an appointment with the second pontiff for the rising of the star *Algenib*. Thence she proceeded to the houses of the third and fourth priests, getting from each his signature, and making one star after another the signal for a secret assignation. Then she sent letters to the judges, requesting them to come and see her on a matter of importance. When they appeared, she showed them the four names, and told them at what price the priests had sold Zadig's pardon. Each of the latter arrived at his appointed hour, and was greatly astonished to find his colleagues there, and still more at seeing the judges, before whom they were exposed to open shame. Thus Zadig was saved, and Setoc was so delighted with Almona's cleverness, that he made her his wife.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DANCE.

SETOC was engaged to go on matters of business to the island of Serendib;¹ but the first month of marriage,

¹ The island of Ceylon is called by this name in the "Arabian Nights."

which is, as every one knows, the moon of honey, permitted him neither to quit his wife, nor even to imagine that he could ever quit her; so he requested his friend Zadig to make the voyage on his behalf.

“Alas!” said Zadig, “must I put a yet wider distance between the beautiful Astarte and myself? But I must oblige my benefactors.” He spoke, he wept, and he set forth on his journey.

He was not long in the island of Serendib before he began to be regarded as an extraordinary man. He became umpire in all disputes between the merchants, the friend of the wise, and the trusted counsellor of that small number of persons who are willing to take advice. The king wished to see and hear him. He soon recognised all Zadig’s worth, placed reliance on his wisdom, and made him his friend. The king’s intimacy and esteem made Zadig tremble. Night and day he was pierced with anguish at the misfortune which Moabdar’s kindness had brought upon him.

“The king is pleased with me,” said he; “how shall I escape ruin?”

He could not however decline his majesty’s attentions; for it must be confessed that Nabussan, King of Serendib, the son of Nussanab, the son of Nabassan, the son of Sanbusna, was one of the best princes in Asia; when any one spoke to him, it was difficult not to love him.

This good monarch was continually praised, deceived, and robbed; officials vied with each other in plundering his treasury. The receiver-general of the island of Serendib always set the example, and was faithfully followed by the others. The king knew it, and had time after time changed his treasurer; but he had not been able to change the time-honoured fashion of dividing the royal revenue into two unequal parts, the smaller of which always fell to His Majesty, and the larger to the administrative staff.

King Nabussan confided his difficulty to the wise Zadig : “ You who know so many fine things,” said he, “ can you think of no method of enabling me to find a treasurer who will not rob me ? ”

“ Assuredly,” answered Zadig ; “ I know an infallible way of giving you a man who has clean hands.”

The king was charmed, and, embracing him, asked how he was to proceed.

“ All you will have to do,” said Zadig, “ is to cause all who shall present themselves for the dignity of treasurer to dance, and he who dances most lightly will be infallibly the most honest man.”

“ You are joking,” said the king ; “ truly a droll way of choosing a receiver of my revenues ! What ! Do you mean to say that the one who cuts the highest capers will prove the most honest and capable financier ? ”

“ I will not answer for his capability,” returned Zadig ; “ but I assure you that he will undoubtedly be the most honest.”

Zadig spoke with so much confidence that the king thought he had some supernatural secret for recognising financiers.

“ I am not fond of the supernatural,” said Zadig ; “ people and books that deal in prodigies have always been distasteful to me ; if Your Majesty will allow me to make the trial I propose, you will be well enough convinced that my secret is the easiest and most simple thing in the world.”

Nabussan, King of Serendib, was far more astonished at hearing that this secret was a simple matter, than if it had been presented to him as a miracle.

“ Well then,” said the king, “ do as you shall think proper.”

“ Give me a free hand,” said Zadig, “ and you will gain by this experiment more than you think.”

The same day he issued a public notice that all who

aspired to the post of receiver-in-chief of the revenues of His gracious Majesty Nabussan, son of Nussanab, were to present themselves in garments of light silk, on the first day of the month of the Crocodile, in the king's ante-chamber. They duly put in an appearance to the number of sixty-four. Fiddlers were posted in an adjoining hall; all was ready for dancing; but the door of the hall was fastened, and it was necessary, in order to enter it, to pass along a little gallery which was pretty dark. An usher was sent to conduct each candidate, one after another, along this passage, in which he was left alone for a few minutes. The king, prompted by Zadig, had spread out all his treasures in this gallery. When all the competitors had reached the hall, his majesty gave orders that they should begin to dance. Never did men dance more heavily and with less grace; they all kept their heads down, their backs bent, and their hands glued to their sides.

“What rogues!” said Zadig, under his breath.

There was only one among them who stepped out freely, with head erect, a steady eye, and outstretched arms, body straight, and legs firm.

“Ah! the honest fellow! the worthy man!” said Zadig.

The king embraced this good dancer, and declared him treasurer; whereas all the others were punished with a fine, and that most justly, for each one of them, during the time that he was in the gallery, had filled his pockets so that he could hardly walk. The king was grieved for the honour of human nature that out of those sixty-four dancers there should have been sixty-three thieves. The dark gallery was henceforth called *the Corridor of Temptation*. In Persia those sixty-three gentlemen would have been impaled; in other countries a court of justice would have been held which would have consumed in legal expenses three times as much as had been stolen; while in yet

another kingdom they would have procured a complete acquittal for themselves, and brought the nimble dancer to disgrace; at Serendib they were only condemned to increase the public funds, for Nabussan was very indulgent.

He was also very grateful; he gave to Zadig a sum of money greater than any treasurer had stolen from the king his master. Zadig availed himself of it to send expresses to Babylon, who were to bring him information of Astarte's fate. His voice trembled while giving this order, his blood flowed back towards his heart, a mist covered his eyes, and his soul was ready to take its flight. The messenger departed: Zadig saw him embark. He returned to the king, seeing no one, fancying himself in his own chamber, and pronouncing the name of "love."

"Ah! love," said the king; "that is precisely what is the matter with me; you have rightly divined where my trouble lies. What a great man you are! I hope you will teach me how to recognise a faithful and devoted wife, as you have enabled me to find a disinterested treasurer."

Zadig, having recovered his wits, promised to serve him in love as well as in finance, although the undertaking seemed still more difficult.

CHAPTER XV.

BLUE EYES.

"MY body and my heart——" said the king to Zadig. At these words the Babylonian could not refrain from interrupting His Majesty.

"How glad I am," said he, "that you did not say *my heart and soul*! For one hears nothing else but those words in every conversation at Babylon, and one sees

nothing but books devoted to discussions on the heart and soul, written by people who have neither one nor the other. But please, sire, proceed."

Nabussan then continued :

"My body and my heart are predisposed by destiny to love ; the former of these two powers has every reason to be satisfied. I have here a hundred women at my disposal, all beautiful, buxom, and obliging, even voluptuously inclined, or pretending to be so when with me. My heart is not nearly so well off. I have found only too often that they lavish all their caresses on the King of Serendib, and care very little for Nabussan. It is not that I think my women unfaithful ; but I would fain find a soul to be my own ; I would resign for such a treasure the hundred beauties of whose charms I am master. See if, out of these hundred ladies of my harem, you can find me a single one by whom I may feel sure that I am loved ? "

Zadig answered him as he had done on the subject of the financiers :—

"Sire, leave the matter to me ; but allow me first to dispose of what you displayed in the Corridor of Temptation ; I will render you a good account of all, and you shall lose nothing by it."

The king gave him unfettered discretion. He chose in Serendib thirty-three little hunchbacks, the ugliest he could find, thirty-three of the most handsome pages, and thirty-three of the most eloquent and most robust bonzes. He left them all at liberty to enter the ladies' private chambers. Each little hunchback had four thousand gold pieces to give them, and the very first day all the hunchbacks were happy. The pages, who had nothing to give away but themselves, failed to achieve a triumph till the end of two or three days. The bonzes had a little more difficulty ; but at last thirty-three fair devotees surrendered to them. The king, through the shutter-blinds which admitted a

view into each chamber, witnessed all these experiments, and was not a little astonished. Of his hundred women, ninety-nine had succumbed before his eyes. There yet remained one who was quite young and freshly imported, whom His Majesty had never admitted to his arms. One, two, three hunchbacks were successively told off to make her offers which rose to the sum of twenty thousand pieces; she was incorruptible, and could not help laughing at the idea which had entered into these hunchbacks' heads that money could render them less deformed. The two handsomest of the pages were presented to her; she said that she thought the king still more handsome. The most eloquent and afterwards the most intrepid of the bonzes were let loose upon her; she found the first an idle babbler, and would not deign even to form an opinion on the merits of the second.

"The heart is everything," said she; "I will never yield either to the gold of a hunchback, or the personal attractions of a young man, or the cunning enticements of a bonze. I will love no one but Nabussan, son of Nussanab, and will wait till he condescends to love me."

The king was transported with joy, astonishment, and tenderness. He took back all the money that had won the hunchbacks their success, and made a present of it to the fair Falide (for such was the young lady's name). He gave her his heart, and she well deserved it. Never was the flower of youth so brilliant, never were the charms of beauty so enchanting. Historical veracity will not allow me to conceal the fact that she curtsied awkwardly, but she danced like a fairy, sang like a siren, and spoke like one of the graces; she was full of accomplishments and virtues.

Nabussan, loved as he was by her, adored her in his turn. But she had blue eyes, and this was the source of the greatest misfortunes. There was an ancient law which

forbade the kings to love one of those women whom the Greeks in later days called *βοῶπις*.¹ The chief of the bonzes had established this law more than five thousand years before that time, with a view to appropriating the mistress of the first king of the island of Serendib, whom the chief bonze had induced to pass an anathema upon blue eyes as a fundamental article of the constitution. All orders of society came to remonstrate with Nabussan. They publicly declared that the last days of the kingdom had arrived, that iniquity had reached its height, and that all nature was threatened with some untoward accident; that, in a word, Nabussan, son of Nussanab, was in love with two big blue eyes. The hunchbacks, financiers, bonzes, and brunettes, filled the palace with complaints.

The wild tribes that inhabit the north of Serendib took advantage of the general discontent to make an incursion into the territory of the good Nabussan. He demanded subsidies from his subjects; the bonzes, who owned half the revenues of the state, contented themselves with raising their hands to heaven, and refused to put them into their coffers to help the king. They offered up grand prayers to fine music, and left the State a prey to the barbarians.

“O my dear Zadig! Will you rescue me again from this horrible embarrassment?” dolefully exclaimed Nabussan.

“Very willingly,” answered Zadig. “You shall have as much money from the bonzes as you wish. Abandon to the enemy the lands on which their mansions are built, and only defend your own.”

Nabussan did not fail to follow this advice. The bonzes thereupon came and threw themselves at the king's feet, imploring his assistance. The king answered them in

¹ Our author evidently meant *γλαυκῶπις*, “blue-eyed,” not *βοῶπις*, “ox-eyed.”

beautiful strains of music, the words to which they were an accompaniment being prayers to Heaven for the preservation of their lands. The bonzes, at last, gave some money, and the king brought the war to a prosperous conclusion. Thus Zadig, by his wise and successful counsel, and by his important services, drew upon himself the irreconcilable hatred of the most powerful men in the State; the bonzes and the brunettes took an oath to ruin him; the financiers and the hunchbacks did not spare him, but did all they could to make him suspected by the excellent Nabussan. "Good offices remain in the antechamber when suspicions enter the closet," as Zoroaster has wisely observed. Every day there were fresh accusations; if the first was repelled, the second might graze the skin, the third wound, and the fourth be fatal.

Zadig, after having advantageously transacted the business of his friend Setoc and sent him his money, thought of nothing now in his alarm but of leaving the island, and resolved to go himself in search of tidings of Astarte.

"For," said he, "if I stay in Serendib, the bonzes will cause me to be impaled. . . . But where can I go? In Egypt I shall be a slave; burnt, in all likelihood, in Arabia; strangled at Babylon. Still I must know what has become of Astarte. . . . Let us be gone, and see for what my sad destiny reserves me."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BRIGAND.

ON arriving at the frontier which separates Arabia Petræa from Syria, as he was passing near a pretty strong castle, a party of armed Arabs sallied forth. He

saw himself surrounded, and the men cried out: "All that you have belongs to us, and your body belongs to our master."

Zadig, by way of answer, drew his sword; his servant, who had plenty of courage, did the same. They routed and slew the Arabs who first laid hands on them; their assailants now numbered twice as many as before, but they were not daunted, and resolved to die fighting. Then were seen two men defending themselves against a multitude. Such a conflict could not last long. The master of the castle, whose name was Arbogad, having seen from a window the prodigies of valour performed by Zadig, conceived such an admiration for him that he hastily descended, and came in person to disperse his men and deliver the two travellers.

"All that passes over my lands is my property," said he, "as well as whatever I find on the lands of other people; but you seem to me such a brave man, that I except you from the general rule."

He made Zadig enter his castle, and bade his people treat him well. In the evening Arbogad desired Zadig to sup with him.

Now the lord of the castle was one of those Arabs who are known as *robbers*; but he sometimes did a good action among a multitude of bad ones. He robbed with fierce rapacity, and gave away freely; he was intrepid in battle, though gentle enough in society; intemperate at table, merry in his cups, and above all, full of frankness. Zadig pleased him greatly, and his animated conversation prolonged the repast. At length Arbogad said to him:

"I advise you to enrol yourself under me; you cannot do better; this calling of mine is not a bad one, and you may one day become what I now am."

"May I ask you," said Zadig, "how long you have practised this noble profession?"

“From my tenderest youth,” replied the lord of the castle. “I was the servant of an Arab who was a pretty sharp fellow; I felt my position intolerable; it drove me to despair to see that in all the earth, which belongs equally to all mankind, fortune had reserved no portion for me. I confided my trouble to an old Arab, who said to me: ‘My son, do not despair; there was once upon a time a grain of sand which bewailed its fate in being a mere unheeded atom in the desert; but at the end of a few years it became a diamond, and it is now the most beautiful ornament in the King of India’s crown.’ This story made a great impression on me. I was the grain of sand, and I determined to become a diamond. I began by stealing two horses; I then formed a gang, and put myself in a position to rob small caravans. Thus by degrees I abolished the disproportion which existed at first between myself and other men; I had my share in the good things of this world, and was even recompensed with usury. I was held in high esteem, became a brigand chief, and obtained this castle by violence. The satrap of Syria wished to dispossess me, but I was already too rich to have anything to dread; I gave some money to the satrap, and by this means retained the castle and increased my domains. He even named me treasurer of the tribute which Arabia Petrea paid to the king of kings. I fulfilled my duty well, so far as receiving went, but utterly ignored that of payment. The Grand Desterham of Babylon sent hither in the name of King Moabdar a petty satrap, intending to have me strangled. This man arrived with his orders; I was informed of all, and caused to be strangled in his presence the four persons he had brought with him to apply the bowstring to my neck; after which I asked him what his commission to strangle me might be worth to him. He answered me that his fees might amount to three hundred pieces of gold. I made it clear to him that

there was more to be gained with me. I gave him a subordinate post among my brigands, and now he is one of my smartest and wealthiest officers. Take my word for it, you will succeed as well as he. Never has there been a better season for pillage, since Moabdar is slain and all is in confusion at Babylon."

"Moabdar slain!" said Zadig; "and what has become of Queen Astarte?"

"I know nothing about her," replied Arbogad; "all I know is that Moabdar became mad and was killed, that Babylon is one vast slaughter-house, that all the empire is laid waste, that there are fine blows to be struck yet, and that I myself have done wonders in that way."

"But the queen?" said Zadig; "pray tell me, know you nothing of the fate of the queen?"

"I heard something about a prince of Hyrcania," replied he; "she is probably among his concubines, if she has not been killed in the insurrection; but I have more curiosity in the matter of plunder than of news. I have taken a good many women in my raids, but I keep none of them; I sell them at a high price if they are handsome, without inquiring who or what they are, for my customers pay nothing for rank; a queen who was ugly would find no purchaser. Maybe I have sold Queen Astarte, maybe she is dead; it matters very little to me, and I do not think you need be more concerned about her than I am."

As he spoke thus he went on drinking lustily, and mixed up all his ideas so confusedly, that Zadig could extract no information out of him.

He remained confounded, overwhelmed, unable to stir. Arbogad continued to drink, told stories, constantly repeated that he was the happiest of all men, and exhorted Zadig to render himself as happy as he was. At last, becoming more and more drowsy with the fumes of wine, he

gradually fell into a tranquil slumber. Zadig passed the night in a state of the most violent agitation.

“What!” said he, “the king become mad! the king killed! I cannot help lamenting him! The empire is dismembered, and this brigand is happy! Alas for fate and fortune! A robber is happy, and the most amiable object that nature ever created has perhaps perished in a frightful manner, or is living in a condition worse than death. O Astarte! what has become of you?”

At break of day he questioned all whom he met in the castle; but everybody was busy, and no one answered him: new conquests had been made during the night, and they were dividing the spoils. All that he could obtain in the confusion that prevailed was permission to depart, of which he availed himself without delay, plunged deeper than ever in painful thoughts.

Zadig walked on restless and agitated, his mind engrossed with the hapless Astarte, with the king of Babylon, with his faithful Cador, with the happy brigand Arbogad, and that capricious woman whom the Babylonians had carried off on the confines of Egypt, in short, with all the disappointments and misfortunes that he had experienced.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FISHERMAN.

AT a distance of several leagues from Arbogad's castle, he found himself on the brink of a little river, still deploring his destiny, and regarding himself as the very type of misery. There he saw a fisherman lying on the bank, hardly holding in his feeble hand the net which he

seemed ready to drop, and lifting his eyes towards heaven.

"I am certainly the most wretched of all men," said the fisherman. "I was, as everybody allowed, the most famous seller of cream cheeses in Babylon, and I have been ruined. I had the prettiest wife that a man could possess, and she has betrayed me. A mean house was all that was left me, and I have seen it plundered and destroyed. Having taken refuge in a hut, I have no resource but fishing, and I cannot catch a single fish. O my net! I will cast you no more into the water, it is myself that I must cast therein."

Saying these words, he rose and advanced in the attitude of a man about to throw himself headlong and put an end to his life.

"What is this?" said Zadig to himself; "there are men then as miserable as I!"

Eagerness to save the fisherman's life rose as promptly as this reflection. He ran towards him, stopped, and questioned him with an air of concern and encouragement. It is said that we are less miserable when we are not alone in our misery. According to Zoroaster this is due, not to malice, but to necessity; we then feel ourselves drawn towards a victim of misfortune as a fellow-sufferer. The joy of a prosperous man would seem to us an insult; but two wretched men are like two weak trees, which, leaning together, mutually strengthen each other against the tempest.

"Why do you give way to your misfortunes?" said Zadig to the fisherman.

"Because," answered he, "I see no way out of them. I was held in the highest estimation in the village of Derlback, near Babylon, and I made, with my wife's help, the best cream cheeses in the empire. Queen Astarte and the famous minister Zadig were passionately fond of them. I

had supplied their houses with six hundred cheeses, and went one day into town to be paid, when, on my arrival at Babylon, I learned that the queen and Zadig had disappeared. I hastened to the house of the lord Zadig, whom I had never seen ; there I found the police officers of the Grand Desterham, who, furnished with a royal warrant, were sacking his house in a perfectly straightforward and orderly manner. I flew to the queen's kitchens ; some of the lords of the dresser told me that she was dead ; others said that she was in prison ; while others again declared that she had taken flight ; but all assured me that I should be paid nothing for my cheeses. I went with my wife to the house of the lord Orcan, who was one of my customers, and we asked him to protect us in our distress. He granted his protection to my wife, and refused it to me. She was whiter than those cream cheeses with which my troubles began, and the gleam of Tyrian purple was not more brilliant than the carnation which animated that whiteness. It was this which made the lord Orcan keep her and drive me away from his house. I wrote to my dear wife the letter of a desperate man. She said to the messenger who brought it :

“Oh ! ah ! yes ! I know something of the man who writes me this letter. I have heard people speak of him ; they say he makes capital cream cheeses ; let him send me some, and see that he is paid for them.”

“In my unhappy state I determined to have recourse to justice. I had six ounces of gold left ; I had to give two ounces to the lawyer whom I consulted ; two to the attorney who undertook my case, and two to the secretary of the first judge. When all this was done, my suit was not yet commenced, and I had already spent more money than my cheeses and my wife were worth. I returned to my village, with the intention of selling my house in order to recover my wife.

"My house was well worth sixty ounces of gold, but people saw that I was poor and forced to sell. The first man to whom I applied offered me thirty ounces for it, the second twenty, and the third ten. I was ready at last to take anything, so blinded was I, when a prince of Hyrcania came to Babylon, and ravaged all the country on his way. My house was first sacked and then burned.

"Having thus lost my money, my wife, and my house, I retired to this part of the country where you see me. I tried to support myself by fishing, but the fishes mock me as much as men do; I take nothing, I am dying of hunger, and had it not been for you, my illustrious consoler, I should have perished in the river."

The fisherman did not tell his story all at once; for every moment Zadig in his agitation would break in with: "What! do you know nothing of what has befallen the queen?" "No, my lord," the fisherman would make reply; "but I know that the queen and Zadig have not paid me for my cream cheeses, that my wife has been taken from me, and that I am in despair."

"I feel confident," said Zadig, "that you will not lose all your money. I have heard people speak of this Zadig; he is an honest man; and if he returns to Babylon, as he hopes to do, he will give you more than he owes you. But as to your wife, who is not so honest, I recommend you not to try to recover her. Take my advice, go to Babylon; I shall be there before you, because I am on horseback, and you are on foot. Apply to the most noble Cador; tell him you have met his friend, and wait for me at his house. Go; perhaps you will not always be unhappy."

"O mighty Ormuzd," continued he, "thou dost make use of me to console this man; of whom wilt thou make use to console me?"

So saying, he gave the fisherman half of all the money

he had brought from Arabia, and the fisherman, astonished and delighted, kissed the feet of Cador's friend, and said: "You are an angel sent to save me."

Meanwhile Zadig continued to ask for news, shedding tears as he did so.

"What! my lord," cried the fisherman, "can you then be unhappy, you who bestow bounty?"

"A hundred times more unhappy than you," answered Zadig.

"But how can it be," said the simple fellow, "that he who gives is more to be pitied than him who receives?"

"Because," replied Zadig, "your greatest misfortune was a hungry belly, and because my misery has its seat in the heart."

"Has Orcan taken away your wife?" said the fisherman.

This question recalled all his adventures to Zadig's mind; he repeated the catalogue of his misfortunes, beginning with the queen's bitch, up to the time of his arrival at the castle of the brigand Arbogad.

"Ah!" said he to the fisherman, "Orcan deserves to be punished. But it is generally such people as he who are the favourites of fortune. Be that as it may, go to the house of the lord Cador, and wait for me."

They parted; the fisherman walked on thanking his stars, and Zadig pressed forward still accusing his own.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COCKATRICE.

HAVING arrived at a beautiful meadow, he saw there several women searching for something with great diligence. He took the liberty of approaching one of them, and of asking her if he might have the honour of helping them in their search.

"Take good heed not to do that," answered the Syrian damsel; "what we are looking for can only be touched with impunity by women."

"That is very strange," said Zadig; "may I venture to ask you to tell me what it is that only women are allowed to touch?"

"A cockatrice," said she.

"A cockatrice, madam! and for what reason, if you please, are you looking for a cockatrice?"

"It is for our lord and master, Ogul, whose castle you see on the bank of that river, at the end of the meadow. We are his most humble slaves; the lord Ogul is ill, his physician has ordered him to eat a cockatrice stewed in rose-water, and, as it is a very rare animal, and never allows itself to be taken except by women, the lord Ogul has promised to choose for his well-beloved wife, whichever of us shall bring him a cockatrice. Let me prosecute the search, if you please; for you see what it would cost me, if I were anticipated by my companions."

Zadig left this Syrian girl and the others to look for their cockatrice, and continued to walk through the meadow. When he reached the brink of a little stream, he found there another lady lying on the turf, but not in search of anything. Her figure appeared majestic, but

her countenance was covered with a veil. She was leaning over the stream ; deep sighs escaped from her mouth. She held in her hand a little rod, with which she was tracing characters on the fine sand which lay between the grass and the stream. Zadig had the curiosity to look and see what this woman was writing ; he drew near, and saw the letter Z, then an A ; he was astonished ; then appeared a D ; he started. Never was there surprise to equal his, when he saw the two last letters of his name. He remained some time without moving ; then, breaking the silence, he exclaimed in an agitated voice :

“ O noble lady ! pardon a stranger who is in distress if he ventures to ask you by what astonishing chance I find here the name of Zadig traced by your adorable hand.”

At that voice, at those words, the lady raised her veil with a trembling hand, turned her eyes on Zadig, uttered a cry of tenderness, surprise, and joy, and, overcome by all the varied emotions which simultaneously assailed her soul, she fell fainting into his arms. It was Astarte herself, it was the queen of Babylon, it was she whom Zadig adored, and whom he reproached himself for adoring ; it was she for whom he had wept so much, and for whom he had so often dreaded the worst stroke of fate. For a moment he was deprived of the use of his senses ; then, fixing his gaze on Astarte’s eyes, which languidly opened once more with an expression in which confusion was mingled with tenderness, he cried :

“ O immortal powers, who preside over the destinies of feeble mortals ! Do ye indeed restore to me Astarte ? At what a time, in what a place, and in what a condition do I see her again ! ”

He threw himself on his knees before Astarte, and applied his forehead to the dust of her feet. The queen of Babylon lifted him up, and made him sit beside her on the bank of the stream, while she repeatedly dried her eyes

from which tears would soon begin again to flow. Twenty times at least did she take up the thread of the discourse which her sighs interrupted; she questioned him as to what strange chance brought them once more together, and she anticipated his answers by suddenly asking fresh questions. She began to relate her own misfortunes, and then wished to know those of Zadig. At last, both of them having somewhat appeased the tumult of their souls, Zadig told her in a few words how it came to pass that he found himself in that meadow.

“But, O unhappy and honoured queen! how is it that I find you in this remote spot, clad as a slave, and accompanied by other women slaves who are searching for a cockatrice to be stewed in rose-water by a physician’s order?”

“Whilst they are looking for their cockatrice” said the fair Astarte, “I will inform you of all that I have suffered, and for how much I have ceased to blame heaven now that I see you again. You know that the king, my husband, took it ill that you were the most amiable of all men; and it was for this reason that he one night took the resolution to have you strangled and me poisoned. You know how heaven permitted my little mute to give me warning of His Sublime Majesty’s orders. Hardly had the faithful Cador forced you to obey me and to go away, when he ventured to enter my chamber in the middle of the night by a secret passage. He carried me off, and brought me to the temple of Ormuzd, where his brother, the magian, shut me up in a gigantic statue, the base of which touches the foundations of the temple, while its head reaches to the roof. I was as it were buried there, but waited on by the magian, and in want of none of the necessaries of life. Meanwhile at day-break His Majesty’s apothecary entered my chamber with a draught compounded of henbane, opium, black hellebore, and aconite; and another official went to your apartment

with a bowstring of blue silk. Both places were found empty. Cador, the better to deceive him, went to the king, and pretended to accuse us both. He said that you had taken the road to India, and that I had gone towards Memphis; so officers were sent after each of us.

The messengers who went in search of me did not know me by sight, for I had hardly ever shown my face to any man but yourself, and that in my husband's presence and by his command. They hastened off in pursuit of me, guided by the description that had been given them of my person. A woman of much the same height as myself, and who had, it may be, superior charms, presented herself to their eyes on the borders of Egypt. She was evidently a fugitive and in distress; they had no doubt that this woman was the queen of Babylon, and they brought her to Moabdar. Their mistake at first threw the king into a violent rage; but ere long, taking a nearer look at the woman, he perceived that she was very beautiful, which gave him some consolation. She was called Missouf. I have been told since that the name signifies in the Egyptian tongue *the capricious beauty*. Such in truth she was, but she had as much artfulness as caprice. She pleased Moabdar, and brought him into subjection to such a degree that she made him declare her his wife. Thereupon her character developed itself in all its extravagance; she fearlessly gave herself up to every foolish freak of her imagination. She wished to compel the chief of the magi, who was old and gouty, to dance before her; and when he refused she persecuted him most bitterly. She ordered her master of the horse to make her a jam tart. In vain did the master of the horse represent to her that he was not a pastry cook, he must make the tart; and he was driven from office because it was too much burned. She gave the post of master of the horse to her dwarf, and the place of chancellor to a page. It was thus that she governed

Babylon, while all regretted that they had lost me. The king, who had been a tolerably just and reasonable man until the moment when he had determined to poison me and to have you strangled, seemed now to have drowned his virtues in the exorbitant love that he had for the capricious beauty. He came to the temple on the great day of the sacred fire, and I saw him implore the gods on behalf of Missouf, at the feet of the image in which I was confined. I lifted up my voice, and cried aloud to him :

“The gods reject the prayers of a king who is become a tyrant, who has been minded to put to death a sensible wife to marry a woman of the most extravagant whims.’

“Moabdar was so confounded at these words, that his head became disordered. The oracle that I had delivered, and Missouf’s domineering temper, sufficed to deprive him of his senses, and in a few days he became quite mad.

“His madness, which seemed a punishment from heaven, was the signal for revolt. There was a general insurrection, and all men ran to take up arms. Babylon, so long plunged in effeminate idleness, became the scene of a frightful civil war. I was drawn forth from the cavity of my statue, and placed at the head of one party. Cador hastened to Memphis, to bring you back to Babylon. The prince of Hyrcania, hearing of these fatal dissensions, came back with his army to form a third party in Chaldea. He attacked the king, who fled before him with his wayward Egyptian. Moabdar died pierced with wounds, and Missouf fell into the hands of the conqueror. It was my misfortune to be myself taken prisoner by a party of Hyrcanians, and I was brought before the prince at precisely the same time as they were bringing in Missouf. You will be pleased, no doubt, to hear that the prince thought me more beautiful than the Egyptian ; but you will be sorry to learn that he destined me for his harem. He told me very decidedly that as soon as he should have finished a military

expedition which he was about to undertake, he would come and keep me company. You may fancy my distress! The tie that bound me to Moabdar was broken, and I might have been Zadig's, if this barbarian had not cast his chains around me. I answered him with all the pride that my rank and my resentment gave me. I had always heard it said that heaven has connected with persons of my condition a greatness of character, which, with a word or a look, can reduce the presumptuous to a humble sense of that deep respect which they have dared to disregard. I spoke like a queen, but found myself treated like a domestic. The Hyrcanian, without deigning to address to me even a single word, told his black eunuch that I was a saucy minx, but that he thought me pretty; so he bade him take care of me, and subject me to the diet of his favourites, that I might recover my complexion, and be rendered more worthy of his favours by the time that he might find it convenient to honour me with them. I told him that I would sooner kill myself; he answered, laughing, that there was no fear of that, and that he was used to such displays of affectation; whereupon he left me like a man who has just put a parrot into his aviary. What a state of things for the first queen in all the world, —I will say more, for a heart which was devoted to Zadig!"

At these words he threw himself at her knees, and bathed them with tears. Astarte raised him tenderly, and continued thus:

"I saw myself in the power of a barbarian, and a rival of the crazy woman who was my fellow-prisoner. She told me what had befallen her in Egypt. I conjectured from the description she gave of your person, from the time of the occurrence, from the dromedary on which you were mounted, and from all the circumstances of the case, that it was Zadig who had fought on her behalf. I had no

doubt that you were at Memphis, and resolved to betake myself thither.

“‘Beautiful Missouf,’ said I, ‘you are much more pleasing than I am, and will entertain the prince of Hyrcania far better than I can do. Help me to effect my escape; you will then reign alone, and render me happy in ridding yourself of a rival.’

“Missouf arranged with me the means of my flight, and I departed secretly with an Egyptian woman slave.

“I had nearly reached Arabia, when a notorious robber, named Arbogad, carried me off, and sold me to some merchants, who brought me to this castle where the lord Ogul resides. He bought me without knowing who I was. He is a man of pleasure whose only object in life is good cheer, and who is convinced that God has sent him into the world to sit at table. He is excessively fat, and is constantly on the point of suffocation. His physician, in whom he believes little enough when his digestion is all right, exerts a despotic sway over him whenever he has eaten too much. He has persuaded him that he can cure him with a cockatrice stewed in rose-water. The lord Ogul has promised his hand to whichever of his female slaves shall bring him a cockatrice. You see how I leave them to vie with one another in their eagerness to win this honour, for, since heaven has permitted me to see you again, I have less desire than ever to find this cockatrice.”

Then Astarte and Zadig gave expression to all that tender feelings long repressed,—all that their love and misfortunes could inspire in hearts most generous and ardent; and the genii who preside over love carried their vows to the orb of Venus.

The women returned to Ogul’s castle without having found anything. Zadig, having obtained an introduction, addressed him to this effect:

“May immortal health descend from heaven to guard

and keep you all your days ! I am a physician, and am come to you in haste on hearing the report of your sickness, and I have brought you a cockatrice stewed in rose-water. I have no matrimonial intentions with regard to you ; I only ask for the release of a young female slave from Babylon, who has been several days in your possession, and I consent to remain in bondage in her place, if I have not the happiness of curing the magnificent lord Ogul."

The proposal was accepted. Astarte set out for Babylon with Zadig's servant, having promised to send him a messenger immediately to inform him of all that might have happened. Their parting was as tender as their unexpected recognition. The moment of separation and the moment of meeting again are the two most important epochs of life, as is written in the great book of Zendavesta. Zadig loved the queen as much as he swore he did, and the queen loved Zadig more than she professed to do.

Meanwhile Zadig spoke thus to Ogul :

"My lord, my cockatrice is not to be eaten, all its virtue must enter into you through the pores. I have put it into a little leathern case, well blown out, and covered with a fine skin ; you must strike this case of leather as hard as you can, and I must send it back each time ; a few days of this treatment will show you what my art can do."¹

The first day Ogul was quite out of breath, and thought that he should die of fatigue. The second day he was less exhausted, and slept better. In a week's time he had gained all the strength, health, lightness, and good spirits of his most robust years.

"You have played at ball, and you have been temperate," said Zadig ; "believe me, there is no such creature in nature as a cockatrice, but with temperance and exercise

¹ Compare the story of the Grecian king and the sage Durban in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment."

one is always well, and the art of combining intemperance and health is as chimerical as the philosopher's stone, judicial astrology, and the theology of the magi."

Ogul's former physician, perceiving how dangerous this man was to the cause of medicine, conspired with his private apothecary to despatch Zadig to hunt for cockatrices in the other world. 'Thus, after having already been punished so often for having done good, he was again nearly perishing for having healed a gluttonous nobleman. He was invited to a grand dinner, and was to have been poisoned during the second course; but whilst they were at the first he received a message from the fair Astarte, at which he left the table, and took his departure. "When one is loved by a beautiful woman," says the great Zoroaster, "one is always extricated out of every scrape."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TOURNAMENT.

THE queen had been received at Babylon with the enthusiasm which is always shown for a beautiful princess who has been unfortunate. Babylon at that time seemed more peaceful. The prince of Hyrcania had been killed in a battle; and the victorious Babylonians declared that Astarte should marry the man whom they might elect for monarch. They did not desire that the first position in the world, namely, that of being husband of Astarte and king of Babylon, should depend upon intrigues and cabals. They took an oath to acknowledge as their king the man whom they should find bravest and wisest. Spacious lists, surrounded by an amphitheatre splendidly decorated, were formed at a distance of several leagues from the city. The

combatants were to repair thither armed at all points. Each of them had separate quarters behind the amphitheatre, where he was to be neither seen nor visited by anyone. It was necessary to enter the lists four times, and those who should be successful enough to defeat four cavaliers were thereupon to fight against each other, and the one who should finally remain master of the field should be proclaimed victor of the tournament. He was to return four days afterwards with the same arms, and try to solve the riddles which the magi would propound. If he could not solve the riddles, he was not to be king, and it would be necessary to begin the jousts over again, until a knight should be found victorious in both sorts of contest; for they wished to have a king braver and wiser than any other man. The queen, during all this time, was to be strictly guarded; she was only allowed to be present at the games covered with a veil, and she was not permitted to speak to any of the competitors, in order to avoid either favouritism or injustice.

This was the intelligence that Astarte sent her lover, hoping that for her sake he would display greater valour and wisdom than anyone else. So he took his departure, entreating Venus to fortify his courage and enlighten his mind. He arrived on the banks of the Euphrates the evening before the great day, and caused his device to be inscribed among those of the combatants, concealing his countenance and his name, as the law required. Then he went to take repose in the lodging that was assigned him by lot. His friend Cador, who had returned to Babylon, after having vainly searched for him in Egypt, despatched to his quarters a complete suit of armour which was the queen's present. He also sent him, on her behalf, the finest steed in Persia. Zadig recognised the hand of Astarte in these gifts; his courage and his love gained thereby new energy and new hopes.

On the morrow, the queen having taken her place under a jewelled canopy, and the amphitheatre being filled with ladies and persons of every rank in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the arena. Each of them came and laid his device at the feet of the grand magian. The devices were drawn by lot, and Zadig's happened to be the last. The first who advanced was a very rich lord named Itobad, exceedingly vain, but with little courage, skill, or judgment. His servants had persuaded him that such a man as he ought to be king; and he had answered them: "Such a man as I ought to reign." So they had armed him from head to foot. He had golden armour enamelled with green, a green plume, and a lance decked with green ribbons. It was evident at once, from the manner in which Itobad managed his horse, that it was not for *such a man as he* that heaven reserved the sceptre of Babylon. The first knight who tilted against him unhorsed him; the second upset him so that he lay on his horse's crupper with both his legs in the air and arms extended. Itobad recovered his seat, but in such an ungainly fashion that all the spectators began to laugh. The third did not condescend to use his lance, but after making a pass at him, took him by the right leg, turned him half round, and let him drop on the sand. The squires of the tourney ran up to him laughing, and replaced him on his saddle. The fourth combatant seized him by the left leg, and made him fall on the other side. He was accompanied with loud jeers to his quarters, where he was to pass the night according to the law of the games; and he said as he limped along with difficulty: "What an experience for such a man as I!"

The other knights acquitted themselves better. There were some who defeated two antagonists one after the other, a few went as far as three, but the prince Otame was the only one who conquered four. At last Zadig tilted

in his turn; he unseated four cavaliers in succession in the most graceful manner possible. It then remained to be seen whether Otame or Zadig would be the victor. The arms of the former were blue and gold, with a plume of the same colour, while those of Zadig were white. The sympathies of all were divided between the knight in blue and the knight in white. The queen, whose heart was throbbing violently, put up prayers to heaven that the white might be the winning colour.

The two champions made passes and wheeled round with such agility, they delivered such dexterous thrusts, and sat so firmly on their saddles, that all the spectators, except the queen, wished that there might be two kings in Babylon. At last, their chargers being exhausted, and their lances broken, Zadig had recourse to this stratagem: he steps behind the blue prince, leaps upon the crupper of his horse, seizes him by the waist, hurls him down, takes his place in the saddle, and prances round Otame, as he lies stretched upon the ground. All the amphitheatre shouts: "Victory to the white cavalier!" Otame rises, indignant at his disgrace, and draws his sword; Zadig springs off the horse's back, sabre in hand. Then, lo and behold! both of them on foot in the arena begin a new conflict, in which strength and agility by turns prevail. The plumes of their helmets, the rivets of their arm-pieces, the links of their armour, fly far afield under a thousand rapid blows. With point and edge they thrust and cut, to right and left, now on the head, and now on the chest; they retreat, they advance, they measure swords, they come to close quarters, they wrestle, they twine like serpents, they attack each other like lions; sparks are sent forth every moment from their clashing swords. At last Zadig, recovering his coolness for an instant, stops, makes a feint, and then rushes upon Otame, brings him to the ground, and disarms him, when the vanquished prince exclaims:

“O white cavalier! you it is who should reign over Babylon.”

The queen's joy was at its climax. The cavalier in blue and the cavalier in white were conducted each to his own lodging, as well as all the others, in due accordance with the law. Mutes came to attend them and to bring them food. It may be easily guessed that the queen's little mute was the one who waited on Zadig. Then they were left to sleep alone until the morning of the next day, when the conqueror was to bring his device to the grand magian to be compared with the roll, and to make himself known.

In spite of his love Zadig slept soundly enough, so tired was he. Itobad, who lay near him, did not sleep a wink. He rose in the night, entered Zadig's quarters, took away his white arms and his device, and left his own green armour in their place. As soon as it was daylight, he went up boldly to the grand magian, and announced that such a man as he was victor. This was unexpected, but his success was proclaimed while Zadig was still asleep. Astarte, surprised, and with despair at her heart, returned to Babylon. The whole amphitheatre was already almost empty when Zadig awoke; he looked for his arms, and found only the green armour. He was obliged to put it on, having nothing else near him. Astonished and indignant, he armed himself in a rage, and stepped forth in that guise.

All the people who were left in the amphitheatre and arena greeted him with jeers. They pressed round him, and insulted him to his face. Never did man endure such bitter mortification. He lost patience, and with his drawn sword dispersed the mob which dared to molest him; but he knew not what course to adopt. He could not see the queen, nor could he lay claim to the white armour which she had sent him, without compromising her; so that,

while she was plunged in grief, he was tortured with rage and perplexity. He walked along the banks of the Euphrates, convinced that his star had marked him out for inevitable misery, reviewing in his mind all the misfortunes he had suffered, since his experience of the woman who hated one-eyed men up to this present loss of his armour.

"See what comes," said he, "of awaking too late; if I had slept less, I should now be king of Babylon and husband of Astarte. Knowledge, conduct, and courage have never served to bring me anything but trouble."

At last, murmurs against Providence escaped him, and he was tempted to believe that the world was governed by a cruel destiny, which oppressed the good, and brought prosperity to cavaliers in green. One of his worst grievances was to be obliged to wear that green armour which drew such ridicule upon him; and he sold it to a passing merchant at a low price, taking in exchange from the merchant a gown and a nightcap. In this garb he paced beside the Euphrates, filled with despair, and secretly accusing Providence for always persecuting him.

CHAPTER XX.

THE HERMIT.¹

WHILE walking thus, Zadig met a hermit, whose white and venerable beard descended to his girdle. He held in his hand a book which he was reading attentively. Zadig stopped, and made him a profound obeisance. The

¹ This version of a moral tale, familiar to the English reader from Parnell's "Hermit," has a source at least as ancient as the mediæval "*Gesta Romanorum*."

hermit returned his salutation with an air so noble and attractive, that Zadig had the curiosity to enter into conversation with him. He asked him what book he was reading.

"It is the book of destiny," said the hermit; "do you desire to read aught therein?"

He placed the book in Zadig's hands, but he, learned as he was in several languages, could not decipher a single character in the book. This increased his curiosity yet more.

"You seem to me much vexed," said the good father.

"Alas! and with only too much reason!" answered Zadig.

"If you will allow me to accompany you," rejoined the old man, "perhaps I may be of service to you; I have sometimes poured consolation into the souls of the unhappy."

The hermit's aspect, his beard, and his book, inspired Zadig with respect. He found in conversing with him the light of a superior mind. The hermit spoke of destiny, of justice, of morality, of the chief good, of human frailty, of virtue, and of vice, with an eloquence so lively and touching, that Zadig felt himself drawn towards him by an irresistible charm. He earnestly besought him not to leave him, until they should return to Babylon.

"I myself ask the same favour of you," said the old man; "swear to me by Ormuzd that you will not part from me for some days to come, whatever I may do."

Zadig swore not to do so, and they set out together.

The two travellers arrived that evening at a magnificent castle, where the hermit craved hospitality for himself and for the young man who accompanied him. The porter, who might have been taken for a distinguished nobleman, introduced them with a sort of disdainful politeness. They were presented to one of the principal domestics, who showed them the master's splendid apartments. They

were admitted to the lower end of his table, without being honoured even with a look from the lord of the castle ; but they were served like the others, with elegance and profusion. A golden bowl studded with emeralds and rubies was afterwards brought them, wherein to wash their hands. For the night they were consigned to fine sleeping apartments, and in the morning a servant brought each of them a piece of gold, after which they were courteously dismissed.

“The master of the house,” said Zadig, when they were again on their way, “seems to me to be a generous man, but a little too proud ; he practises a noble hospitality.”

As he said these words, he perceived that a very wide sort of pocket which the hermit was wearing appeared stretched and stuffed out, and he caught sight of the golden bowl adorned with precious stones, which the hermit had stolen. He did not at first venture to take any notice of it, but he experienced a strange surprise.

Towards midday, the hermit presented himself at the door of a very small house, inhabited by a very rich miser, of whom he begged hospitable entertainment for a few hours. An old servant, meanly clad, received them roughly, and conducted the hermit and Zadig to the stable, where some rotten olives, mouldy bread, and sour beer were given them. The hermit ate and drank with as contented an air as on the evening before ; then, turning to the old servant who was watching them both to see that they stole nothing, and who kept urging them to go, he gave him the two pieces of gold which he had received that morning, and thanked him for all his attentions.

“Pray,” added he, “let me speak a word to your master.”

The astonished servant introduced the two strangers.

“Magnificent lord,” said the hermit, “I cannot refrain from offering you my most humble thanks for the noble

manner in which you have treated us ; deign to accept this golden bowl as a slight token of my gratitude."

The miser almost fell backward from his seat, but the hermit, not giving him time to recover from his sudden surprise, departed with his young companion as quickly as possible.

"Father," said Zadig, "what is all this that I see? You do not seem to me to resemble other men in anything that you do ; you steal a bowl adorned with precious stones from a nobleman who entertained you sumptuously, and you give it to a miser who treats you with indignity."

"My son," replied the old man, "that pompous person, who entertains strangers only out of vanity, and to excite admiration of his riches, will learn a needful lesson, while the miser will be taught to practise hospitality ; be astonished at nothing, and follow me."

Zadig was still uncertain whether he had to do with a man more foolish or more wise than all other men ; but the hermit spoke with a tone of such superiority, that Zadig, bound besides by his oath, felt constrained to follow him.

In the evening they arrived at a house built in a pleasing but simple style, where nothing betokened either prodigality or avarice. The master was a philosopher who, retired from the world, pursued in peace the study of wisdom and virtue, and who, nevertheless, felt life no tedious burden. It had pleased him to build this retreat, into which he welcomed strangers with a generosity which was free from ostentation. He went himself to meet the travellers, and ushered them into a comfortable apartment, where he first left them to repose awhile. Some time afterwards he came in person to invite them to a clean and well-cooked meal, during which he spoke with great good sense about the latest revolutions in Babylon. He seemed sincerely attached to the queen, and expressed a

wish that Zadig had appeared in the lists as a competitor for the crown.

"But mankind," added he, "do not deserve to have a king like Zadig."

The latter blushed, and felt his disappointment return with double force. In the course of conversation it was generally agreed that matters in this world do not always fall out as the wisest men would wish. The hermit maintained throughout that we are ignorant of the ways of Providence, and that men are wrong in judging of the whole by the very small part which alone they are able to perceive.

They spoke of the passions. "Ah! how fatal they are!" said Zadig.

"They are the winds that swell the sails of the vessel," replied the hermit; "they sometimes sink the vessel, but it could not make way without them. The bile makes men choleric and sick, but without the bile they could not live. Everything here below has its danger, and yet everything is necessary."

Then they spoke of pleasure, and the hermit proved that it is a gift of the Deity.

"For," said he, "man can give himself neither sensation nor idea, he receives them all; pain and pleasure come to him from without like his very existence."

Zadig marvelled how a man who had acted so extravagantly could argue so well. At length, after a discourse as profitable as it was agreeable, their host conducted the two travellers back to their apartment, blessing heaven for having sent him two men so virtuous and so wise; and he offered them money in a frank and easy manner that could give no offence. The hermit, however, refused it, and told him that he must now take leave of him, as he purposed departing for Babylon before morning. Their parting was affectionate, Zadig especially felt full of esteem and love for so amiable a man.

When the hermit and he were alone in their chamber, they passed a long time in praising their host. The old man at daybreak awoke his comrade.

"We must start," said he, "while all the household is asleep. I wish to leave this man a token of my regard and affection."

Saying these words, he seized a light, and set fire to the house. Zadig uttered a cry of horror, and would fain have prevented him from committing so dreadful a deed, but the hermit dragged him away by superior force, and the house was soon in flames. The hermit, who was now at a safe distance with his companion, calmly watched it burning.

"Thank God!" said he; "there goes the house of my dear host, destroyed from basement to roof! Happy man!"

At these words Zadig was tempted at once to burst out laughing, to overwhelm the reverend father with reproaches, to beat him, and to fly from him; but he did none of these things; still overawed by the hermit's dominating influence, he followed him in spite of himself to their last quarters for the night.

It was at the house of a charitable and virtuous widow, who had a nephew fourteen years of age, full of engaging qualities, and her only hope. She did the honours of her house as well as she could, and on the morrow she bade her nephew conduct the travellers as far as a bridge which, having broken down a short time before, was now dangerous to cross. The lad walked before them with alacrity. When they were on the bridge, the hermit said to the youth:

"Come, I must prove my gratitude to your aunt."

Then he seized him by the hair, and threw him into the river. The boy sank, rose for a moment above the water, and was then swallowed up by the torrent.

"O monster! Most wicked of all mankind!" exclaimed Zadig.

"You promised to be more patient," said the hermit, interrupting him. "Know that under the ruins of that house to which Providence set fire, the master has found an immense treasure; and that this youth, whose neck Providence has twisted,¹ would have murdered his aunt within a year, and yourself within two."

"Savage, who told you so?" cried Zadig; "and though you may have read this event in your book of destiny, are you allowed to drown a child who has done you no harm?"

While the Babylonian was speaking, he perceived that the old man had no longer a beard, and that his countenance assumed the features of youth. The habit of a hermit disappeared; four beautiful wings covered a form majestic and glittering with light.

"O messenger from heaven! Divine angel!" cried Zadig, falling on his knees; "art thou then descended from the empyrean to teach a feeble mortal to submit to the eternal decrees?"

"Mankind," said the angel Jesrad, "judge of everything when knowing nothing; of all men you were the one who most deserved to be enlightened."

Zadig asked if he might have permission to speak.

"I distrust myself," said he, "but may I venture to ask thee to resolve my doubt? Would it not have been better to have corrected this youth, and to have rendered him virtuous, than to drown him?"

¹ The phrase would have been more appropriate if Voltaire had followed Parnell's version of this incident.

"Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck," etc.

("The Hermit," ll. 150-153.)

Jesrad answered: "If he had been virtuous, and had continued to live, it would have been his destiny to be murdered himself, together with the wife he was to marry, and the son whom she was to bear."

"What!" said Zadig, "is it inevitable then that there should be crimes and misfortunes? The misfortunes too, fall upon the good!"

"The wicked," answered Jesrad, "are always unhappy; they serve to try a small number of righteous men scattered over the earth, and there is no evil from which some good does not spring."

"But," said Zadig, "what if there were only good, and no evil at all?"

"Then," answered Jesrad, "this earth would be another world, the chain of events would be ordered by wisdom of another kind; and this order, which would be perfect, can only exist in the eternal abode of the Supreme Being, which evil cannot approach. He has created millions of worlds, not one of which can resemble another. This boundless variety is an attribute of His boundless power. There are not two leaves of a tree upon this earth, nor two globes in the infinite fields of heaven, which are alike, and everything that you see on this little atom where you have been born must fill its own place, and exist in its own fixed time, according to the immutable decrees of Him who embraces all. Men think that this child who has just perished fell into the water by accident, that it was by accident likewise that that house was burned; but there is no such thing as accident; all that takes place is either a trial, or a punishment, or a reward, or a providential dispensation. Remember that fisherman who deemed himself the most miserable of men. Ormuzd sent you to change his destiny. Feeble mortal, cease to dispute against that which it is your duty to adore."

"But," said Zadig——

As the word was on his lips, the angel was already winging his way towards the tenth sphere. Zadig on his knees adored Providence, and was resigned. The angel cried to him from on high:

“Take your way towards Babylon.”

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RIDDLES.

ZADIG, in a state of bewilderment, and like a man at whose side the lightning has fallen, walked on at random. He entered Babylon on the day when those who had contended in the lists were already assembled in the grand vestibule of the palace to solve the riddles, and to answer the questions of the grand magian. All the knights were there, except him of the green armour. As soon as Zadig appeared in the city, the people gathered round him; they could not satisfy their eyes with the sight of him, their mouths with blessing him, or their hearts with wishing him to be king. The Envious man saw him pass, trembled, and turned aside, while the people escorted him to the place of assembly. The queen, to whom his arrival was announced, became a prey to the agitation of fear and hope; she was devoured with uneasiness, and could not comprehend why Zadig was unarmed, and how it came to pass that Itobad wore the white armour. A confused murmur arose at the sight of Zadig. All were surprised and delighted to see him again; but only the knights who had taken part in the tournament were permitted to appear in the assembly.

“I have fought like the others,” said he; “but another here wears my armour, and, while I must wait to have the

honour of proving it, I ask leave to present myself in order to explain the riddles."

The question was put to the vote; his reputation for integrity was still so deeply impressed on the minds of all, that there was no hesitation about admitting him.

The grand magian first proposed this question :

"What, of all things in the world, is alike the longest and the shortest, the quickest and the slowest, the most minutely divided and the most widely extended, the most neglected and the most regretted, without which nothing can be done, which devours everything that is little, and confers life on everything that is great?"

Itobad was to speak first; he answered that such a man as he understood nothing about riddles, that it was enough for him to have conquered by the might of his arm. Some said that the answer to the riddle was fortune; according to others it was the earth, and according to others again light. Zadig said that it was time :

"Nothing is longer," added he, "since it is the measure of eternity; nothing is shorter, since it fails to accomplish our projects. There is nothing slower to one who waits, nothing quicker to one who enjoys. It extends to infinity in greatness, it is infinitely divisible in minuteness. All men neglect it, all regret its loss. Nothing is done without it. It buries in oblivion all that is unworthy of being handed down to posterity; and it confers immortality upon all things that are great."

The assembly agreed that Zadig's answer was the right one.

The next question was :

"What is it which we receive without acknowledgment, which we enjoy without knowing how, which we bestow on others when we know nothing about it, and which we lose without perceiving the loss?"

Everybody had his own explanation. Zadig alone guessed

that it was life, and explained all the other riddles with the same readiness. Itobad said on each occasion that nothing was easier, and that he would have come to the same conclusion with equal facility, if he had cared to give himself the trouble. Questions were afterwards propounded on justice, the chief good, and the art of government. Zadig's replies were pronounced the soundest.

"What a pity," it was said, "that one whose judgment is so good should be so bad a knight!"

"Illustrious lords," said Zadig, "I have had the honour of conquering in the lists. It is to me that the white armour belongs. The lord Itobad possessed himself of it while I slept; he thought, apparently, that it would become him better than the green. I am ready to prove upon his person forthwith before you all, in this garb and armed only with my sword, against all this fine white armour which he has stolen from me, that it was I who had the honour of vanquishing brave Otame."

Itobad accepted the challenge with the greatest confidence. He felt no doubt that, armed as he was with helmet, breastplate, and brassarts, he would soon see the last of a champion arrayed in a nightcap and a dressing gown. Zadig drew his sword, and saluted the queen, who gazed on him with the deepest emotion of mingled joy and alarm. Itobad unsheathed his weapon without saluting anyone. He advanced upon Zadig like a man who had nothing to fear, and made ready to cleave his head open. Zadig adroitly parried the stroke, opposing the strongest part of his sword to the weakest part of that of his adversary, in such a way that Itobad's blade was broken. Then Zadig, seizing his enemy round the waist, hurled him to the ground, and, holding the point of his sword where the breastplate ended, said:

"Submit to be disarmed, or I take your life."

Itobad, who was always surprised at any disgrace which

befell such a man as he, suffered Zadig to do what he pleased, who peaceably relieved him of his splendid helmet, his superb breastplate, his fine brassarts, and his glittering thigh-pieces, put them on himself again, and ran in this array to throw himself at Astarte's knees.

Cador had no difficulty in proving that the armour belonged to Zadig. He was acknowledged king by unanimous consent, and most of all by Astarte, who tasted, after so many adversities, the delight of seeing her lover regarded by all the world as worthy of being her husband. Itobad went away to hear himself called his lordship in his own house. Zadig was made king, and he was happy. What the angel Jesrad had said to him was present to his mind, and he even remembered the grain of sand which became a diamond. The queen and he together adored Providence. Zadig left the beautiful and capricious Missouf to range the world at will. He sent in search of the brigand Arbogad, gave him an honourable post in his army, and promised to promote him to the highest rank, if he behaved himself like a true warrior, but threatened to have him hanged, if he followed the trade of a robber.

Setoc was summoned from the heart of Arabia, together with the fair Almona, and set at the head of the commerce of Babylon. Cador was loved and honoured, receiving an appointment such as his services deserved; he was the king's friend, and Zadig was then the only monarch upon earth who had one. The little mute was not forgotten. A fine house was given to the fisherman, while Orcan was condemned to pay him a large sum, and to give him back his wife; but the fisherman, now grown wise, took the money only.

The fair Semira was inconsolable for having believed that Zadig would be blind of an eye; and Azora never ceased lamenting that she had wished to cut off his nose. He soothed their sorrow with presents. The Envious man

died of rage and shame. The empire enjoyed peace, glory, and abundance; that age was the best which the earth had known, for it was ruled by justice and by love. All men blessed Zadig, and Zadig blessed heaven.

[The manuscript containing Zadig's history ends here. We know that he experienced many other adventures which have been faithfully recorded. Interpreters of oriental tongues are requested, if they should meet with any such records, to make them public.]

MEMNON, OR HUMAN WISDOM.

(1750.)

MEMNON, OR HUMAN WISDOM.

(1750.)

NOTICE BY THE AUTHOR.

In all we undertake to miss the way :

That is, alas ! our destined fate, it seems.

My brain at morn with wisest projects teems,

While folly chases folly all the day.

THIS little verse pretty aptly describes a large number of those who pride themselves on the possession of reason ; and it is odd enough to see a grave director of souls ending his career in the criminal dock beside a fraudulent bankrupt.¹ In connection with this case, we reprint the following little tale here, though it had its origin elsewhere ; for it is well that it should be known far and wide.

Memnon one day conceived the irrational design of being perfectly wise and prudent. There are very few persons who have not at some time or other had foolish thoughts of this kind pass through their heads. Memnon said to himself : “ In order to be very wise, and consequently very happy, one has only to be without passions ; and nothing is easier than that, as everybody knows. In the first place, I will never fall in love with a woman, for I will

¹ Billard and the Abbé Grizel.

say to myself, whenever I see a sample of perfect beauty : 'Those cheeks will one day be wrinkled, those fine eyes will be rimmed with red, that swelling bosom will be flat and flabby, that lovely head will become bald.' I have only to see her now with the same eyes as those with which I shall see her then, and assuredly my head will not be turned by the sight of hers.

"In the second place, I will be always sober and temperate ; good cheer, delicious wines, and the seductive charms of social intercourse will tempt me in vain. I shall have nothing to do but to bring before my mind the results of excess in a heavy head, a disordered stomach, the loss of reason, of health, and of time ; and then I shall eat only for necessity, my health will be always well balanced, my thoughts always bright and clear. All this is so easy that there is no merit in such attainments.

"In the next place," said Memnon, "I must give a little consideration to my property ; my desires are moderate, my wealth is well bestowed with the Receiver-General of the revenues of Nineveh, I have enough to support myself in independence, and that is the greatest of blessings. I shall never be under the cruel necessity of cringing and flattering ; I shall envy nobody, and nobody will envy me. All that is still very easy. I have friends," continued he, "and I shall keep them, for they will have nothing to quarrel about with me. I will never be out of temper with them, nor they with me ; that is a matter that presents no difficulty."

Having thus laid down his little scheme of wisdom and prudence in his chamber, Memnon put his head out of the window, and saw two women walking up and down under some plane trees near his house. One of them was old, and appeared to have nothing on her mind ; the other was young and pretty, and seemed to be lost in thought. She sighed, she wept, and her sighs and tears only added to her

charms. Our sage was touched, not, of course, by the lady's beauty (he was quite confident of being above such weakness as that), but by the distress in which he saw her. He went down and accosted the fair Ninevite, with the intention of ministering wise consolation. That charming young person related to him, with the most simple and affecting air, all the injury done her by an uncle, who did not exist; she told him by what tricks he had deprived her of a fortune, which she had never possessed, and all that she had to fear from his violence.

"You seem to me," said she, "a man of such excellent judgment and good sense, that if you would only condescend to come to my house and inquire into my affairs, I feel sure that you could extricate me from the cruel embarrassment in which I find myself."

Memnon had no hesitation in following her, in order to make a judicious examination of her affairs, and to give her good advice.

The afflicted lady led him into a sweetly-scented chamber, and politely made him sit down with her on a large ottoman, where they both remained awhile, with legs crossed, facing each other. When the lady spoke she lowered her eyes, from which tears sometimes escaped, and, when she raised them, they always met the gaze of the sage Memnon. Her language was full of a tenderness which grew more tender each time that they exchanged glances. Memnon took her affairs zealously to heart, and every moment felt an increasing desire to oblige a maiden so modest and so unfortunate. By imperceptible degrees, as their conversation grew warmer, they ceased to sit opposite, and their legs were no longer crossed. Memnon pressed her so closely with good advice, and bestowed such tender admonitions, that neither of them could any longer talk about business, nor did they well know what they were about.

While they were thus engaged, the uncle, as might have

been expected, arrived upon the scene. He was armed from head to foot; and the first thing he said was that he was going to kill, as was only just and proper, both the sage Memnon and his niece; the last remark that escaped him was that he might possibly pardon them for a large sum of money. Memnon was obliged to give him all that he had about him. In those times, fortunately, it was possible to get off as cheaply as that. America had not yet been discovered, and distressed damsels were not nearly so dangerous as they are nowadays.

Memnon returned home disconsolate and ashamed, and found a note there inviting him to dine with some of his most intimate friends.

"If I stay at home alone," said he, "I shall have my thoughts taken up with my unfortunate adventure; I shall be unable to eat anything, and shall certainly fall ill; it will be much better to take a frugal meal with my intimate friends. In the pleasure of their company I shall forget the piece of folly that I have committed this morning."

He goes to meet his friends, who find him a little out of spirits, and persuade him to drink away his melancholy. A little wine taken in moderation is a medicine for mind and body. So thinks the sage Memnon, and proceeds to get tipsy. Play is proposed after dinner. A modest game with one's friends is a blameless pastime. He plays, loses all that he has in his purse, and four times as much on his promise to pay. A dispute arises over the game, and the quarrel grows hot; one of his intimate friends throws a dice-box at his head, and puts out an eye. The sage Memnon is carried home drunk, without any money, and with one eye less than when he went.

After he had slept himself sober, and his brain was grown a little clearer, he sent his servant for some of the money which he had lodged with the Receiver-General of the

revenues of Nineveh, in order to pay what he owed to his intimate friends. He was told that his debtor had that very morning been declared a fraudulent bankrupt, an announcement which had thrown a hundred families into consternation. Memnon, in a state bordering on distraction, went to court with a plaster over his eye and a petition in his hand to solicit justice of the king against the bankrupt. In an antechamber he met a number of ladies, all wearing with apparent ease hoops twenty-four feet in circumference. One of these ladies, who knew him slightly, exclaimed with a sidelong glance: "Oh, what a horror!" Another, who was on more familiar terms with him, addressed him thus:

"Good evening, Mr. Memnon. It is indeed a pleasure to see you, Mr. Memnon. By the way, Mr. Memnon, how is it you have lost an eye?" And she passed on without pausing for an answer. Memnon hid himself in a corner, and awaited the moment when he might cast himself at the monarch's feet. That moment came; he kissed the ground thrice, and presented his petition. His gracious Majesty received him very favourably, and gave the document to one of his satraps to report upon it. The satrap drew Memnon aside, and said:

"What a comical kind of one-eyed fool you are, to address yourself to the king rather than to me! And still more ridiculous to dare to demand justice against a respectable bankrupt, whom I honour with my protection, and who is the nephew of my mistress's waiting maid. Let this matter drop, my friend, if you wish to keep the eye you still have left you."

Thus Memnon, after having in the morning renounced the blandishments of women, intemperance at table, gambling and quarrelling, and more than all else the court, had ere nightfall been cajoled and robbed by a fair deceiver, had drunk to excess, played high, been concerned in a

quarrel, had an eye put out, and been to court, where he had been treated with contempt and derision.

Petrified with astonishment, and crushed with vexation, he turned his steps homeward, sick at heart. Intending to enter his house, he found bailiffs in possession removing the furniture on behalf of his creditors. Almost fainting, he seated himself under a plane tree, and there encountered the fair lady who had victimised him in the morning; she was walking with her dear uncle, and burst out laughing when she saw Memnon with the patch over his eye. Night came on; and he laid himself down on some straw beside the walls of his house. There he was seized with ague, and in one of the fits he fell asleep, when a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream.

He was all glittering with light. He had six beautiful wings, but no feet, nor head, nor tail, and was like nothing he had ever seen before.

"Who art thou?" said Memnon.

"Thy good genius," answered the other.

"Give me back my eye then, my health, my house, my property, and my prudence," said Memnon. Thereupon he told him how he had lost them all in one day.

"Such adventures as those never befall us in the world which we inhabit," said the spirit.

"And what world do you inhabit?" asked the afflicted mortal.

"My home," replied he, "is at a distance of five hundred millions of leagues from the sun, in a little star near Sirius, which thou seest from hence."

"Charming country!" exclaimed Memnon. "What! have you no sly hussies among you who impose upon a poor fellow, no intimate friends who win his money and knock out one of his eyes, no bankrupts, no satraps who mock you while they deny you justice?"

"No," said the inhabitant of the star, "nothing of the

kind. We are never deceived by women, because we have none; we are never guilty of excesses at table, since we neither eat nor drink; we have no bankrupts, for gold and silver are unknown among us; we cannot have our eyes put out, because we do not possess bodies such as yours; and satraps never treat us with injustice, since all are equal in our little star."

Then said Memnon: "My lord, without the fair sex and without any dinner, how do you manage to pass the time?"

"In watching over the other worlds which are entrusted to our care," said the genius; "and I am come now to minister consolation to thee."

"Alas!" replied Memnon, "why didst thou not come last night to prevent me committing such follies?"

"I was with Hassan, your elder brother," said the celestial being. "He is more to be pitied than thou art. His gracious Majesty, the King of India, to whose court he has the honour to be attached, has caused both his eyes to be put out for a slight act of indiscretion, and he is confined at the present moment in a dungeon, with chains upon his hands and feet."

"It is indeed well worth while to have a good genius in a family!" said Memnon; "of two brothers one has an eye knocked out, and the other loses both; one lies on straw, the other in prison."

"Thy lot will change," answered the inhabitant of the star. "It is true that thou wilt never recover thine eye, but, for all that, thou wilt be tolerably happy, provided that thou dost never entertain the foolish idea of being perfectly wise and prudent."

"Is it impossible then to attain such a condition?" cried Memnon with a sigh.

"As impossible," replied the other, "as to be perfectly clever, perfectly strong, perfectly powerful, or perfectly happy. Even we ourselves are very far from being so.

There is indeed a sphere where all that is to be found, but in the hundred thousand millions of worlds which are scattered through space everything proceeds by degrees. There is less wisdom and enjoyment in the second than in the first, less in the third than in the second, and so on to the last, where everybody is an absolute fool."

"I very much fear," said Memnon, "that our little terraqueous globe is precisely that lunatic asylum of the universe of which thou dost me the honour to speak."

"Not quite," said the spirit; "but it is not far off; everything must occupy its own place."

"In that case," said Memnon, "certain poets and certain philosophers are much mistaken when they say that *everything is for the best*; is it not so?"

"They are quite right," said the philosopher from the world above, "when the arrangement of the whole universe is taken into consideration."

"Ah! I shall never believe that," answered poor Memnon, "till I see out of two eyes again."

BABABEC AND THE FAKIRS.

(1750.)

BABABEC AND THE FAKIRS.

(1750.)

WHEN I was in the city of Benares on the banks of the Ganges, the ancient home of the Brahmins, I endeavoured to gain some information. I understood Hindustani tolerably well; I heard much, and noticed everything. I lodged with my correspondent Omri, the worthiest man I have ever known. He was of the religion of the Brahmins, and I have the honour to be a Mussulman; yet we have never had high words on the subject of Mohammed and Brahma. We made our ablutions each on his own side, we drank of the same sherbet, and we ate of the same dish of rice, like a pair of brothers.

One day we went together to the pagoda of Vishnu. We saw there several groups of fakirs, some of whom were Janghis, that is to say, fakirs devoted to contemplation, while the others were disciples of the ancient gymnosophists, who led an active life. They have, as everyone knows, a learned language, which is that of the most ancient Brahmins, and, written in this language, a book which is called the Vedas. It is undoubtedly the most ancient book in the whole of Asia, not excepting even the Zendavesta.

I passed in front of a fakir who was reading this book.

“Ah! wretched infidel!” cried he, “you have made me lose the number of vowels which I was counting; and in consequence of that my soul will have to pass into the

body of a hare, instead of going into that of a parrot, as I had good grounds for flattering myself would be the case."

I gave him a rupee to console him. A few steps further on, having been so unfortunate as to sneeze, the noise that I made roused a fakir who was in a trance.

"Where am I?" said he; "what a horrible fall I have had! I can no longer see the tip of my nose; the celestial light has vanished."¹

"If I am the cause," said I, "that you see at last beyond the tip of your nose, here is a rupee to repair the damage that I have committed; so recover your celestial light."

Having thus got myself discreetly out of the scrape, I passed on to the gymnosophists; some of them there were who brought me very nice little nails, to thrust into my arms and thighs in honour of Brahma. I bought their nails, and used them to fasten down my carpets. Others were dancing on their hands; others were tumbling on the slack rope; others again kept hopping continually on one leg. There were some loaded with chains, some who carried a pack-saddle, and some who had their heads under a bushel; yet they were all eminent for their virtues. My friend Omri brought me into the cell of one of the most famous of these philosophers, whose name was Bababec. He was as naked as an ape, and had a big chain round his neck, which must have weighed more than sixty pounds. He was seated on a wooden chair, neatly furnished with sharp little nails, which ran into his posteriors, and yet

¹ Voltaire has a note here: "When the fakirs wish to behold the celestial light, an aspiration which is very general among them, they turn their eyes towards the tip of the nose." Mr. Braid adopted a very similar process for inducing hypnotism. (See Dr. W. B. Carpenter's "Mental Physiology," § 493, and Albert Moll's "Hypnotism," p. 28.)

one would have supposed that he was sitting on a velvet cushion. Many women came to consult him as an oracle on family affairs, and it may be truly said that he enjoyed the very highest reputation. I heard the important conversation that Omri had with him.

"Do you think, father," said the former, "that after my soul has undergone the probation of seven transmigrations, I may be able to reach the abode of Brahma?"

"That depends," said the fakir; "what is your manner of life?"

"I endeavour," said Omri, "to be a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, and a good friend; I lend money without interest to the rich when they have occasion for it, I give it away to the poor, and I maintain peace among my neighbours."

"Do you ever drive nails into your bottom?" asked the Brahmin.

"Never, reverend father."

"I am sorry for it," replied the fakir; "you certainly will not enter the nineteenth heaven; and that is a pity."

"Very good," said Omri; "I am quite contented with my lot. What does it matter to me about the nineteenth or twentieth heaven, provided I do my duty during my pilgrimage, and am well received at the last stage? Is it not enough to be an honest man in this world, and then to be happy in the land of Brahma? Into which heaven do you expect to go, Mr. Bababec, with your nails and your chains?"

"Into the thirty-fifth," said Bababec.

"You are a droll fellow," replied Omri, "to expect a higher lodging than I; that expectation can only proceed from an inordinate ambition. You condemn those who seek for honours in this life, why do you aim at such great ones yourself in the next? Besides, on what do you found your expectation of having better treatment than I? Let

me tell you that I give away in alms more in ten days than all the nails which you drive into your backside cost you in the course of ten years. What does it matter to Brahma that you pass your days stark naked, with a chain round your neck? That is a fine way of serving your country! I reckon that man is worth a hundred times more who sows pot-herbs, or plants trees, than the whole tribe of you and your fellows who look at the tips of their noses, or carry a pack-saddle to show the extreme nobility of their souls."

Having spoken thus, Omri soothed, coaxed, persuaded, and at last induced Bababec to leave his nails and his chain there and then, to come with him to his house, and to lead a respectable life. They scoured him well, they rubbed him all over with perfumed essences, they clothed him decently, and he lived for a fortnight in a thoroughly rational manner, confessing that he was a hundred times happier than before. But he lost credit with the people, and the women came no more to consult him; so he left Omri and betook himself once more to his nails in order to recover his reputation.

MICROMEGAS
A PHILOSOPHICAL TALE.
(1752.)

MICROMEGAS.

A PHILOSOPHICAL TALE.

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CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY OF AN INHABITANT OF THE SYSTEM OF THE
STAR SIRIUS TO THE PLANET SATURN.

IN one of those planets which revolve round the star named Sirius there lived a young man of great intelligence, whose acquaintance I had the honour of making on the occasion of his last journey to our little ant-hill. He was called Micromegas,¹ a name which is exceedingly appropriate to all great people. He had a stature of eight leagues, and by eight leagues I mean twenty-four thousand geometrical paces of five feet each.

Here some mathematicians, a class of persons who are always useful to the public, will immediately take up the pen, and find out by calculation that since Mr. Micromegas, inhabitant of the country of Sirius, is twenty-four thousand paces in height from head to foot, which make one hundred and twenty thousand statute feet, whereas we denizens of the earth have an average stature of hardly more than five feet, and, since our globe is nine thousand leagues in circumference, they will find, I say, that the

¹ *i.e.*, the little great one.

world which produced him must have a circumference precisely twenty-one millions six hundred thousand times greater than our little earth. Nothing in nature is simpler, more a matter of course. The dominions of certain potentates in Germany or Italy, round which you can walk in half an hour, as compared with the empire of Turkey, of Russia, or of China, can give but a very faint idea of the prodigious interval which nature has set between different orders of being throughout the universe.

His Excellency's height being what I have said, all our sculptors and painters will readily agree that his waist may be about fifty thousand feet round, which would constitute a symmetrical proportion. His nose being one third of the length of his handsome face, and his handsome face being the seventh part of the height of his handsome body, it will indisputably follow that the Sirian's nose is six thousand three hundred and thirty-three statute feet in length, and a fraction more; which was the proposition to be proved.

As to his mind, it is worthy to rank with the most cultivated among us; he knows many things, some of which are of his own invention. He had not yet reached his two hundred and fiftieth year, and was studying, as was customary at his age, at the most famous school in the planet, when he solved, by the strength of his own intellect, more than fifty propositions of Euclid, that is eighteen more than Blaise Pascal, who, after having, according to his sister's account, solved thirty-two for his own amusement, afterwards became a pretty fair geometer, and a very poor metaphysician. When he was about four hundred and fifty years of age, and already passing out of childhood, he dissected a great many little insects less than a hundred feet in diameter, such as are invisible under ordinary microscopes; he composed a very curious book about them, but one which brought him into some trouble. The

mufti of that country, much given to hair-splitting and very ignorant, found in his work statements which he deemed suspicious, offensive, rash, heretical or savouring of heresy, and he prosecuted him for it with the bitterest animosity. The question in dispute was whether the substantial form of which the fleas of Sirius consisted was of the same nature as that of the snails. Micromegas defended himself with spirit, and had all the ladies on his side; the trial lasted two hundred and twenty years. At last the mufti had the book condemned by judges who had never read it, and the author was forbidden to appear at court for eight hundred years.

He was only moderately afflicted at being banished from a court which was full of nothing but trickery and meanness. He composed a very funny song in ridicule of the mufti, which in its turn failed to give the latter much annoyance;¹ and he himself set forth on his travels from planet to planet, with a view to improving his mind and soul, as the saying is. Those who travel only in post-chaises or family coaches, will doubtless be astonished at the sort of conveyance adopted up there; for we, on our little mound of mud, can imagine nothing that surpasses our own experience. Our traveller had such a marvellous acquaintance with the laws of gravitation, and with all the forces of attraction and repulsion, and made such good use of his knowledge, that, sometimes by means of a sunbeam, and sometimes by the help of a comet, he and his companions went from one world to another as a bird hops from bough to bough. He traversed the Milky Way in a very short time; and I am obliged to confess that he never

¹ It is thought that Voltaire here alludes to his quarrel with Boyer, bishop of Mirepoix, who had assailed him for maintaining, in his "*Lettres Philosophiques*," that human beings resemble animals in the gradual development of the soul in correspondence with that of the body. See note, p. 62.

saw, beyond the stars with which it is thickly sown, that beautiful celestial empyrean which the illustrious parson, Derham,¹ boasts of having discovered at the end of his telescope. Not that I would for a moment suggest that Mr. Derham mistook what he saw; Heaven forbid! But Micromegas was on the spot, he is an accurate observer, and I have no wish to contradict anybody. Micromegas, after plenty of turns and twists, arrived at the planet Saturn. Accustomed though he was to the sight of novelties, when he saw the insignificant size of the globe and its inhabitants, he could not at first refrain from that smile of superiority which sometimes escapes even the wisest; for in truth Saturn is scarcely nine hundred times greater than the earth, and the citizens of that country are mere dwarfs, only a thousand fathoms high, or thereabout. He laughed a little at first at these people, in much the same way as an Italian musician, when he comes to France, is wont to deride Lulli's performances. But, as the Sirian was a sensible fellow, he was very soon convinced that a thinking being need not be altogether ridiculous because he is no more than six thousand feet high. He was soon on familiar terms with the Saturnians after their astonishment had somewhat subsided. He formed an intimate friendship with the secretary of the Academy of Saturn, a man of great intelligence, who had not indeed invented anything himself, but was a capital hand at describing the inventions of others, and one who could turn a little verse neatly enough or perform an elaborate calculation. I will here introduce, for the gratification of my readers, a singular conversation that Micromegas one day held with Mr. Secretary.

¹ Dr. Derham, F.R.S., Rector of Upminster in Essex from 1689 to 1735, was author, among other works, of "Astro-Theology," to which allusion is here made.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN AN INHABITANT OF SIRIUS AND
A NATIVE OF SATURN.

AFTER His Excellency had laid himself down, and the secretary had approached his face, Micromegas said :

“ I must needs confess that nature is full of variety.”

“ Yes,” said the Saturnian ; “ nature is like a flower-bed, the blossoms of which——”

“ Oh,” said the other, “ have done with your flower-bed !”

“ She is,” resumed the secretary, “ like an assembly of blondes and brunettes, whose attire——”

“ Pooh ! What have I to do with your brunettes ?” said the other.

“ She is like a gallery of pictures, then, the outlines of which——”

“ No, no,” said the traveller ; “ once more, nature is like nature. Why do you search for comparisons ?”

“ To please you,” answered the secretary.

“ I do not want to be pleased,” rejoined the traveller ; “ I want to be instructed ; begin by telling me how many senses the men in your world possess ?”

“ We have seventy-two,” said the academician ; “ and we are always complaining that they are so few. Our imagination goes beyond our needs ; we find that with our seventy-two senses, our ring, and our five moons, our range is too restricted, and, in spite of all our curiosity and the tolerably large number of passions which spring out of our seventy-two senses, we have plenty of time to feel bored.”

"I can well believe it," said Micromegas; "for in our globe, although we have nearly a thousand senses, there lingers even in us a certain vague desire, an unaccountable restlessness, which warns us unceasingly that we are of little account in the universe, and that there are beings much more perfect than ourselves. I have travelled a little; I have seen mortals far below us, and others as greatly superior; but I have seen none who have not more desires than real wants, and more wants than they can satisfy. I shall some day, perhaps, reach the country where there is lack of nothing, but hitherto no one has been able to give me any positive information about it." The Saturnian and the Sirian thereupon exhausted themselves in conjectures on the subject; but after a great deal of argumentative discussion, as ingenious as it was futile, they were obliged to return to facts.

"How long do you people live?" asked the Sirian.

"Ah! a very short time," replied the little man of Saturn.

"That is just the way with us," said the Sirian; "we are always complaining of the shortness of life. This must be a universal law of nature."

"Alas!" quoth the Saturnian, "none of us live for more than five hundred annual revolutions of the sun;"—that amounts to about fifteen thousand years, according to our manner of counting—"you see how it is our fate to die almost as soon as we are born; our existence is a point, our duration an instant, our globe an atom. Scarcely have we begun to acquire a little information when death arrives before we can put it to use. For my part, I do not venture to lay any schemes; I feel myself like a drop of water in a boundless ocean. I am ashamed, especially before you, of the absurd figure I make in this universe."

Micromegas answered: "If you were not a philosopher,

I should fear to distress you by telling you that our lives are seven hundred times as long as yours; but you know too well that when the time comes to give back one's body to the elements, and to reanimate nature under another form, which process is called death,—when that moment of metamorphosis comes, it is precisely the same thing whether we have lived an eternity or only a day. I have been in countries where life is a thousand times longer than with us, and yet have heard murmurs at its brevity even there. But people of good sense are to be found everywhere, who know how to make the most of what they have, and to thank the Author of nature. He has spread over this universe abundant variety, together with a kind of admirable uniformity. For example, all thinking beings are different, yet they all resemble each other essentially in the common endowment of thought and will. Matter is infinitely extended, but it has different properties in different worlds. How many of these various properties do you reckon in the matter with which you are acquainted ? ”

“If you speak,” replied the Saturnian, “of those properties without which we believe that this globe could not subsist as it is, we reckon three hundred of them, such as extension, impenetrability, mobility, gravitation, divisibility, and so on.”

“Apparently,” rejoined the traveller, “this small number is sufficient for the purpose which the Creator had in view in constructing this little habitation. I admire His wisdom throughout; I see differences everywhere, but everywhere also a due proportion. Your globe is small, you who inhabit it are small likewise; you have few senses, the matter of which your world consists has few properties; all this is the work of Providence. Of what colour is your sun when carefully examined ? ”

“White deeply tinged with yellow,” said the Saturnian;

“and when we split up one of its rays, we find that it consists of seven colours.”

“Our sun has a reddish light,” said the Sirian, “and we have thirty-nine primitive colours. There is not a single sun, among all those that I have approached, which resembles any other, just as among yourselves there is not a single face which is not different from all the rest.”

After several other questions of this kind, he inquired how many modes of existence essentially different were enumerated in Saturn. He was told that not more than thirty were distinguished, as God, space, matter, beings occupying space which feel and think, thinking beings which do not occupy space, those which possess penetrability, others which do not do so, etc. The Sirian, in whose world they count three hundred of them, and who had discovered three thousand more in the course of his travels, astonished the philosopher of Saturn immensely. At length, after having communicated to each other a little of what they knew, and a great deal of that about which they knew nothing, and after having exercised their reasoning powers during a complete revolution of the sun, they resolved to make a little philosophical tour together.

CHAPTER III.

THE SIRIAN AND THE SATURNIAN AS FELLOW-TRAVELLERS.

OUR two philosophers were ready to embark upon the atmosphere of Saturn, with a fine collection of mathematical instruments, when the Saturnian's mistress, who got wind of what he was going to do, came in tears to remonstrate with him. She was a pretty little brunette, whose

stature did not exceed six hundred and sixty fathoms, but her agreeable manners amply atoned for that deficiency.

“Oh, cruel one!” she exclaimed, “after having resisted you for fifteen hundred years, and when I was at last beginning to surrender, and have passed scarcely a hundred years in your arms, to leave me thus, and start on a long journey with a giant of another world! Go, you have no taste for anything but novelty, you have never felt what it is to love; if you were a true Saturnian, you would be constant. Whither away so fast? What is it you would have? Our five moons are less fickle than you, our ring is less changeable. So much for what is past! I will never love anyone again.”

The philosopher embraced her, and, in spite of all his philosophy, joined his tears with hers. As to the lady, after having fainted away, she proceeded to console herself with a certain beau who lived in the neighbourhood.

Meanwhile our two inquirers set forth on their travels; they first of all jumped upon Saturn’s ring, which they found pretty flat, as an illustrious inhabitant of our little globe has very cleverly conjectured;¹ thence they easily made their way from moon to moon. A comet passed quite near the last one, so they sprang upon it, together with their servants and their instruments. When they had gone about a hundred and fifty millions of leagues, they came across the satellites of Jupiter. They landed on Jupiter itself, and remained there for a year, during which they learned some very remarkable secrets which would be at the present moment in the press, were it not for the gentlemen who act as censors, and who have discovered therein some statements too hard for them to swallow. But I have read the manuscript which contains them in the library of the

¹ Huyghens, the discoverer of Saturn’s ring, whose “*Systema Saturnium*” was published in 1659.

illustrious Archbishop of ———, who, with a generosity and kindness which cannot be sufficiently commended, has permitted me to peruse his books. Accordingly I promise to give him a long article in the next edition that shall be brought out of Moreri,¹ and I will be specially careful not to forget his sons, who afford such good hope of the perpetuation of their illustrious father's progeny.

But let us return to our travellers. Quitting Jupiter, they traversed a space of about a hundred million leagues, and, coasting along the planet Mars, which, as is well known, is five times smaller than our own little globe, they saw two moons, which attend upon that planet, and which have escaped the observation of our astronomers.² I am well aware that Father Castel will write, and pleasantly enough too, against the existence of these two moons, but I refer myself to those who reason from analogy. Those excellent philosophers know how difficult it would be for Mars, which is such a long way off from the sun, to get on with less than two moons. Be that as it may, our friends found the planet so small, that they were afraid of finding no room there to put up for the night, so they proceeded on their way, like a pair of travellers who disdain a humble village inn, and push on to the nearest town. But the Sirian and his companion soon had cause to repent having done so, for they went on for a long time without finding anything at

¹ The first edition of Louis Moreri's "Grand Dictionnaire Historique et Critique" appeared at Paris in 1673, and the last in 1759.

² "They" (*i.e.*, the astronomers of Laputa) "have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars." ("Gulliver's Travels," part iii.) Strangely enough, this conjecture, which, it will be seen, Voltaire borrowed from Swift, has been verified by the progress of science, for in 1877 Professor Asaph Hall, of Washington, discovered that Mars is actually attended by two moons, which have received the appropriate names of "Phobos" and "Deimos" ("Fear" and "Terror")

all. At last they perceived a faint glimmer ; it came from our earth, and created compassion in the minds of those who had so lately left Jupiter. However, for fear of repenting a second time, they decided to disembark. They passed over the tail of the comet, and meeting with an aurora borealis close at hand, they got inside, and alighted on the earth by the northern shore of the Baltic Sea, July the 5th, 1737, new style.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TRAVELLERS ON THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

AFTER having rested for some time, they consumed for their breakfast a couple of mountains, which their people prepared for them as daintily as possible. Then wishing to inspect the country where they were, they first went from north to south. Each of the Sirian's ordinary steps was about thirty thousand statute feet ; the Saturnian dwarf, whose height was only a thousand fathoms, followed panting far behind, for he had to take about a dozen steps when the other made a single stride. Picture to yourself (if I may be allowed to make such a comparison) a tiny little toy spaniel pursuing a captain of the King of Prussia's grenadiers.

As the strangers proceeded pretty quickly, they made the circuit of the globe in thirty-six hours ; the sun, indeed, or rather the earth, makes the same journey in a day ; but it must be borne in mind that it is a much easier way of getting on, to turn on one's axis, than to walk on one's feet. Behold our travellers, then, returned to the same spot from which they had started,

after having set eyes upon that sea, to them almost imperceptible, which is called the Mediterranean, and that other little pond which, under the name of the great Ocean, surrounds this mole-hill. Therein the dwarf had never sunk much above the knee, while the other had scarcely wetted his ankle. They did all they could, searching here and there, both when going and returning, to ascertain whether the earth were inhabited or not. They stooped, they lay down, they groped about in all directions; but their eyes and their hands being out of all proportion to the tiny beings who crawl up and down here, they felt not the slightest sensation which could lead them to suspect that we and our fellow-creatures, the other inhabitants of this globe, have the honour to exist.

The dwarf, who sometimes judged a little too hastily, at once decided that there was not a single creature on the earth. His first reason was that he had not seen one. But Micromegas politely gave him to understand that that was not a good argument:

“For,” said he, “you, with your little eyes, cannot see certain stars of the fiftieth magnitude which I distinctly discern; do you conclude from that circumstance that those stars have no existence?”

“But,” said the dwarf, “I have felt about very carefully.”

“But,” rejoined the other, “your powers of perception may be at fault.”

“But,” continued the dwarf, “this globe is so ill-constructed, it is so irregular, and, as it seems to me, of so ridiculous a shape! All here appears to be in a state of chaos; look at these little brooks, not one of which goes in a straight line; look at these ponds, which are neither round nor square, nor oval, nor of any regular form; and all these little sharp-pointed grains with which this globe bristles, and which have rubbed the skin off my feet!”—

he alluded to the mountains—"Observe too the shape of the globe as a whole, how it is flat at the poles, how it turns round the sun in a clumsily slanting manner, so that the polar climes are necessarily mere wastes. In truth, what chiefly makes me think that there is nobody here, is that I cannot suppose any people of sense would wish to occupy such a dwelling."

"Well," said Micromegas, "perhaps the people who inhabit it are not people of sense. But in point of fact there are some signs of its not having been made for nothing. Everything here seems to you irregular, you say; that is because everything is measured by the line of Saturn and Jupiter. Ay, perhaps it is for that very reason that there is so much apparent confusion here. Have I not told you that in the course of my travels I have always remarked the presence of variety?" The Saturnian had answers to meet all these arguments, and the dispute might never have ended, if Micromegas, in the heat of discussion, had not luckily broken the thread which bound together his collar of diamonds, so that they fell to the ground; pretty little stones they were, of rather unequal size, the largest of which weighed four hundred pounds, and the smallest not more than fifty. The dwarf, who picked up some of them, perceived, on bringing them near his eyes, that these diamonds, from the fashion in which they were cut, made capital microscopes. He, accordingly, took up a little magnifier of one hundred and sixty feet in diameter, which he applied to his eye; and Micromegas selected one of two thousand five hundred feet across. They were of high power, but at first nothing was revealed by their help, so the focus had to be adjusted. At last the inhabitant of Saturn saw something almost imperceptible, which moved half under water in the Baltic sea; it was a whale. He caught it very cleverly with his little finger, and placing it on his thumb nail, showed it to the

Sirian, who burst out laughing a second time at the extreme minuteness of the inhabitants of our system. The Saturnian, now convinced that our world was inhabited, rushed immediately to the conclusion that whales were the only creatures to be found there; and, as speculation was his strong point, he pleased himself with conjectures as to the origin of so insignificant an atom and the source of its movement, whether it had ideas and free will. Micro-megas was a good deal puzzled about it; he examined the creature very patiently, and the result of his investigation was that he had no grounds for supposing that it had a soul lodged in its body. The two travellers then were inclined to think that there was no being possessed of intelligence in this habitation of ours, when with the aid of the microscope they detected something as big as a whale, floating on the Baltic sea. We know that at that very time a flock of philosophers were returning from the polar circle, whither they had gone to make observations which no one had attempted before. The newspapers say that their vessel ran aground in the gulf of Bothnia, and that they had great difficulty in saving their lives; but we never know in this world the real truth about anything. I am going to relate honestly what took place, without adding anything of my own invention, a task which demands no small effort on the part of an historian.

CHAPTER V.

EXPERIENCES AND CONJECTURES OF THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

MICROMEGAS stretched out his hand very gently towards the place where the object appeared ; thrusting forward two fingers, he quickly drew them back lest his hopes should be defeated ; then, cautiously opening and closing them, he seized with great dexterity the ship which carried those gentlemen, and placed it likewise on his nail without squeezing it too much, for fear of crushing it.

“Here is an animal quite different from the first,” said the Saturnian dwarf. The Sirian placed the supposed animal in the hollow of his hand. The passengers and crew, who thought that they had been whirled aloft by a tempest, and supposed that they had struck upon some kind of rock, began to bestir themselves ; the sailors seized casks of wine, threw them overboard on Micromegas’s hand, and afterwards jumped down themselves, while the geometers seized their quadrants, their sectors, and a pair of Lapland girls, and descended on the Sirian’s fingers. They made such a commotion, that at last he felt something tickling him ; it was a pole with an iron point being driven a foot deep into his forefinger. He judged from this prick that it had proceeded somehow from the little animal that he was holding ; but at first he perceived nothing more. The magnifier, which scarcely enabled them to discern a whale and a ship, had no effect upon a being so insignificant as man. I have no wish to shock the vanity of anyone, but here I am obliged to beg those who are sensitive about their own importance to consider what I have to say on this subject. Taking the average stature

of mankind at five feet, we make no greater figure on the earth than an insect not quite the six hundred thousandth part of an inch in height would do upon a bowl ten feet round. Figure to yourselves a being who could hold the earth in his hand, and who had organs of sense proportionate to our own,—and it may well be conceived that there are a great number of such beings,—consider then, I pray you, what they would think of those battles which give the conqueror possession of some village, to be lost again soon afterwards.

I have no doubt that if some captain of tall grenadiers ever reads this work, he will raise the caps of his company at least a couple of feet; but I warn him that it will be all in vain, that he and his men will never be anything but the merest mites.

What marvellous skill then must our philosopher from Sirius have possessed, in order to perceive those atoms of which I have been speaking! When Leuwenhoek and Hartsoeker first saw, or thought they saw, the minute speck out of which we are formed, they did not make nearly so surprising a discovery.¹ What pleasure then did Micro-megas feel in watching the movements of those little machines, in examining all their feats, in following all their operations! How he shouted for joy, as he placed one of his microscopes in his companion's hand!

"I see them," they exclaimed both at once; "do you not observe how they are carrying burdens, how they stoop down and rise up?"

As they spoke, their hands trembled with delight at beholding objects so unusual, and with fear lest they might lose them. The Saturnian, passing from the one

¹ Buffon in his "*Histoire Naturelle*," the first three volumes of which were published at Paris in 1749, had fully discussed these observations of Leuwenhoek and others.

extreme of scepticism to an equal degree of credulity, fancied that he saw them engaged in the work of propagation.

“Ah!” said he, “I have surprised nature in the very act.”¹

But he was deceived by appearances, an accident to which we are only too liable, whether we make use of microscopes or not.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT COMMUNICATION THEY HELD WITH MEN.

MICROMEGAS, a much better observer than his dwarf, perceived clearly that the atoms were speaking to each other, and he called his companion's attention to the circumstance; but he, ashamed as he was of having made a mistake on the subject of generation, was indisposed to believe that such creatures as they could have any means of communicating ideas. He had the gift of tongues as well as the Sirian; he did not hear the atoms speak, so he concluded that they did not do so; besides, how could those imperceptible beings have vocal organs, and what could they have to say? To be able to speak, one must think, or at least make some approach to thought; but if those creatures could think, then they must have something equivalent to a soul; now to attribute the equivalent of a soul to these little animals appeared to him absurd.

“But,” said the Sirian, “you fancied just now that they were making love; do you imagine that they can

¹ This expression was one which Fontenelle (*op.* 1757) had employed in relating certain physiological observations of his own.

make love without being able to think or utter a word, or even to make themselves understood? Moreover, do you suppose that it is more difficult to produce arguments than offspring? Both appear to me equally mysterious operations."

"I no longer venture either to believe or to deny," said the dwarf; "I have no opinion any more about the matter. We must try to examine these insects, we will form our conclusions afterwards."

"That is very well said," replied Micromegas; and he straightway drew forth a pair of scissors with which he cut his nails, and immediately made out of a paring from his thumb-nail a sort of monster speaking-trumpet, like a huge funnel, the narrow end of which he put into his ear. As the wide part of the funnel included the ship and all her crew, the faintest voice was conveyed along the circular fibres of the nail in such a manner, that, thanks to his perseverance, the philosopher high above them clearly heard the buzzing of our insects down below. In a few hours he succeeded in distinguishing the words, and at last in understanding the French language. The dwarf heard the same, but with more difficulty. The astonishment of the travellers increased every instant. They heard mere mites speaking tolerably good sense; such a freak of nature seemed to them inexplicable. You may imagine how impatiently the Sirian and his dwarf longed to hold conversation with the atoms; but the dwarf was afraid that his voice of thunder, and still more that of Micromegas, might deafen the mites without conveying any meaning. It became necessary to diminish its strength; they, accordingly, placed in their mouths instruments like little tooth-picks, the tapering end of which was brought near the ship. Then the Sirian, holding the dwarf on his knees, and the vessel with her crew upon his nail, bent his head down and spoke in a low voice, thus at last, with the

help of all these precautions and many others besides, beginning to address them :

“ Invisible insects, whom the hand of the Creator has been pleased to produce in the abyss of the infinitely little, I thank Him for having deigned to reveal to me secrets which seemed inscrutable. It may be the courtiers of my country would not condescend to look upon you, but I despise no one, and I offer you my protection.”

If ever anyone was astonished, it was the people who heard these words, nor could they guess whence they came. The ship's chaplain repeated the prayers used in exorcism, the sailors swore, and the philosophers constructed theories ; but whatever theories they constructed, they could not divine who was speaking to them. The dwarf of Saturn, who had a softer voice than Micromegas, then told them in a few words with what kind of beings they had to do. He gave them an account of the journey from Saturn, and made them acquainted with the parts and powers of Mr. Micromegas ; and, after having commiserated them for being so small, he asked them if they had always been in that pitiful condition little better than annihilation, what they found to do on a globe that appeared to belong to whales, if they were happy, if they increased and multiplied, whether they had souls, and a hundred other questions of that nature.

A philosopher of the party, bolder than the rest of them, and shocked that the existence of his soul should be called in question, took observations of the speaker with a quadrant from two different stations, and, at the third, spoke as follows :

“ Do you then suppose, sir, because a thousand fathoms extend between your head and your feet, that you are——”

“ A thousand fathoms ! ” cried the dwarf ; “ good heavens ! How is it that he knows my height ? A

thousand fathoms ! He is not an inch out in his reckoning. What ! Has that atom actually measured me ? He is a geometer, he knows my size ; while I, who cannot see him except through a microscope, am still ignorant of his ! ”

“ Yes, I have taken your measure,” said the man of science ; “ and I will now proceed, if you please, to measure your big companion.”

The proposal was accepted ; His Excellency lay down at full length, for, if he had kept himself upright, his head would have reached too far above the clouds. Our philosophers then planted a tall tree in a place which Dr. Swift¹ would have named without hesitation, but which I abstain from mentioning out of my great respect for the ladies. Then by means of a series of triangles joined together, they came to the conclusion that the object before them was in reality a young man whose length was one hundred and twenty thousand statute feet.

Thereupon Micromegas uttered these words :

“ I see more clearly than ever that we should judge of nothing by its apparent importance. O God, Who hast bestowed intelligence upon things which seemed so despicable, the infinitely little is as much Thy concern as the infinitely great ; and, if it is possible that there should be living things smaller than these, they may be endowed with minds superior even to those of the magnificent creatures whom I have seen in the sky, who with one foot could cover this globe upon which I have alighted.”

One of the philosophers replied that he might with perfect confidence believe that there actually were intelligent beings much smaller than man. He related, not indeed all the fables that Virgil has told on the subject of

¹ The first part of “ Gulliver’s Travels,” containing the Voyage to Lilliput, was published in 1726. At Voltaire’s suggestion the Abbé Desfontaines translated the whole work into French.

bees, but the results of Swammerdam's discoveries, and Réaumur's dissections. Finally, he informed him that there are animals which bear the same proportion to bees that bees bear to men, or that the Sirian himself bore to those huge creatures of which he spoke, or that those great creatures themselves bore to others before whom they seemed mere atoms. The conversation grew more and more interesting, and Micromegas spoke as follows.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONVERSATION CONTINUED.

“O INTELLIGENT atoms, in whom the eternal Being has been pleased to make manifest His skill and power, you must doubtless taste joys of perfect purity on this your globe; for, being encumbered with so little matter, and seeming to be all spirit, you must pass your lives in love and meditation, which is the true life of spiritual beings. I have nowhere beheld genuine happiness, but here it is to be found without a doubt.”

On hearing these words, all the philosophers shook their heads, and one of them, more frank than the others, candidly confessed that, with the exception of a small number held in mean estimation among them, all the rest of mankind were a multitude of fools, knaves, and miserable wretches.

“We have more matter than we need,” said he, “the cause of much evil, if evil proceeds from matter; and we have too much mind, if evil proceeds from the mind. Are you aware, for instance, that at this very moment while I am speaking to you, there are a hundred thousand fools of our species who wear hats, slaying a hundred thousand

fellow-creatures who wear turbans, or being massacred by them, and that over almost all the earth such practices have been going on from time immemorial?"

The Sirian shuddered, and asked what could be the cause of such horrible quarrels between those miserable little creatures.

"The dispute is all about a lump of clay," said the philosopher, "no bigger than your heel.¹ Not that a single one of those millions of men who get their throats cut has the slightest interest in this clod of earth. The only point in question is whether it shall belong to a certain man who is called Sultan, or to another who, I know not why, is called Cæsar.² Neither the one nor the other has ever seen, or is ever likely to see, the little corner of ground which is the bone of contention; and hardly one of those animals, who are cutting each other's throats, has ever seen the animal for whom they fight so desperately."

"Ah! wretched creatures!" exclaimed the Sirian with indignation; "can anyone imagine such frantic ferocity! I should like to take two or three steps, and stamp upon the whole swarm of these ridiculous assassins."

"Do not give yourself the trouble," answered the philosopher; "they are working hard enough to destroy themselves. I assure you that at the end of ten years, not a hundredth part of those wretches will be left; even if they had never drawn the sword, famine, fatigue, or intemperance will sweep them almost all away. Besides, it is not they who deserve punishment, but rather those arm-chair barbarians, who from the privacy of their cabinets, and during the process of digestion, command the massacre of

¹ The Crimea, which was annexed to Russia in 1783, after two wars with Turkey, to the earlier one of which (1736-1739) reference is here made.

² The derivation of Czar (or Tzar) from Cæsar is admitted by Skeat.

a million men, and afterwards ordain a solemn thanksgiving to God."

The traveller, moved with compassion for the tiny human race, among whom he found such astonishing contrasts, said to the gentlemen who were present:

"Since you belong to the small number of wise men, and apparently do not kill anyone for money, tell me, pray, how you occupy yourselves."

"We dissect flies," said the same philosopher, "we measure distances, we calculate numbers, we are agreed upon two or three points which we understand, and we dispute about two or three thousand as to which we know nothing."

The visitors from Sirius and Saturn were immediately seized with a desire to question these intelligent atoms on the subjects whereon their opinions coincided.

"How far do you reckon it," said the latter, "from the Dog-star to the great star in Gemini?"

They all answered together: "Thirty-two degrees and a half."

"How far do you make it from here to the moon?"

"Sixty half-diameters of the earth, in round numbers."

"What is the weight of your air?"

He thought to lay a trap for them, but they all told him that the air weighs about nine hundred times less than an equal volume of distilled water, and nineteen thousand times less than pure gold.

The little dwarf from Saturn, astonished at their replies, was now inclined to take for sorcerers the same people to whom he had refused, a quarter of an hour ago, to allow the possession of a soul.

Then Micromegas said:

"Since you know so well what is outside of yourselves, doubtless you know still better what is within you. Tell

me what is the nature of your soul, and how you form ideas."

The philosophers spoke all at once as before, but this time they were all of different opinions. The oldest of them quoted Aristotle, another pronounced the name of Descartes, this spoke of Malebranche, that of Leibnitz, and another again of Locke. The old Peripatetic said in a loud and confident tone of voice :

"The soul is an actuality and a rationality, in virtue of which it has the power to be what it is; as Aristotle expressly declares on page 633 of the Louvre edition of his works;" and he quoted the passage.

"I don't understand Greek very well," said the giant.

"No more do I," said the mite of a philosopher.

"Why, then," inquired the Sirian, "do you quote the man you call Aristotle in that language?"

"Because," replied the sage, "it is right and proper to quote what we do not comprehend at all in a language we least understand."

The Cartesian then interposed and said :

"The soul is pure spirit, which has received in its mother's womb all metaphysical ideas, and which, on issuing thence, is obliged to go to school, as it were, and learn afresh all that it knew so well, and which it will never know any more."

"It was hardly worth while, then," answered the eight-leagued giant, "for your soul to have been so learned in your mother's womb, if you were to become so ignorant by the time you have a beard on your chin.—But what do you understand by spirit?"

"Why do you ask me that question?" said the philosopher; "I have no idea of its meaning, except that it is said to be independent of matter."

"You know, at least, what matter is, I presume?"

"Perfectly well," replied the man. "For instance, this

stone is grey, is of such and such a form, has three dimensions, has weight and divisibility."

"Very well," said the Sirian. "Now tell me, please, what this thing actually is which appears to you to be divisible, heavy, and of a grey colour. You observe certain qualities; but are you acquainted with the intrinsic nature of the thing itself?"

"No," said the other.

"Then you do not know what matter is."

Thereupon Mr. Micromegas, addressing his question to another sage, whom he held on his thumb, asked him what the soul was, and what it did.

"Nothing at all," said the disciple of Malebranche; "it is God who does everything for me; I see and do everything through Him; He it is who does all without my interference."

"You might just as well, then, have no existence," replied the sage of Sirius.

"And you, my friend," he said to a follower of Leibnitz, who was there, "what is your soul?"

"It is," answered he, "a hand which points to the hour while my body chimes, or, if you like, it is the soul which chimes, while my body points to the hour; or, to put it in another way, my soul is the mirror of the universe, and my body is its frame: that is all clear enough."

A little student of Locke was standing near; and when his opinion at last was asked:

"I know nothing," said he, "of how I think, but I know that I have never thought except on the suggestion of my senses. That there are immaterial and intelligent substances is not what I doubt; but that it is impossible for God to communicate the faculty of thought to matter is what I doubt very strongly. I adore the eternal Power, nor is it my part to limit its exercise; I assert nothing, I content myself with believing that more is possible than people *think*."

The creature of Sirius smiled; he did not deem the last speaker the least sagacious of the company; and the dwarf of Saturn would have clasped Locke's disciple in his arms if their extreme disproportion had not made that impossible. But unluckily a little animalcule was there in a square cap,¹ who silenced all the other philosophical mites, saying that he knew the whole secret, that it was all to be found in the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas; he scanned the pair of celestial visitors from top to toe, and maintained that they and all their kind, their suns and stars, were made solely for man's benefit. At this speech our two travellers tumbled over each other, choking with that inextinguishable laughter which, according to Homer, is the special privilege of the gods; their shoulders shook, and their bodies heaved up and down, till, in those merry convulsions, the ship which the Sirian held on his nail fell into the Saturnian's breeches pocket. These two good people, after a long search, recovered it at last, and duly set to rights all that had been displaced. The Sirian once more took up the little mites, and addressed them again with great kindness, though he was a little disgusted in the bottom of his heart at seeing such infinitely insignificant atoms puffed up with a pride of almost infinite importance. He promised to supply them with a rare book of philosophy, written in very minute characters for their special use, telling them that in that book they would find all that can be known of the ultimate essence of things, and he actually gave them the volume ere his departure. It was carried to Paris and laid before the Academy of Sciences; but when the old secretary came to open it, he saw nothing but blank leaves.

"Ah!" said he, "this is just what I expected."

¹ Such as was worn by a Doctor of the Sorbonne.

THE TWO RECIPIENTS OF CON-
SOLATION.

(1756.)

THE TWO RECIPIENTS OF CON- SOLATION.

(1756.)

ONE day the great philosopher Citophilus thus addressed a woman who was in great distress, and had good reason for being so :

“Madam, the queen of England, daughter of our great Henry IV., was as unhappy as you ; she was driven out of her realms, she nearly perished from storms at sea ; she saw her royal consort die upon the scaffold.”

“I am sorry for her,” said the lady ; and she began to weep again for her own misfortunes.

“Nay,” said Citophilus, “remember Mary Stuart ; she loved in all honesty a handsome musician, who had a very fine bass voice. Her husband slew her minstrel before her eyes ; and in the end her good friend and kinswoman, Queen Elizabeth, who called herself a virgin, had her head cut off on a scaffold hung with black, after having kept her in prison for eighteen years.”

“That was very cruel,” said the lady ; and she gave herself up again to her own misery.

“Perhaps,” said the would-be consoler, “you may have heard how the fair Joan of Naples was taken prisoner and strangled ?”

“I have a confused remembrance of it,” said the afflicted lady.

“I must relate to you,” continued the other, “the fate of a queen who was dethroned within my own recollection, one evening after supper, and who died on a desert island.”

“I know all that story,” answered the lady.

“Ah! well then, I will tell you what happened to another great princess, whom I had the honour of instructing in philosophy. She had a lover, as all great and beautiful princesses are wont to have. Her father entered her chamber and surprised the gallant, whose face was as red as fire, and his eyes sparkling like carbuncles; the lady, too, had her colour a good deal heightened. The young man’s face displeased the father so much, that he dealt him the most tremendous box on the ear that had ever been given in his dominions. The lover took up a pair of tongs, and broke his father-in-law’s head, which was healed with difficulty, and he still bears marks of the wound. The amorous damsel, in her distraction, jumped out of the window, and dislocated her ankle so badly, that she has a decided limp to the present day, though otherwise she has an admirable figure. The gallant was condemned to death for having broken the head of so sublime a prince. You may imagine the state of despair to which the princess was reduced, when her lover was led away to be hanged. I saw her for a long time, while she was in prison; she never spoke to me of anything but her misfortunes.”

“Why, then, will you not let me think of mine?” said the lady.

“Because,” said the philosopher, “you must not think of them, and, since so many grand ladies have been so unfortunate, it ill becomes you to give way to despair. Think of Hecuba, think of Niobe.”

“Ah!” said the lady, “if I had lived in their days, or in those of so many fair princesses, and if you had tried to console them by relating my woes, do you think that they would have listened to you?”

Next day, the philosopher lost his only son, and was on the point of dying of grief. The lady caused a list to be drawn up of all the kings who had lost their children, and took it to the philosopher ; he read it, found it quite correct, and wept no less bitterly than before.

Three months afterwards they saw each other again, and each was surprised to find the cheerfulness of the other completely restored. So they joined together in setting up a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription :

“ TO THE GIVER OF CONSOLATION.”

HISTORY OF THE TRAVELS OF
SCARMENTADO.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(1756.)

HISTORY OF THE TRAVELS OF SCARMENTADO.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(1756.)

I WAS born in the town of Candia, in the year 1600.

My father was governor of the place, and I remember that a poet of moderate ability, but more than moderately sarcastic, named Iro,¹ made some bad verses by way of compliment to me, in which I was represented as a lineal descendant of Minos; but, after my father had fallen into disgrace, he composed some other verses wherein no better origin was assigned to me than from Pasiphaë and her lover. He was a very mischievous fellow, that Iro, and the most troublesome rogue in the island.

My father sent me, when I was fifteen years of age, to study at Rome, where I duly arrived, hoping there to learn the truth on all subjects; for, up to that time, I had been taught the very contrary, according to the practice of this inferior world, from China to the Alps. Monsignor Profondo, to whose notice I was recommended, had his peculiarities, and was one of the most terribly learned men that the world contained. He wished to teach me the categories of Aristotle, and was on the point of including

¹ An anagram of Roi, the name of a satirical poetaster of the day.

me in the category of his minions, from whose clutches I had a narrow escape!

I witnessed processions, exorcisms, rapine, and robbery. It was said, but the story was utterly false, that the Signora Olympia,¹ a lady of great discretion, used to sell many things that ought not to be sold. I was of an age when all that sort of thing seemed very amusing. A young lady of very agreeable manners, whose name was Signora Fatelo, took it into her head to fall in love with me. She was courted by the reverend father Poignardini and by the reverend father Aconiti, young professed monks of an order that no longer exists; in bestowing on me her good graces, she made them forget their rivalry, but, at the same time, I ran some risk of being excommunicated and poisoned. I accordingly left Rome, having looked quite long enough at the architecture of St. Peter's.

I continued my travels into France, where Louis the Just² was reigning at the time. The first question I was asked was, if I wished a little morsel of General d'Ancre for breakfast, whose flesh the people had roasted, and distributed very freely among all who wished to have some.³

This State was a continual prey to civil wars, entered on at one time for a place at the council-board, and at another in support of two or three pages of controversy. For more than sixty years this fire, sometimes smouldering, and sometimes fanned into fierceness, had been devastating those fair regions. It was thus that the Gallican Church maintained liberty!

"Alas!" said I, "and yet these people are naturally mild and gentle! What can have warped them from their

¹ Sister-in-law of Pope Innocent X. (1644-1655).

² *i.e.*, Louis XIII., who reigned from 1610 till 1643.

³ The Italian adventurer Concini, created Marquis d'Ancre by the young king's mother, Mary de Medici, after having made himself obnoxious to all classes, was assassinated in 1617.

true character? They make merry one day, and commit a St. Bartholomew massacre the next. Happy the time when they shall only make merry!"

I crossed over to England; the same disputes were there exciting the same fury. Some pious catholics had resolved, for the good of the Church, to blow up with gunpowder the king, the royal family, and both houses of Parliament, and so deliver England from those heretics. I was shown the place where Queen Mary of happy memory, daughter of Henry VIII., had burned more than five hundred of her subjects. An Irish priest assured me that it was a most glorious course of action; first because those who had been put to death were English, and in the second place because they never used holy water, and did not believe in St. Patrick's hole.¹ He was very much surprised that Queen Mary had not yet been canonised; but he expected it to be done soon, whenever the cardinal, the Pope's nephew, should have a little leisure.

I next went to Holland, where I hoped to find more peace and tranquillity among a people of more phlegmatic temperament. They were engaged in cutting off the head of a venerable old man when I arrived at the Hague. It was the bald head of their prime minister Barneveldt, the man to whom the Dutch republic owed more than to anyone else. Touched with pity, I asked what was his crime, and if he had betrayed the State.²

"He has done far worse," answered a preacher clad in a black cloak; "he is a man who believes that one may be saved by good works as well as by faith. You must see

¹ St. Patrick's Purgatory, on a small island in Lough Derg, Donegal, was long a celebrated place of pilgrimage, and has not even yet altogether lost credit in Ireland.

² The Dutch patriot Barneveldt was beheaded in 1619, at the age of seventy-two, ostensibly on a charge of treason, but really for his liberal religious principles.

that, if such opinions were to become established, a republic could not exist, and that severe laws are necessary to repress such horrible scandals."

A profound politician of that country said to me with a sigh:

"Alas! sir, this good time will not last for ever; it is only by accident that the people are just now so zealous; their disposition at bottom is prone to the abominable doctrine of toleration; some day it will come to that, and I shudder to think of it."

As for me, until that doleful day of moderation and indulgence should have arrived, I quitted with all haste a country where severity was not softened by any grace, and embarked for Spain.

The court was at Seville, the galleons had arrived, everything breathed joy and abundance, and it was the most delightful season of the year. At the end of a long avenue of orange and lemon trees, I saw a kind of arena of enormous size, surrounded by seats rising in tiers, and covered with precious stuffs. The king, the queen, and their children sat under a superb canopy. Opposite to the royal family was another throne, but higher. I said to one of my travelling companions:

"Unless this throne is reserved for the Almighty, I cannot imagine for whom it is intended."

This indiscreet remark of mine was overheard by a grave Spaniard, and cost me dear. Still I fancied that we were going to see some sort of tournament or a bull-fight, when the Grand Inquisitor appeared upon the throne, from which he gave his blessing to the king and people.

Following him came a host of monks, marching in double file, white, black, grey, some with sandals, and others barefooted, some with beards, and others close shaven, some wearing a peaked cowl, and others without any; then advanced the executioner: and at last were

seen, surrounded by alguazils¹ and grandees, about forty persons clothed in sacks on which were painted devils and flames. They were either Jews who had refused to renounce utterly the law of Moses, or else they were Christians who had married fellow-godparents, or had not worshipped Our Lady of Atocha, or had shown an indisposition to part with their ready money in favour of the friars of St. Jerome. Some very beautiful prayers were devoutly chanted, and afterwards all the culprits were burned at a slow fire; which spectacle appeared to edify all the royal family extremely.

That same evening, as I was preparing to go to bed, two familiars of the Inquisition, with the Santa Hermandad,² came to visit me. Having embraced me tenderly, they conducted me, without saying a single word, into a very cold cell, furnished with a bed of straw matting and a handsome crucifix. I remained there six weeks, at the end of which the reverend father Inquisitor sent for me to come and speak to him. He pressed me for some time between his arms with an affection quite paternal; he told me that he was sincerely grieved to learn that I had been so badly lodged, but that all the apartments in the house were full, and that another time he hoped that I should enjoy more comfortable accommodation. Then he asked me in a cordial manner if I knew why I was there. I told the reverend father that it was apparently for my sins.

“Well, my dear child, but for what special sin?—speak to me with confidence.”

I racked my brains in vain; I could not guess. He kindly put me on the right track; and at last I remem-

¹ Officers entrusted with the task of carrying out the sentences of the Inquisition and other tribunals.

² *i.e.*, “The Sacred Brotherhood”: originally a confederacy of cities for the maintenance of public security, reduced in later times to an ordinary police.

bered my ill-considered words. I was let off with the discipline I had undergone and a fine of thirty thousand reals.¹ I was taken to pay my respects to the Grand Inquisitor; he was very polite, and asked me how I had relished his little entertainment. I said that I had found it most enjoyable, and hurried away to urge my travelling companions to quit the country, beautiful as it was. They had had plenty of time to inform themselves of all the grand things that the Spaniards had done for the sake of religion. They had read the memoirs of the famous bishop of Chiapa,² by which it appeared that they had burned, or drowned, or cut the throats of ten millions of unbelievers in America, in order to convert them. I thought that this bishop must have exaggerated the total, but though it might be necessary to reduce these sacrifices to five millions of victims, that would still be an admirable performance.

The traveller's appetite continued to urge me on. I had reckoned upon finishing my tour in Europe with a visit to Turkey; so we now directed our course thither. I made a firm resolution never again to express an opinion upon any of the public entertainments I might happen to witness.

"These Turks," said I to my companions, "are miscreants who have never been baptized, and who must consequently be far more cruel than the reverend fathers of the Inquisition. Let us keep silence as long as we shall be among the Mohammedans."

When I reached Turkey, I was astonished to find more Christian churches than there were in Candia. I saw, besides, numerous troops of monks, who were allowed to pray to the Virgin Mary as much as they pleased, and to

¹ A real is a Spanish coin worth about threepence.

² Las Casas, called the Apostle of the Indians, who exposed their abominable treatment by his own countrymen in the West Indies, etc.

curse Mohammed, some in Greek, some in Latin, and others again in Armenian.

“What good people these Turks are!” I exclaimed.

The Greek and Latin Christians at Constantinople were mortal enemies; these slaves persecuted each other, like dogs which bark and bite in the streets, and which their masters have to beat in order to part them. The Greeks were at that time protected by the Grand Vizier. The Greek patriarch accused me of having supped with the Latin patriarch, and I was condemned in full divan to a hundred stripes on the soles of the feet, or a fine of five hundred sequins.¹ On the morrow the Grand Vizier was strangled; next day his successor, who was in favour of the Latins, and who was not strangled till a month afterwards, condemned me to the same punishment for having supped with the Greek patriarch. I was now under the sad necessity of no longer frequenting either the Greek or Latin churches. To console myself, I engaged the affections of a very beautiful Circassian damsel, who was as tender at a private interview as she was devout at the services of the mosque. One night, in the sweet transports of her love, she cried, as she clasped me in her arms: “*Allah! Illah! Allah!*” These are the words in which Turks solemnly profess their faith; but I imagined them to be expressions of love, and responded in the tenderest accents: “*Allah! Illah! Allah!*”

“Ah!” said she, “God the All-merciful be praised! Surely you are a Turk?”

I told her that I blessed Him for having given me the strength of one, and I deemed myself only too happy. But in the morning the Imam² came to circumcise me, and, as I made some difficulty, the Cadi³ of the district, a

¹ A gold coin, worth nearly half a sovereign.

² The officer of the mosque who reads public prayers, etc.

³ The chief judge who passes sentence.

straightforward man, proposed to have me impaled. I only saved myself¹ at the cost of a thousand sequins, and quickly took flight to Persia, resolved no more to hear mass, either Greek or Latin, in Turkey, and never again to exclaim "*Allah ! Illah ! Allah !*" at an assignation.

On arriving at Ispahan, I was asked whether I was for the black or the white sheep. I replied that I was quite indifferent, provided that the mutton was tender,—you must know that the rival factions called by those names still divided the Persians. The people thought that I was turning both parties into ridicule, and I accordingly found myself, at the very entrance of the city, with an affair on my hands that threatened to be serious ; and it cost me a good many more sequins to rid myself of the sheep.

I pushed on as far as China, with an interpreter who assured me that that was the country where life was free and gay. The Tartars had made themselves its masters, after having committed universal havoc with fire and sword, and the reverend Jesuit fathers on one side, like the reverend Dominican fathers on the other, declared, though no one else knew anything about it, that they were winning souls to God. Never were seen such zealous missionaries, for they were persecutors and persecuted by turns ; they wrote to Rome volumes of calumnies, and they treated each other as infidels for the sake of a soul. Above all there was a dreadful quarrel between them about the right way of paying respect : the Jesuits would have had the Chinese salute their fathers and mothers after the custom of China, while the Dominicans held that the Roman fashion should be adopted. It was my luck to be taken by the Jesuits for a Dominican, and they represented me to His Tartar Majesty as a papal spy. The Supreme Council charged a mandarin of the highest class, and he ordered a sergeant

¹ " Je sauvai mon prépuce et mon derrière."

who instructed four police officers to arrest and bind me with all due ceremony. I was conducted, after a hundred and forty genuflexions, before His Majesty. He ordered me to be asked if I were the Pope's spy, and if it were true that that prince was to come in person to dethrone him. I answered that the Pope was a priest, seventy years of age, that he lived at a distance of four thousand leagues from His Sacred Tartaro-Chinese Majesty, that he had about two thousand soldiers who mounted guard armed with a parasol, that he never dethroned anybody, and that His Majesty might sleep in peace and safety. This adventure turned out, after all, the least disastrous one of my life. I was sent to Macao, whence I embarked for Europe.

The vessel in which I sailed had need of some repairs when we reached the coast of Golconda. I took this opportunity of going to see the Court of Aurungzebe, of which wonderful things were told everywhere; he was at that time at Delhi. I had the satisfaction of looking him in the face on the day when, with pomp and ceremony, he received the celestial present which the Sherif¹ of Mecca had sent him: it was the broom with which the Sacred House, the Kaaba,² the Beit Allah³ had been swept. This broom is the symbol of the divine besom which sweeps away all defilement from the soul. Aurungzebe seemed to me to have no need of it, for he was the most devout man in all Hindostan. It is true that he had cut the throat of one of his brothers, and poisoned his father; twenty rajahs and as many omrahs had been put to death

¹ Sherif, meaning "noble" in Arabic, is the designation of all Mohammed's descendants.

² A stone building, within the great mosque of Mecca, in the wall of which is set the famous black stone which is said to have been given to Ishmael by the angel Gabriel.

³ "House of God" in Arabic.

with torture ; but that was of no consequence, and the people spoke of nothing but his piety. They found no one worthy to be compared with him except His Sacred Majesty the Most Serene Emperor of Morocco, Muley Ismael, who used to chop off heads every Friday after prayers.

I said not a word ; my travels had taught me wisdom, and I felt that it was not my part to decide between those two august monarchs. A young Frenchman, however, with whom I was lodging, was, it must be confessed, wanting in respect towards the Great Mogul and the Emperor of Morocco : he thought proper to say, very indiscreetly, that there were in Europe very pious sovereigns who governed their States well, and who even attended church diligently, without having found it necessary to kill their fathers and brothers, or to cut off the heads of their subjects. Our interpreter rendered into Hindustani, and transmitted to high quarters this impious remark of the young man. Taught by past experience, I lost no time in getting our camels saddled, and away we went, the Frenchman and I. I afterwards learned that the very same night the officers of the great Aurungzebe, coming to apprehend us, found nobody but the interpreter ; he was executed in the public market-place, and all the courtiers declared, without any flattery, that his sentence was perfectly just.

It remained for me only to see Africa, in order to enjoy all the pleasures that the Old World could offer ; and I saw it without intending to do so. Our vessel was captured by negro corsairs. Our skipper was loud in his remonstrances, asking them why they thus violated the law of nations. The negro captain answered :

“ You have long noses, and we have flat ones ; your hair is always straight, while our wool is frizzly ; you have a skin of the colour of ashes, but ours is as black as ebony : consequently we are bound, by the sacred laws of nature,

always to be enemies. You buy us at the markets on the coast of Guinea, as if we were beasts of burden, in order to set us to work at a queer sort of employment, as toilsome as it is ridiculous. You make us dig in the mountains, under the lash, in order to extract thence a kind of yellow earth, which in itself is good for nothing, and worth not nearly so much as a good Egyptian onion; so, whenever we meet you, if we are the stronger party, we make you labour in our fields, or else we cut off your ears and noses."

There was nothing to be said in answer to a speech so wise. I went to till the land of an old negress, in order to preserve my nose and ears. I was ransomed at the end of a year; and having seen all that was to be seen of the beautiful, the wonderful, and the excellent upon earth, I resolved to see henceforth nothing beyond my own fire-side. I married among my own people, was made a fool of¹ by my wife, and found that that was the most pleasing situation in which a man can live.

¹ " Je fus cocu."

PLATO'S DREAM.
(1756.)

PLATO'S DREAM.

(1756.)

PLATO was a great dreamer, and the world has not been less given to that habit since his day. He dreamt that human beings were originally double, and that by way of punishment for their faults they were split into males and females.

He proved that there can be only five perfect worlds, because there are no more than five regular figures in mathematics. His "Republic" was one of his grandest dreams. He dreamt, too, that sleep is born of the waking state, and this again of sleep; and that one infallibly loses one's sight by looking at an eclipse otherwise than as reflected in a basin of water. Many a great reputation was at that time founded upon dreams. Among those with which Plato was favoured, the following will not, I think, be found the least interesting.

It seemed to him that the great Demiurge, the eternal Geometer, having peopled infinite space with innumerable globes, was minded to test the knowledge of the genii who had been witnesses of his works. He gave to each one amongst them a little morsel of matter to arrange, in much the same way as Phidias or Zeuxis might have given their pupils statues or pictures to make, if it be allowable to compare great things with small.

Demogorgon had for his share the morsel of mud which we call *the Earth*; and, having arranged it in the manner

in which we see it to-day, he claimed to have executed a masterpiece. He thought that he had disarmed envy, and expected praises even from his brother genii; he was therefore much surprised at finding himself greeted by them with hoots.

One of them, who was very sarcastic, addressed him thus:

“Truly you have accomplished a very fine piece of work; you have divided your world into two hemispheres, and you have placed a great expanse of water between them, so that there may be no communication from the one to the other. The inhabitants will perish with cold and frost at both your poles, and be baked to death under your equinoctial line. In your forethought you have formed great deserts of sand, in order that those who traverse them may die there of hunger and thirst. I am well enough satisfied with your sheep, your cows, and your poultry; but frankly I do not think much of your snakes and spiders. Your onions and artichokes are very good things, but I cannot conceive what your idea could have been in covering the earth with so many deadly plants, unless you intended to poison its inhabitants. Moreover, it appears that you have made some thirty different kinds of monkeys, a much greater number of dogs, and only four or five varieties of the human race; it is true that you have given to this last animal what you are pleased to call *reason*, but, in all conscience, this reason of yours is too ridiculous, and is not far removed from madness. Besides, it seems to me that you do not set much store by this animal, seeing you have given it so many enemies and such scanty means of defence, so many diseases and so few remedies, so many passions and so little wisdom. You have no wish, apparently, that many of those creatures should remain alive; for, without counting the other dangers to which you expose them, you have contrived

matters so well, that some day the small pox will carry off regularly every year the tenth part of mankind, and its twin sister will taint the springs of life in the nine parts left; and, as if that was still not enough, you have so disposed the course of events, that one half of the survivors will be occupied in law-suits, and the other half in mutual slaughter. They will doubtless be much obliged to you, and you have assuredly achieved a splendid masterpiece."

Demogorgon blushed; he was well aware that there was both moral and physical evil in his workmanship; but he maintained that there was more good than evil there.

"It is easy to criticise," said he; "but do you fancy it so simple a task to make an animal which shall be always reasonable, one which shall be free, yet never abuse its liberty? Do you think that when nine or ten thousand different sorts of plants have to be set growing, it is so easy to prevent all those plants from having noxious properties? Do you imagine that with a fixed quantity of water, of sand, of mire, and of fire, it is possible to avoid having either seas or deserts? You, Mr. Sneerwell, have just set in order the planet Mars; let us see how you have acquitted yourself with your two great belts, and what a fine effect is produced by your nights without a moon; we will see if there is neither folly nor disease among your people."

Thereupon the genii set themselves to examine Mars, and the scoffer soon found himself unsparingly assailed. The grave genius who had fashioned Saturn did not escape censure; and his brother genii, the artificers of Jupiter, of Mercury, and of Venus, had each reproaches to endure.

Huge volumes and interminable pamphlets were written; witty remarks were passed, songs were made, each poured ridicule on someone else, and party spirit grew inflamed.

At last the eternal Demiurge, imposing silence upon them all, addressed them as follows :

“What you have done is partly good and partly bad, because, though you have much intelligence, your faculties are yet imperfect ; your works will only last a few hundred millions of years ; after which, having become wiser, you will do better. It belongs to me alone to make what is perfect and immortal.”

That is what Plato taught his disciples. When he had ceased speaking, one of them said to him :

“And then, I suppose, you awoke.”

CANDID, OR OPTIMISM.

Translated from the German of Dr. Ralph, with the additional matter found in the doctor's pocket, after his death at Minden, in the year of grace 1759.

(1759.)

CANDID, OR OPTIMISM.

(1759.)

CHAPTER I.

HOW CANDID WAS BROUGHT UP IN A FINE CASTLE, AND
HOW HE WAS DRIVEN OUT OF THE SAME.

ONCE upon a time there lived in the castle of the noble Baron of Thundertentrunk, in Westphalia, a young lad to whom nature had given the most pleasing manners. His countenance expressed his soul. He had a pretty correct judgment, together with the utmost simplicity of mind ; and it was for that reason, I suppose, that he bore the name of Candid. The old servants of the house suspected that he was the son of the noble Baron's sister and of a worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, whom the young lady would never marry, because he could show no more than three score and eleven quarterings, the rest of his family tree having perished through the ravages of time.

The Baron was one of the most powerful nobles of Westphalia, for his castle had a gate as well as windows, and his great hall was even adorned with tapestry. All the dogs in his stable-yard formed at need a pack of hounds, and his grooms acted as whippers in ; the vicar of the village was his grand almoner. Everybody called him " my lord," and laughed at all his good stories.

My lady the Baroness, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds and thereby commanded the greatest con-

sideration, did the honours of the house with a dignity which raised its reputation still higher. Her daughter Cunegund, aged seventeen years, was of a fresh and ruddy complexion, plump, and appetising. The Baron's son appeared in all respects worthy of his sire. The tutor Pangloss¹ was the oracle of the house, and little Candid listened to his lessons with all the ready faith natural to his age and disposition.

Pangloss used to teach the science of metaphysico-theologico-cosmologo-noodleology. He demonstrated to admiration that there is no effect without a cause, and that, in this best of all possible worlds, the castle of my lord Baron was the most magnificent of castles, and my lady the best of all possible baronesses.

"It has been proved," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise than they are; for, everything being made for a certain end, the end for which everything is made is necessarily the best end. Observe how noses were made to carry spectacles, and spectacles we have accordingly. Our legs are clearly intended for shoes and stockings, so we have them. Stone has been formed to be hewn and dressed for building castles, so my lord has a very fine one, for it is meet that the greatest baron in the province should have the best accommodation. Pigs were made to be eaten, and we eat pork all the year round. Consequently those who have asserted that all is well have said what is silly; they should have said of everything that is, that it is the best that could possibly be."²

Candid listened attentively, and innocently believed all that he heard; for he thought Miss Cunegund extremely

¹ This name, which means an adept in "all languages," has been made familiar on the English stage by Colman the younger, in his "Heir at Law" (1797).

² In the "Theodicæa" of Leibnitz, upon which work Voltaire's "Candide" is an ironical satire, the optimistic position is stated and defended in its most uncompromising form.

beautiful, though he never had the boldness to tell her so. He felt convinced that, next to the happiness of being born Baron of Thundertentrunk, the second degree of happiness was to be Miss Cunegund, the third to see her every day, and the fourth to hear Professor Pangloss, the greatest philosopher in the province, and therefore in all the world.

One day Miss Cunegund, whilst taking a walk near the castle, in the little wood which was called the park, saw through the bushes Dr. Pangloss giving a lesson in experimental physics to her mother's chambermaid, a little brunette, very pretty and very willing to learn. As Miss Cunegund had a great taste for science, she watched with breathless interest the repeated experiments that were carried on under her eyes; she clearly perceived that the doctor had sufficient reason for all he did;¹ she saw the connection between causes and effects, and returned home much agitated, though very thoughtful, and filled with a yearning after scientific pursuits, for sharing in which she wished that young Candid might find sufficient reason in her, and that she might find the same in him.

She met Candid as she was on her way back to the castle, and blushed; the youth blushed likewise. She bade him good morning, in a voice that struggled for utterance; and Candid answered her without well knowing what he was saying. Next day, as the company were leaving the table after dinner, Cunegund and Candid found themselves behind a screen. Cunegund let fall her handkerchief; Candid picked it up; she innocently took hold of his hand, and the young man, as innocently, kissed hers with an ardour, a tenderness, and a grace quite peculiar; their lips came in contact, their eyes sparkled, their knees trembled, and their hands began to wander. His lordship the Baron of Thundertentrunk happened to pass by the screen, and, seeing that particular instance of cause and effect, drove

¹ "Elle vit clairement la raison suffisante du docteur."

Candid out of the castle with vigorous kicks on his rear. Cunegund swooned away, but, as soon as she recovered, my lady the Baroness boxed her ears, and all was confusion and consternation in that most magnificent and most charming of all possible castles.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT BEFELL CANDID AMONG THE BULGARIANS.

CANDID, driven out of his terrestrial paradise, walked on for a long time without knowing whither, weeping, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and often turning them towards that most magnificent of castles, which contained the most beautiful of all barons' daughters. He laid himself down supperless in the midst of the fields, between two ridges, and the snow began to fall upon him in thick flakes. Next morning, Candid, benumbed with cold, dragged himself to the nearest town, which bore the name of Waldberghofdikdorf, without a coin in his pocket, and dying of hunger and fatigue. He stopped in melancholy mood at a tavern door. Two men dressed in blue noticed him.

"Comrade," said one of them, "there is a fine young fellow, and just of the right size."

They stepped forward, and very politely invited Candid to dine with them.

"Gentlemen," says he with engaging modesty, "you do me much honour, but I have no money to pay my reckoning."

"Oh! sir," says one of the men in blue, "persons of your figure and merit never pay anything; are you not five feet five inches tall?"

"Yes, gentlemen, that is my height," says he with his best bow.

“Come, sir, pray take a seat; we will not only pay your score, but we will never allow such a man as you to want money. What are men made for but to help one another?”

“You are right,” says Candid; “that is what Dr. Pangloss always told me, and I see clearly that all is for the best.”

They beg him to accept a few crowns; he takes them, and is about to tender his note of hand for the amount, but they will not hear of it; and so they sit down to table.

“Are you not warmly attached——”

“Oh, yes,” exclaims Candid, “I am warmly attached to Miss Cunegund.”

“Excuse me,” says one of the gentlemen, “but what we want to know is whether you are not warmly attached to the king of the Bulgarians?”

“Not in the least,” says he, “for I have never seen him.”

“You don’t say so! He is the most charming of monarchs, and we must drink his health.”

“With the greatest pleasure, gentlemen.” And he drinks accordingly.

“Enough,” say they; “lo, now you are the prop, the pillar, the defender, and the hero of the Bulgarians; your fortune is made, and your glory assured.”

They forthwith clap fetters on his feet, and conduct him to the headquarters of their regiment. There he is made to wheel to the right, and wheel to the left, to draw his ramrod, and to return it, to present, to fire, and to march at the double; and he gets thirty strokes of a stick for his pains. On the following day he goes through his exercises not quite so badly, and receives only twenty strokes; while on the next after that he escapes with ten, and is regarded as a prodigy by his comrades.

Candid, astonished to find himself a hero, could not very well make out how it came to pass. One fine spring day he took it into his head to go out for a walk, and followed his nose straight on, supposing that it was the privilege of

the human species as well as of the brute creation to make use of their legs at their own will and pleasure. He had not proceeded two leagues, when, lo and behold, four other heroes, each of them six feet high, caught him up, bound him, and led him off to prison. He was brought before a court-martial, and asked whether he would prefer to be flogged thirty-six times by the whole regiment, or to receive at once a dozen balls in his brain. It was of no use for him to protest that the will is free, and that he wished neither the one nor the other; he found himself obliged to make a choice, and he determined, in virtue of the divine gift called *freedom*, to run the gauntlet thirty-six times. He tried it twice, and, the regiment consisting of two thousand men, this meant for him four thousand blows, which pretty well laid bare his muscles and nerves from the nape of the neck to the end of the spine. As they were going to give him a third course, Candid, unable to bear any more, entreated them to have the kindness to knock him on the head and finish him. This favour was granted, his eyes were bandaged, and he was made to kneel down. The king of the Bulgarians, happening to pass by that moment, made inquiry into the culprit's offence; and, as he was a man of discernment, and gathered, from all that Candid told him, that he was a young metaphysician and quite ignorant of the ways of the world, the king graciously vouchsafed him his pardon with a clemency that will be praised by all the papers and appreciated by posterity. A clever surgeon cured Candid's back in three weeks with the ointments prescribed by Dioscorides; and he had already a little fresh skin and was fit to march, when the king of the Bulgarians gave battle to the king of the Avarians.¹

¹ The "Abares" or "Avares" were a Tartar tribe who settled on the banks of the Danube, and later in Circassia

CHAPTER III.

HOW CANDID MADE HIS ESCAPE FROM THE MIDST OF THE
BULGARIANS, AND WHAT BECAME OF HIM.

NEVER was seen a spectacle so fine, so smart, so splendid, so well arrayed as the two armies. Trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, and cannon made such harmony as never had its match in hell itself. Cannon balls swept off in the first instance nearly six thousand men on each side; then musket bullets removed from this best of all possible worlds about nine or ten thousand worthless fellows that tainted its surface. The bayonet was also the sufficient reason for the death of some thousands of men. The total may have amounted to thirty thousand souls. Candid, who trembled as any other philosopher would have done, hid himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery. At last, while both kings were causing a *Te Deum* to be sung, each in his own camp, he made up his mind to go and reason upon causes and effects somewhere else. He passed over heaps of the dead and dying, and reached first of all a neighbouring village; he found it laid in ashes. It was an Abarian village, which the Bulgarians had burned in accordance with the laws of nations. Here old men, covered with wounds, looked helplessly on, while their wives were dying with their throats cut, and still holding their infants to their blood-stained breasts; there young girls, ripped open after having satisfied the natural wants of several heroes, were breathing forth their last sighs; while others again, half roasted, cried out for some one to put them out of their agony. Brains were scattered over the ground, and legs and arms cut off lay beside them.

Candid fled as quickly as he could into another village ; it belonged to the Bulgarians, and the Abarian heroes had treated it after the same fashion. Candid, making his way continually over quivering limbs or smoking ruins, found himself at last beyond the theatre of war, with some scanty provisions in his haversack, and never for a moment forgetful of Miss Cunegund. His provisions failed him by the time he arrived in Holland ; but having heard it said that everybody was rich in that country, and that the people were good Christians, he felt no doubt that he would meet with as generous treatment as he had experienced in the castle of my lord Baron, before he was kicked out of it on account of Miss Cunegund's bright eyes.

He asked alms of several grave-looking personages, all of whom answered his appeal with threats that if he continued to follow that trade, they would have him shut up in a house of correction and taught how to make an honest livelihood.

He next accosted a man who had just been speaking for a whole hour together on the subject of charity before a large audience. The orator looked at him through the corner of his eye, and asked :

“ What brings you here ? Are you for the good cause ? ”

“ There is no effect without a cause,” was Candid's modest reply ; “ all things are linked together by a necessary chain of events, and arranged for the best. It could not but be that I should be banished from Miss Cunegund's presence, that I should have to run the gauntlet as I have done, that I should be forced to beg my bread until such time as I can earn it ; all this could not have been otherwise.”

“ My friend,” said the orator, “ do you believe that the Pope is Antichrist ? ”

“ I never yet heard him called so,” answered Candid ; “ but whether he be Antichrist or not, I am in want of bread.”

“You do not deserve to eat any,” said the other; “go, rascal, go, wretch, and never in all your life, come near me again.”

The orator's wife, putting her head out of a window and perceiving a man who doubted whether the Pope was Antichrist, emptied a chamber-pot over his head——Heavens! To what excesses will not a zeal for religion carry the ladies!

A man who had never been christened, a kind-hearted Anabaptist, whose name was James, witnessed this cruel and ignominious treatment of one of his brethren, a featherless biped,¹ who had a soul; he took him home with him, he wiped him down, gave him some bread and beer, made him a present of two florins, and even proposed to teach him the art of weaving those fabrics of Persia which are manufactured in Holland. Candid almost threw himself on his knees before him, and exclaimed:

“Dr. Pangloss was right when he told me that everything is for the best in this world, for I am infinitely more affected by your extreme generosity than by the heartlessness of the gentleman in the black cloak, and of the lady his wife.”

On the morrow, as he was out walking, he met a beggar all covered with sores, with lack-lustre eyes, the tip of his nose eaten away, his mouth twisted to one side, and teeth as black as charcoal. His voice was hoarse, he was tormented with a violent cough, and at each effort he made to spit a tooth dropped out.

¹ Plato's somewhat inadequate definition of man, according to Diogenes Laertius (lib. vi. c. ii.).

CHAPTER IV.

HOW CANDID MET HIS OLD MASTER IN PHILOSOPHY,
DR. PANGLOSS, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

CANDID, more moved with compassion even than with disgust, bestowed upon this frightful beggar the two florins which he had received from his honest friend James the Anabaptist. The spectre stared fixedly at him, then shed tears, and finally leaped upon his neck. Candid drew back in alarm.

"Alas!" said the one wretch to the other, "do you no longer recognize your dear Pangloss?"

"What do I hear? Is it you, my dear master?—you in this horrible state! What misfortune then has befallen you? How is it that you are no longer in the finest of all castles? What is become of Miss Cunegund, the pearl of young maidens, the very masterpiece of nature?"

"I cannot utter a word more," said Pangloss.

Candid immediately led him into the Anabaptist's stable, where he made him eat a morsel of bread; and when Pangloss was somewhat restored, he asked:

"Well! what have you to tell me of Cunegund?"

"She is dead," answered the other.

Candid fainted away on hearing these tidings; his friend recalled him to his senses with a little stale vinegar which he happened to find in the stable. Candid once more opened his eyes.

"Cunegund is dead! Alas, thou best of all possible worlds! Where art thou now?—But of what illness did she die? Was it from grief at having seen me kicked with such violence out of her father's magnificent castle?"

"No," said Pangloss; "she was ripped up by Bulgarian

soldiers, after having been outraged to the last possible degree ; they broke my lord Baron's skull for trying to defend her ; my lady the Baroness was cut to pieces ; my poor young pupil was treated as barbarously as his sister ; and as for the castle, not one stone remains upon another, not a shed is left, not a sheep, not a duck, not a single tree. But we have been well avenged, for the Abarians have done as much on a neighbouring estate that belonged to a Bulgarian nobleman."

On hearing this narrative Candid fainted again ; but when he came to himself and had said all that it was proper to say, he inquired into the cause and effect, and the sufficient reason which had brought poor Pangloss to such a deplorable plight.

"Alas !" said the other, "it was love ; love, the consoler of the human race, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sentient beings,—the tender passion of love !"

"Ah me !" said Candid, "I too have known what love is, that sovereign of the heart, that soul of our soul ; I have derived no advantage from it but one sweet kiss, and twenty kicks on the rump. But how has a cause so pleasing been able to produce in you effect so hideous ?"

Pangloss replied in these terms :

"O my dear Candid ! you knew Paquette, the pretty girl who waited on our august Baroness ; I tasted in her arms the pleasures of paradise, and they have produced these torments of hell with which you see me consumed : she was infected with this malady herself, and perhaps she has died of it. She caught it from a very learned friar who had traced it to its source, for he had received it from an old countess, on whom it had been bestowed by a cavalry officer, who himself owed it to a marchioness, who had it from a page, to whom it had been imparted by a Jesuit, who, when a novice, had received it in a direct line from one of the companions of Christopher Columbus. As for

me, I shall give it to nobody, for I am at the point of death."

"O Pangloss!" exclaimed Candid, "what a singular genealogy! Was it not the devil who originated it?"

"By no means," answered the great man; "it was a thing that could not be dispensed with, a necessary ingredient in this best of all possible worlds; for if Columbus had not, in an island off the coast of America, caught this disease, which poisons the springs of generation, often prevents it altogether, and is clearly repugnant to the great object of nature, we should have had neither chocolate nor cochineal: Furthermore, it must be noted that up to the present day, in our hemisphere, this malady, like our controversies, is strictly confined to ourselves. The Turks, Indians, Persians, Chinese, Siamese, and Japanese are not yet acquainted with it; but there is sufficient reason why they should become acquainted with it in their turn before many centuries are over. Meanwhile it has made marvellous progress among us, especially in those huge armies composed of gallant and well-trained hirelings, which decide the destinies of kingdoms; for it is pretty certain that whenever thirty thousand men stand up in battle array against an army of equal numbers, some twenty thousand are more or less infected on either side."

"Wonderful indeed!" said Candid; "but you must be cured."

"And how can that be done?" said Pangloss; "I am penniless, my friend; and in all this wide world one cannot get oneself bled, nor have an injection administered, without paying a fee or getting someone else to pay for us."

This last observation decided Candid; he went and threw himself at the feet of his charitable Anabaptist James, and drew such an affecting picture of the state to which his friend was reduced, that the good man did not hesitate to receive Dr. Pangloss into his house, and he

had him cured at his own expense; in which process Pangloss lost only one eye and an ear. As he wrote a clear hand, and knew arithmetic perfectly, James the Anabaptist made him his accountant. At the end of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon on matters of business, he took his two philosophers on board with him, and on the voyage Pangloss explained to him how everything was so ordered that it could not be better. But James was not of this opinion.

“Men,” said he, “must have corrupted their nature a little, for they were not born wolves, yet wolves they have become. God never gave them cannons, and twenty-four pound shot, and bayonets; but they have made these things for their mutual destruction. I might adduce the misery caused by bankruptcies, and the justice of the law which takes possession of the bankrupt’s property so as to deprive the creditors of it.”

“All that was indispensable,” answered the one-eyed philosopher; “private misfortunes promote the public good, so that the more private misfortunes there are, the better it is for the world.”

While he was arguing in this manner, the sky grew dark, the wind blew from all points of the compass, and the ship was attacked by a most frightful storm, within sight of the harbour of Lisbon.

CHAPTER V.

A STORM, A SHIPWRECK, AN EARTHQUAKE, AND ALL THAT HAPPENED TO DR. PANGLOSS, CANDID, AND JAMES THE ANABAPTIST.

HALF of the passengers, exhausted almost to death by those inconceivable tortures which the rolling of a

vessel communicates to the nerves and all the humours of the body tossed about in opposite directions, had not even the energy to feel alarmed at the danger to which they were exposed; whilst the other half gave vent to piteous cries and prayers. The sails were torn to rags, the masts were shattered, the ship was leaking. All who were able were hard at work, but no one heard what another said, and no orders were given. The Anabaptist was on deck, lending a little help at the ropes, when a savage sailor dealt him a rude buffet which stretched him on the planks; but, with the force of the blow that he gave him, the sailor was thrown forward so violently that he fell overboard head foremost. He remained suspended in mid-air, caught by a piece of a broken mast. The kind-hearted James ran to his rescue, and assisted him to climb back, but, overbalancing himself in the effort, he was himself precipitated into the sea before the sailor's eyes, who allowed him to perish without deigning so much as to look at him. Candid hastened to the spot, and saw his benefactor rise to the surface for a moment, and then disappear for ever. He was inclined to cast himself into the sea after him, but the philosopher Pangloss prevented his doing so, proving to him that the roadstead of Lisbon had been made expressly that the Anabaptist might be drowned there. While he was engaged in demonstrating this proposition on *a priori* grounds, the vessel was broken up, and all on board perished with the exception of Pangloss, Candid, and the brutal mariner who had caused the excellent Anabaptist to be drowned; the rascal swam safely to shore, whither Pangloss and Candid were carried on a plank.

When they had recovered a little strength, they walked towards Lisbon; they had still some money, with which they hoped to save themselves from starvation, after having escaped the fury of the tempest.

Hardly had they entered the city, bewailing the death of their benefactor, when they felt the earth tremble under their feet,¹ the sea rose in the harbour as if it were boiling, and dashed to pieces the ships that were at anchor. Clouds of fiery ashes filled the streets and public places, the houses tottered and fell, overturned from roof to basement, the very foundations being broken up; thirty thousand inhabitants of all ages and of both sexes were crushed beneath the ruins. The sailor whistled, and said with an oath:

"There will be something to be picked up here."

"What can be the sufficient reason of this phenomenon?" said Pangloss.

"This is surely the last day!" exclaimed Candid.

The sailor immediately rushed among the ruins, facing death itself in the search for money, found some, took possession of it, got drunk on it, and, having slept himself sober, purchased the favours of the first willing wench he met amidst the wreck of fallen houses, surrounded by the dying and the dead. Pangloss, however, pulled him by the sleeve, saying:

"My friend, this is not right, you are wanting in respect to the universal reason, and choose your time badly."

"Blood and thunder!" returned the other, "I am a sailor, and was born at Batavia; I have trampled four times on the crucifix in as many voyages to Japan; you have found a fine subject for your universal reason!"

Some fragments of falling masonry had wounded Candid, and he was lying prostrate in the street, covered with a heap of rubbish. He said to Pangloss:

"Oh! get me a little wine and oil; I am dying."

¹ The great earthquake of Lisbon (November 1st, 1755) moved Voltaire profoundly, and prompted him to write a poem on the subject, in which the optimistic philosophy of Leibnitz, Shaftesbury, and Pope is seriously attacked, as well as this novel of "Candide," in which it is made ridiculous.

"This earthquake is no new thing," answered Pangloss; "the city of Lima in America experienced similar shocks last year; the same causes, the same effects; there is doubtless a vein of sulphur underground all the way from Lima to Lisbon."

"Nothing is more probable," returned Candid; "but, for God's sake, a little oil and wine!"

"Probable, say you!" replied the philosopher; "I maintain that there is positive proof of it."

Hereupon Candid lost consciousness, and Pangloss brought him a little water from a fountain that was near.

On the morrow, in crawling over the ruins, they discovered some provisions, and therewith recruited their strength a little, and then, like others, began to busy themselves in relieving the injured inhabitants who had escaped death. Some citizens, to whom they had brought succour, gave them as good a dinner as they could supply under such disastrous circumstances; it is true that the meal was a sad one, and that the company watered their bread with their tears, but Pangloss did his best to console them by the assurance that things could not have happened otherwise:

"For," said he, "nothing could have been better, for if there is a volcano under Lisbon, it could not be elsewhere, for it is impossible that things should not be where they are, for all is well."

A little fellow dressed in black, a familiar of the Inquisition, who was seated at his side, politely took up the conversation, and said:

"It would seem that the gentleman does not believe in original sin, for, if all is as good as can be, there can have been neither a fall of man nor divine punishment."

"I most humbly beg your Excellency's pardon," answered Pangloss still more politely, "for the fall of man and the

consequent curse necessarily entered into the scheme of the best of all possible worlds."

"Then, sir, you do not believe in free will?" asked the familiar.

"Excuse me, your Excellency," said Pangloss; "free will is compatible with absolute necessity, for it was necessary that we should be free; for, in fact, the will being determined——"

Pangloss was in the middle of his sentence, when the familiar gave a significant nod to his stout serving-man, who was helping him to a cup of the wine of Oporto, commonly called port.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW A FINE AUTO-DA-FÉ WAS HELD TO PREVENT EARTHQUAKES, AND HOW CANDID WAS FLOGGED ON THE BREECH.

AFTER the earthquake, which had destroyed three-quarters of Lisbon, the wise men of the country had found no means more effectual for obviating total ruin than that of giving the people a fine *auto-da-fé*; it was decided by the university of Coimbra that the spectacle of a few people roasted at a slow fire, with grand ceremonies, is an infallible specific for preventing earthquakes. They had therefore seized a native of Biscay, who had been convicted of marrying a fellow god-parent, and two Portuguese, who in eating a fowl had rejected the bacon.

After dinner was over, messengers arrived to bind Dr. Pangloss and his pupil Candid, the one for having spoken as he had done, and the other for having heard him with

an air of approbation ; they were led away separately to apartments which were exceedingly cool and airy, where they were never incommoded with the sun. A week or so afterwards each of them was dressed in a *sanbenito*,¹ and their heads were adorned with paper mitres ; on Candid's mitre and *sanbenito* were painted flames directed downwards, and devils which had neither tails nor claws ; but the devils that Pangloss displayed had both, and the flames were upright.

Thus arrayed they marched in procession and heard a very touching sermon, followed by a fine anthem delivered in a solemn dronè. While the singing went on, Candid was flagellated in time to the music, the Biscayan and the two men who would not eat bacon were burned, and Pangloss was hanged, though that was unusual. The same day there was a fresh earthquake, accompanied by a frightful noise.

Candid horrified, perplexed, and confounded, trembling all over, and covered with blood, said to himself :

“ If this is the best of all possible worlds, I wonder what the others are like ! It would not much matter if I had only been flogged, I met with the same treatment among the Bulgarians, but, O my dear Pangloss, greatest of philosophers, why was I obliged to see you hanged, without knowing the reason ? O my dear Anabaptist, noblest of men, where was the necessity of your being drowned within sight of land ? O Miss Cunegund, pearl of young maidens, was it necessary that you should have been ripped open ? ”

He was returning, hardly able to support himself, after

¹ Spanish, *sam̃benito* (blessed coat). It was a loose garment without sleeves, originally worn only by penitents reconciled to the Church. As used at an *auto-da-fé* (act of faith), a *sanbenito* on which were painted flames directed downwards implied the repentance of the wearer.

having been preached at, and scourged, and absolved, and blessed, when an old woman approached him, and said :

“Take courage, my son, and follow me.”

CHAPTER VII.

HOW AN OLD WOMAN TOOK CARE OF CANDID, AND HOW
HE RECOVERED THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS.

CANDID did not by any means take courage, but he followed the old woman into a half-demolished house; she gave him a pot of ointment to apply to his sores, and after showing him a clean little bed, near which was a complete suit of clothes, she left him some food and drink.

“Eat, drink, and sleep,” said she, “and may our Lady of Atocha, Saint Anthony of Padua, and Saint James of Compostella watch over you ! I will come back to-morrow.”

Candid, astonished as he was at all that he had seen, at all that he had suffered, and most of all at the charity of this old dame, attempted to kiss her hand.

“The hand you should kiss is not mine,” said she ; “I will come back to-morrow. Rub yourself with the ointment, eat, and go to sleep.”

In spite of so many misfortunes, Candid ate and fell asleep. Next morning the old woman brought him some breakfast, examined his back, and rubbed it herself with another kind of ointment ; afterwards she brought him dinner, and returned in the evening with his supper. On the following day she repeated the same ceremonies.

“Who are you ?” Candid kept saying to her ; “and who has inspired you with so much kindness ? How can I show my gratitude ? ”

The good woman never gave any reply. When she came back that evening, she brought him no supper, but told him to come with her and not say a word. She held him by the arm, and walked with him about a quarter of a mile into the country, till they arrived at a lonely house surrounded by gardens and canals. The old woman tapped at a little door, and, when it was opened, conducted Candid by a private staircase into a gilded chamber; then leaving him on a richly brocaded sofa, she shut the door, and departed. Candid thought he must be in a trance, and began to look upon all his past life as a dismal nightmare, and upon the present moment as a dream of a more agreeable character.

The old dame soon reappeared, supporting with difficulty another woman's trembling form. The latter was tall and stately, glittering with jewels, and with a veil over her face.

"Take off that veil," said the old woman to Candid.

The young man draws near; with timid hand he lifts the veil. What a moment of surprise! He fancies that he sees Miss Cunegund; he saw her in reality, for it was she herself. Strength fails him, he cannot utter a word, he falls at her feet, and Cunegund falls on the sofa. The old crone doses them with cordials, they recover their senses, they converse together; their words are at first broken and incoherent, cross questions and crooked answers, mingled with sighs, tears, and exclamations. The old woman advises them to make less noise, and leaves them to themselves.

"Ah! Is it indeed yourself?" said Candid; "you are still alive! I find you once more, here in Portugal! Then you were never ravished after all? You were not ripped open, then, as the philosopher Pangloss assured me?"

"Yes, I was," said the lovely Cunegund; "but death does not always result from either of those accidents."

“But your father and mother—were they killed?”

“It is but too true,” said Cunegund, weeping.

“And your brother?”

“My brother was killed as well.”

“And why are you in Portugal? And how did you know that I was here? And by what strange chance have you succeeded in bringing me into this house?”

“I will tell you everything,” replied the lady; “but you must first inform me of all that has happened to yourself since you gave me that innocent kiss, for which you were kicked out of doors.”

Candid very respectfully obeyed her, and, though he was bewildered, though his voice was weak and stammering, and his hinder parts were still a little sore, he related in the most artless manner all that he had gone through since the moment of their parting. Cunegund raised her eyes to heaven; she shed tears when she heard of the death of the kind Anabaptist and of Pangloss; after which she spoke as follows to Candid, who was careful not to lose a single word, and seemed as if he would fain devour her with his eyes.

CHAPTER VIII.

CUNEGUND'S STORY.

“I WAS in my bed and fast asleep, when it pleased heaven to send the Bulgarians into our magnificent castle of Thundertentrunk; they murdered my father and my brother, and hacked my mother to pieces. A big Bulgarian, six feet high, seeing that I had lost consciousness at this dreadful spectacle, began to ravish me. That brought me round; I recovered my senses, I screamed, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, and tried to tear the big

Bulgarian's eyes out, not knowing that all that was happening in my father's castle was the usual thing under the circumstances. The brutal fellow stabbed me with a knife in my left side, and I still bear the mark of the wound."

"Alas! How I long to see it!" said Candid simply.

"You shall do so," said Cunegund; "but let me proceed."

"Pray proceed," said Candid.

So she took up the thread of her story.

"A Bulgarian captain now came in, and saw me all covered with blood, while the soldier never troubled himself to stir. The captain, enraged at this want of respect shown towards himself, killed the brute as he lay upon me. Then he had my wound dressed, and took me as a prisoner of war to his own quarters. There I washed the few shirts that he possessed, and cooked his meals for him; he thought me exceedingly pretty,—excuse my saying so,—nor can I deny that he was a very well-made man, and that his skin was smooth and white; but he had little wit or philosophy,—it was easy to see that he had not been educated by Dr. Pangloss. At the end of three months, having lost all his money and grown tired of me, he sold me to a Jew named Don Issachar, who traded in Holland and Portugal, and was passionately fond of the fair sex. This Jew was greatly taken with my charms, but he could not conquer my modesty; I repulsed his overtures better than those of the Bulgarian soldier. An honourable lady may be violated once in a way, but her virtue is thereby strengthened. The Jew, in order to tame me to submission, carried me off to this country house in which you now find me. Till then I had supposed that there was nothing on earth so magnificent as the castle of Thunder-trunk, but I have been undeceived.

"The Grand Inquisitor noticed me one day at mass; he ogled me a good deal, and sent me a message that he had

something of a private nature to communicate to me. I was conducted to his palace, and I told him of my home and parentage; he represented to me how far beneath my rank it was to belong to an Israelite. A proposal was made on his behalf to Don Issachar that he should give me up to His Reverence. Don Issachar, who is the court banker, and a man of credit, would do nothing of the sort. The Inquisitor threatened him with an *auto-da-fé*. At last my Jew, under intimidation, concluded a bargain by which the house and I should be shared by both in common; that the Jew should have Monday, Wednesday, and the Sabbath to himself, and that the Inquisitor should have the other days of the week. This arrangement has lasted six months; but not without quarrels, for a dispute has often arisen as to whether the night between Saturday and Sunday belonged to the old or the new law. For my part, I have hitherto successfully resisted both of them; and I believe that it is for that reason each of them loves me still.

“At length, to avert the scourge of earthquakes, and to frighten Don Issachar, it pleased His Reverence the Inquisitor to celebrate an *auto-da-fé*, to which he did me the honour to invite me. I had a capital seat, and the ladies were served with refreshments between the mass and the executions. I was, indeed, seized with horror when I saw those two Jews burned, and that poor simple Biscayan who had married his fellow god-parent; but what was my astonishment, my terror, and my distress, when I beheld in a *sanbenito*, with a mitre on his head, a form which resembled that of Pangloss! I rubbed my eyes, I gazed attentively, I saw him hanged, and I fainted at the sight. Scarcely had I recovered my senses, when I saw you stripped naked; that put the crowning touch to my horror, consternation, grief, and despair. Let me tell you that your skin is even more perfectly white and rosy than

that of my Bulgarian captain. That spectacle sharpened the anguish that pierced my soul and utterly consumed me. I screamed aloud, and would fain have said: 'Stop, savages!' but my voice failed me, nor would my cries have been of any use. After you had been soundly whipped, I said to myself:

"How can it have happened that the amiable Candid and the wise Pangloss should turn up here in Lisbon, one to receive a hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged by order of His Reverence the Inquisitor, whose sweetheart I am? How cruelly did Pangloss deceive me when he said that everything goes on in the best possible way!"

"Agitated and-distracted, at one moment beside myself with indignation, and at the next feeling too weak to live, I had my head full of all I had seen and suffered,—the massacre of my father, mother, and brother, the insults to which that vile Bulgarian soldier had subjected me, the wound that he had given me with his knife, my captivity, my apprenticeship in cookery, my Bulgarian captain, my ugly Don Issachar, my abominable Inquisitor, the hanging of Dr. Pangloss, the grand *miserere* droned out while you were being whipped, and, above all, the kiss I had given you behind a screen the day I saw you, as I thought, for the last time. I praised God for having brought you back to me after so many trials. I recommended you to the care of this old servant, and told her to bring you hither as soon as she could. She has faithfully executed her commission, and I have tasted the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you again, of hearing you, and speaking to you. But you must be famishing, and I am pretty hungry myself; let us begin supper."

So down they sat together at table; and after supper, they placed themselves once more on that splendid sofa which I have already mentioned, and there they were when one of the masters of the house in the person of Don

Issachar, arrived. It was the Sabbath day, and he came to enjoy his rights, and to declare his tender attachment.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT BEFELL CUNEGUND, CANDID, THE GRAND
INQUISITOR, AND THE JEW.

THIS Issachar was the most irascible Hebrew that had ever been seen since the Babylonian captivity.

“What is this?” said he; “bitch of a Galilean, was not my lord Inquisitor enough, but this rascal must also have his share of what belongs to me?”

So saying, he drew a long dagger, with which he was always provided, and, not imagining that his adversary was armed, he threw himself upon Candid. But our worthy Westphalian had received a fine sword from the old woman along with the suit of clothes; he drew this weapon, though his manners were as a rule extremely gentle, and stretched the Israelite stark dead upon the floor at the feet of the fair Cunegund.

“Holy Virgin!” she exclaimed. “What will become of us? A man slain in my house! If the officers of justice come, we are lost.”

“If Pangloss had not been hanged,” said Candid, “he would have given us some good advice in this extremity, for he was a great philosopher. Failing him, let us consult the old woman.”

She had a large stock of prudence, and was beginning to give her advice, when another little door was opened. It was an hour after midnight, so Sunday had begun, a day that belonged to His Reverence the Inquisitor. He entered, and saw the lately castigated Candid, sword in

hand, a dead body stretched upon the ground, Cunegund scared out of her senses, and the old woman calmly giving her advice.

This is what passed that moment through Candid's mind, and thus it was he reasoned with himself :

"If this holy man calls for help, he will undoubtedly have me burned, and he may possibly do as much for Cunegund ; he has already had me whipped unmercifully ; he is my rival ; I have just fleshed my sword ; there is no time to hesitate."

This train of thought was rapid and concise, and, without giving the Inquisitor time to recover from his surprise, Candid ran his sword right through the other's body, and hurled him beside the Jew.

"What ! another of them !" exclaimed Cunegund ; "there is no longer any possibility of pardon ; we are excommunicated ; our last hour is come ! Whatever can have possessed you, who are of so mild a disposition, to kill within a couple of minutes a Jew and a dignitary of the Church ?"

"My beautiful young lady," answered Candid, "when a man is under the influence of love and jealousy, and has been whipped by the Inquisition, he is no longer like himself."

The old woman then put in her word, and said :

"There are three Andalusian steeds in the stable, with saddles and bridles ; let the brave Candid get them ready ; you, my lady, have moidores and diamonds ; let us mount without delay,—though I have only one side to sit on,—and go to Cadiz. It is the finest weather in the world, and travelling is very enjoyable during the coolness of the night."

Candid immediately saddled the three horses, and Cunegund, the old woman, and he, rode thirty miles without drawing rein. When they were already far away, the holy

*Hermidad*¹ arrived upon the scene; they buried His Reverence in a magnificent church, and cast Issachar's corpse into the common sewer.

Candid, Cunegund, and their old attendant had now reached the little town of Aracena, amidst the Sierra Morena mountains, and this was the conversation that they held together at an inn there.

CHAPTER X.

TELLS IN WHAT A STATE OF DISTRESS CANDID, CUNEGUND, AND THE OLD WOMAN ARRIVED AT CADIZ, AND OF THEIR SUBSEQUENT EMBARKATION.

“WHO can have robbed me of my pistoles and my jewels?” said Cunegund weeping. “How shall we live? What are we to do? Where can I find Inquisitors and Jews to give me any more?”

“Alas!” said the old woman, “I strongly suspect a reverend Franciscan friar, who lodged last night at the same inn with us at Badajoz—Heaven preserve me from forming a rash judgment!—but he came into our chamber twice, and left the place long before we did.”

“Ah!” sighed Candid; “the excellent Pangloss used often to assure me that the good things of this world are the common property of all men, and that each of us has an equal right to them. According to those principles, this friar ought certainly to have left us wherewithal to finish our journey. Have you then nothing at all remaining, my fair Cunegund?”

“Not a maravedi,” said she.

“What course must we adopt?” said Candid.

¹ See note on p. 201.

"Let us sell one of the horses," suggested the old woman; "I will ride on a pillion behind the young lady,—though I can only sit upon one side,—and so we shall get to Cadiz after all."

There happened to be in the same hostelry a prior of the Benedictine order, who purchased the horse very cheaply. Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman passed through Lucena, Chillas, and Lebrija, and arrived at last at Cadiz. There they found a fleet being fitted out, and troops mustered, in order to bring to their senses the reverend Jesuit fathers of Paraguay, who were accused of stirring up a revolt among the natives against the kings of Spain and Portugal, near the city of San Sacramento. Candid, having seen some service with the Bulgarians, went through his exercises before the general of the little expedition with so much grace, quickness, skill, spirit, and agility, that he gave him the command of a company of infantry. So now, being made a captain, he embarks with Miss Cunegund, the old woman, two men servants, and the two Andalusian horses which had belonged to the Grand Inquisitor of Portugal.

During the passage they had many discussions upon the philosophy of poor Pangloss.

"We are going into another world," said Candid; "it is there no doubt that everything is right; for it must be confessed that we have had cause to complain a little of what happens in our own, whether with respect to physical or moral evils."

"I love you with all my heart," said Cunegund; "but I am still shocked and terrified at what I have seen and undergone."

"All will now go well," replied Candid; "the sea of this new world is already better than those of Europe; it is calmer, and the winds are more regular. Assuredly it is the new one which is the best of all possible worlds."

“God grant it!” sighed Cunegund; “but I have been so horribly unhappy in the old one, that my heart is almost shut against hope.”

“You murmur,” interposed the old woman, “and yet, alas! you have experienced no such misfortunes as mine.”

Cunegund nearly laughed in her face, for she thought it very droll of this good dame to pretend to be more unhappy than herself.

“Ah! my good woman,” said she, “unless you have been outraged by two Bulgarians, received two wounds from a knife in your belly, had two castles demolished, had two mothers and two fathers murdered before your eyes, and seen two lovers of yours flogged at an *auto-da-fé*, I do not see how you can claim the palm in misfortune over me; to all this add that I was born a baroness, with seventy-two quarterings, and yet I have been reduced to the position of a cook.”

“My young lady,” answered the old woman, “you do not know my birth and lineage; and if I were to show you what is behind,¹ you would not speak as you do, but would suspend your judgment.”

This mysterious language created extreme curiosity in the minds of Cunegund and of Candid, and the old woman then addressed them in the following terms.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD WOMAN'S STORY.

“MY eyes have not always been bleared and rimmed with red, my nose has not always touched my chin, nor was I always a servant. I am the daughter

¹ “Si je vous montrais mon derrière.”

of Pope Urban X. and of the Princess of Palestrina.¹ Until the age of fourteen years I was brought up in a palace, to which the castles of all your German barons would not have been fit for stables; and a single one of my dresses cost more than all the magnificence of Westphalia. I grew in beauty, accomplishments, and talents, surrounded by pleasure, hope, and admiration. I had already power to inspire love; my bust was fully formed, and what a bust!—white, firm, and shaped like that of the Venus de Medici. And what eyes! what eyelids! what dark eyebrows! what flames shot forth from either pupil, and eclipsed the brightness of the stars!—as the poets of our part of the country used to tell me. The women who dressed and undressed me used to fall into raptures as they looked upon me in front and behind; and all the men would fain have been in their place.

“I was betrothed to the Prince of Massa-Carrara. Such a prince! As handsome as myself, a compound of sweetness and grace, beaming with wit, and burning with passion. I loved him as one loves for the first time,—with idolatry, with transport. Preparations were made for our wedding with unheard of pomp and magnificence; there were incessant banquets, tournaments, and comic operas; all Italy made sonnets in my praise, not one of which was even passable. I had almost attained the summit of my happiness, when an old marchioness, who had been my prince’s mistress, invited him to drink chocolate at her house. He died in less than two hours afterwards in frightful convulsions; but that was a mere trifle to what followed. My mother, in despair, though far less afflicted

¹ Voltaire has here the following note: “Observe the author’s extreme discretion, for there has not up to the present time been any pope named Urban X. He is afraid of attributing illegitimate offspring to an actual pope. What circumspection! what delicacy of conscience!”

than I was, determined to retire for some time from so fatal a place. She had a very fine estate near Gaeta, for which we embarked in a native galley which was gilded like the high altar of St. Peter's at Rome. Suddenly a Saltee rover bore down upon us, and attacked us. Our men defended themselves like soldiers of the Pope; they all fell upon their knees, throwing down their arms, and begging the Corsair to grant them absolution *in articulo mortis*.

"They were immediately stripped as naked as apes, nor did they spare my mother, nor our maids of honour, nor myself. It is marvellous with what alacrity these gentry undress people; but what surprised me more was the way in which they pryed into every nook and cranny of our persons.¹ This ceremony seemed to me a very strange one; for thus it is that we are apt to judge of everything new when we have never been out of our own land. I soon found out that the object of this proceeding was to discover if we had any diamonds hidden about us; it is a custom established from time immemorial among the refined races which scour the sea. I have been informed that those religious gentlemen, the Knights of Malta, never fail to act in this way whenever they take Turkish prisoners of either sex, it is a rule of the law of nations from which they never depart.

"I need not tell you how hard it was for a young princess to be brought to Morocco as a slave along with her mother; you may imagine, too, all we had to suffer in the pirate ship. My mother was still very handsome; our maids of honour and our mere waiting-women had more charms than were to be found in all Africa. As for me, I was simply enchanting,—beauty and grace personified;

¹ "C'est qu'ils nous mirent à tous le doigt dans un endroit où nous autres femmes nous ne nous laissons mettre d'ordinaire que des canules."

moreover I was a virgin,—but I did not remain so long. That flower which had been reserved for the handsome Prince of Massa-Carrara was snatched from me by the Corsair captain, an abominable negro, who thought he was thereby doing me a great honour. Certainly Her Highness the Princess of Palestrina and I must have had strong constitutions to withstand all we went through until our arrival at Morocco! But let us pass on; these are matters of such common occurrence that they are not worth the trouble of mentioning.

“Morocco was deluged with blood when we arrived. Of the fifty sons of the Emperor Muley Ismaël each had his adherents, a state of things which resulted in fifty civil wars, of blacks against blacks, of blacks against tawnies, of tawnies against tawnies, of mulattoes against mulattoes; it was continual carnage throughout the whole extent of the empire.

“Scarcely had we landed before some negroes belonging to a faction opposed to that of my Corsair presented themselves to rob him of his booty. Next to the gold and diamonds we were the most precious part of his cargo. I was then witness of a conflict such as you never see in the colder climates of Europe. The blood of northern nations is not so inflammable; they do not carry their rage for the fair sex to the degree that is common in Africa. It would seem as if you Europeans had nothing stronger than milk in your veins; but it is vitriol, it is liquid fire that flows in the veins of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas and the adjoining countries. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers,¹ and serpents of their native land, to decide which of them should have us. A Moor seized my mother by the right arm, my captain's lieutenant held her fast by

¹ Voltaire is not a good authority in Natural History. (See p. 77.) Tigers are not found in Africa.

the left ; a Moorish soldier took her by one leg, while one of our pirates was holding her by the other. There was hardly one of our maids but found herself in a moment drawn in opposite directions by four soldiers. My captain kept me hidden behind him ; scimitar in hand, he killed all who ventured to oppose his rage. At last I saw all our Italian women and my mother torn, hacked, and massacred by the monsters who disputed for their possession. My captive companions, those who had taken us prisoners, soldiers, sailors, blacks, tawnies, whites, mulattoes, and last of all my captain, all were slain, and I alone was left dying on a heap of dead. Scenes like this take place, we know, over a space of more than three hundred leagues, without causing anyone to neglect the five prayers a day which Mohammed has enjoined.

“ I freed myself with great difficulty from the heap of bleeding carcasses, and dragged myself under a large orange-tree on the bank of a stream hard by, where I sank down overcome with fright, fatigue, horror, despair, and hunger. Soon afterwards my overstrained senses gave way to unconsciousness, which had more of the nature of a swoon than of peaceful repose. I was still in that state of weakness and insensibility, hovering between life and death, when I felt myself pressed down by something that moved above me ; I opened my eyes, and saw a white man of prepossessing appearance, who was sighing and muttering between his teeth :

“ *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni !* ”

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORY OF THE OLD WOMAN'S MISFORTUNES
CONTINUED.

“**A** STONISHED and delighted at hearing the language of my native land, and no less surprised at the words which the man uttered, I told him that there were greater misfortunes than that of which he complained. I gave him a brief account of the horrors I had undergone, and I then fell back again in a swoon. He carried me into a neighbouring house, had me put to bed, caused some food to be given me, waited on me, soothed me with words of consolation and compliment, telling me that he had never seen anything so beautiful as myself, and that he had never felt so much regret as then for what no one could ever restore to him.

“‘I was born at Naples,’ said he, ‘where two or three thousand children are treated like capons every year; some of them die in consequence, others acquire a voice finer than a woman’s, and others again come to be rulers of States.¹ The operation in my case was very successful, and I have been leader of the choir in the chapel of Her Highness the Princess of Palestrina.’

“‘My mother!’ I exclaimed.

“‘Your mother?’ cried he, bursting into tears. ‘Why, you must be that young princess whom I instructed till she was six years of age, and who even then gave promise of being as lovely as you now are.’

“‘The very same; my mother is lying four or five hun-

¹ Like Carlo Broschi, commonly called Farinelli, born at Naples in 1705, who rose to great influence at the Court of Ferdinand VI. of Spain.

dred steps from where we are, cut into quarters, and covered by a heap of dead bodies.'

"I then related to him all that had happened to me, and he, in his turn, gave me an account of his adventures, and informed me that he had been sent to the King of Morocco by a Christian power in order to conclude a treaty with that monarch, engaging to furnish him with gunpowder, cannon, and ships to help him in exterminating the commerce of other Christians.

" 'My mission is fulfilled,' said this obliging eunuch; 'I am about to embark at Ceuta, and will take you back with me to Italy. *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*'

"I thanked him with tears of grateful emotion; but, instead of taking me to Italy, he brought me to Algiers, and sold me to the Dey of that province. Hardly had the sale been effected, when the plague which has made the round of Africa, Asia, and Europe, broke out with fury at Algiers. You have witnessed earthquakes, my young lady, but have you ever had the plague?"

"Never," replied the Baroness.

"If you had had it," continued the old woman, "you would acknowledge that an earthquake is nothing to it. It is exceedingly common in Africa, and it attacked me. Picture to yourself the situation of the daughter of a Pope, only fifteen years of age, who in the space of three months had been subjected to poverty and slavery, had been violated nearly every day, had seen her mother cut into quarters, had experienced all the horrors of war and famine, and was now dying of the plague at Algiers! I did not die of it, however; but my eunuch and the Dey, and almost the whole seraglio of Algiers, perished.

"When the first ravages of that frightful pestilence were over, the Dey's slaves were put up for sale. A merchant bought me, and took me to Tunis; there I was sold to another merchant, who sold me again at Tripoli; from

Tripoli I was passed on to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to Constantinople. At last I became the property of an Aga of the janissaries, who was ere long commanded to go and defend the town of Azov against the Russians who were besieging it.

"The Aga, who was a man greatly devoted to our sex, took all his harem with him, and lodged us in a little fort on the Sea of Azov, with two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers to guard us. A prodigious number of Russians were slain, but they soon made us an adequate return; Azov was given up to fire and sword, and neither sex nor age was spared. Our little fort alone held out, and the enemy determined to starve us into submission. The twenty janissaries had sworn that they would never surrender; the extremities of hunger to which they were now reduced constrained them, for fear of breaking their oath, to eat our two eunuchs. At the end of a few days more they resolved to devour the women.

"We had with us a very pious and compassionate *Imam*,¹ who delivered a very fine discourse, in which he urged them not to kill us outright.

" 'Only cut off,' said he, 'a rump steak from each of these ladies, you will find it excellent fare; if, in the course of a few days, it should be necessary to return, you will then be able to get a second supply; heaven will be pleased with you for acting so charitably, and send you succour.'

"He had a great deal of eloquence, and persuaded them to follow his advice. We were subjected to that horrible operation, and the Imam applied to our wounds the same healing balm which is used in the case of boys who have been circumcised; but we nearly lost our lives.

"The janissaries had no sooner finished the meal with which we had furnished them, than the Russians arrived

¹ See page 203, note 2.

in flat-bottomed boats, and not a janissary escaped. The Russians paid no attention to the state in which we were, but, French surgeons being found everywhere, a very clever one took us in hand and cured us; and I shall remember all my life what proposals he made me after my wounds were well closed. Moreover he told us all to cheer up, and assured us that such things had happened at a good many sieges, and that it was quite in accordance with the laws of war.

“As soon as my companions were able to walk they were sent to Moscow; while I fell into the possession of a *boyard*,¹ who made me work in his garden, and used to give me twenty lashes a day. But at the end of two years, my master having been broken on the wheel with thirty other *boyards* for some plot against the court, I took advantage of the event, and made my escape. I traversed the whole of Russia; I was for a long time a servant at a tavern at Riga, afterwards at Rostock, Wismar, Leipsic, Cassel, Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague, and Rotterdam; I have grown old in the midst of misery and contempt, having only half of what I once had behind, and never being able to forget that my father was a pope. A hundred times have I determined to kill myself, but I always found I was still too fond of life. That ridiculous weakness may be considered one of our most unfortunate propensities, for can there be anything more absurd than to wish to carry for ever a burden which we are always desiring to throw upon the ground; to have a horror of existence, and yet to cling to it; in other words, to cherish the serpent which devours us, until it has eaten our very heart?

“I have seen in the various countries through which it has been my fortune to travel, as well as at the taverns where I have been a servant, a prodigious number of per-

¹ A Russian nobleman.

sons who abhorred their existence, but I have not known more than twelve who of their own accord put an end to their misery,—three negroes, four Englishmen, four from Geneva, and one German professor named Robeck.¹ At last I came to be a servant in the house of the Jew, Don Issachar, who placed me about your person, my sweet young lady, and I have become attached to your fortunes, and been more interested in your adventures than in my own. I should never even have spoken to you of my misfortunes, if you had not given me a little provocation, and if it were not the custom on board a ship to tell stories to relieve the tediousness of the voyage. So you see, Miss, I have had experience and know the world; amuse yourself now by getting every passenger to tell you his history, and if a single one of them be found who has not often cursed his life, who has not often said to himself that he was the most wretched of all men, I give you leave to throw me headforemost into the sea.”

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW CANDID WAS OBLIGED TO PART FROM THE FAIR
CUNEGUND AND THE OLD WOMAN.

THE fair Cunegund, having heard the old woman's story, made her all the polite acknowledgments that were due to a person of her rank and merit. She welcomed her proposal and engaged all the passengers, one after another, to relate their adventures; after which Candid and she had to confess that the old lady was in the right.

“It is a great pity,” said Candid, “that the wise Pan-

¹ Jean Robeck, born at Calmar in Sweden, had drowned himself in the Weser at Bremen in 1739.

gloss was hanged contrary to the usual practice at an *auto-da-fé*, for he would have made some admirable remarks on the physical and moral evils which cover land and sea, and I should feel that I have arguments strong enough to embolden me to offer some objections in a respectful manner."

As the passengers were relating their adventures the ship made way, and they landed at last at Buenos Ayres. Cunegund, Captain Candid, and the old woman proceeded to the house of the Governor don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenas y Lampourdos y Souza. This gentleman had a pride suitable to a man who bore so many names. To those who addressed him he spoke with the most magnificent disdain, holding his nose so high in the air, and raising his voice so unmercifully, assuming a tone so imposing, and affecting so pompous a gait, that all who paid him their humble salutations felt inclined to kick him. He loved the ladies to distraction, and when Cunegund appeared before him, he thought he had never seen a lovelier sight. The first thing he did was to inquire if she were the captain's wife. The air with which he asked this question alarmed Candid; he dared not say that she was his wife, for in point of fact that was not the case; he dared not assert that she was his sister, for she was not that either; and, however fashionable this convenient falsehood may have been with the ancients, and however useful it might be found in modern times, his soul was too pure to tamper with the truth.

"Miss Cunegund," said he, "is to do me the honour of marrying me, and we beg your Excellency to condescend so far as to countenance our nuptials."

Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenas y Lampourdos y Souza twirled his moustache with a bitter smile, and ordered Captain Candid to go and inspect his company. Candid obeyed, and the Governor was left

alone with Miss Cunegund. He made a declaration of his passion, protesting that he was ready to marry her the next day, in the face of the Church or otherwise, just as it might best please her charming self. Cunegund requested to be allowed a quarter of an hour to collect her thoughts, to consult the old woman, and to make her decision.

The old woman said to Cunegund :

“My dear young lady, you have seventy-two quarterings on your coat of arms, and not a farthing in your pocket; it rests only with yourself to become the wife of the most distinguished personage in South America, whose moustache is simply superb. Is it for you to pride yourself upon a fidelity which is proof against every assault? You have been ravished by the Bulgarians; a Jew and an Inquisitor have shared your good graces. Misfortunes confer new rights, and I must confess, that were I in your place, I should have no scruple in marrying His Excellency, and making the fortune of Captain Candid.”

Whilst the old lady was speaking with all the prudence which age and experience bestow, they saw a little vessel enter the harbour; on board were an *alcalde* and *alguazils*.¹ What had happened was as follows.

The old woman had rightly suspected that it was the grey friar with the long sleeves who stole Cunegund's money and jewels in the city of Badajoz, when she was on her hasty flight with Candid. This Franciscan wished to sell some of the precious stones to a jeweller, but the tradesman recognised them as having belonged to the Grand Inquisitor. The friar, before he was hanged, confessed that he had stolen them, described the persons in whose possession they had been, and pointed out the direction in which they had gone, the flight of Cunegund and Candid being already

¹ *i.e.*, a magistrate and his officers.

known. They were followed to Cadiz, and a vessel sent after them without loss of time. This was the ship now in harbour at Buenos Ayres. The report was spread that an *alcalde* was about to land with his officers, and that they were in pursuit of the murderers of the Grand Inquisitor. The old woman, with her usual foresight, saw in an instant what was to be done.

“You cannot fly,” she said to Cunegund, “and you have nothing to fear; it was not you who killed His Reverence. Besides, the Governor, being in love with you, will not allow you to be ill-treated. Stay where you are.”

Then she instantly hastened to Candid.

“Fly,” she said, “or in an hour’s time you will be burned alive.”

There was not a moment to be lost; but how was he to tear himself away from Cunegund, and whither was he to fly for refuge?

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW CANDID AND CACAMBO WERE RECEIVED AMONG THE
JESUITS OF PARAGUAY.

CANDID had brought with him from Cadiz a serving-man belonging to a class plentiful enough on the coast of Spain and in the colonies. He was one-quarter Spanish, having been born of a mulatto mother in Tucuman. He had been by turns choir-boy, sexton, sailor, monk, porter, soldier, and lackey. His name was Cacambo, and he was strongly attached to his master, because his master was very good-natured. He saddled the two Andalusian horses as quickly as he could.

“Come, my master, let us follow the old woman’s advice,

and be off, without taking a look behind us as we gallop away."

Candid shed tears as he exclaimed :

"O my dear Cunegund ! must I forsake you just at the time when His Excellency the Governor was about to countenance our nuptials ? After having come with me so far, what, Cunegund, will become of you ?"

"She will do the best she can," said Cacambo. "Women never find much trouble in disposing of themselves ; heaven takes good care of that—let us be off."

"Whither do you propose to take me ? In what direction are we going ? What shall we do without Cunegund ?" asked Candid.

"By St. James of Compostella !" said Cacambo, "you were going to fight against the Jesuits, let us go and help them instead. I know the roads pretty well, and will guide you into their territories ; they will be delighted to have a captain expert in the Bulgarian drill, and you will make a prodigious fortune. When luck goes against us in one place, we may be better off in another. It is no small pleasure to see and do new things."

"You have been in Paraguay already then ?" said Candid.

"Yes, indeed," answered Cacambo ; "I was a scout in the College of Asuncion, and know all about the government of the *padres* as well as I know the streets of Cadiz, and an admirable thing it is. Their territory is already more than than three hundred leagues across, and it is divided into thirty provinces. The *padres* have everything there, and the people nothing—it is the very masterpiece of reason and justice. For my part, I have never seen anything so divine as the *padres*, who here make war on the King of Spain and the King of Portugal, whilst in Europe they act as their father confessors ; here they kill Spaniards, and in Madrid they teach them the way to

heaven. This behaviour charms me—let us proceed. You are destined to be the happiest of all men. How pleased the *padres* will be when they know that a captain who is acquainted with the Bulgarian drill is coming to help them!”

As soon as they reached the first outpost, Cacambo told the advanced guard that a captain requested an audience of His Reverence the Commandant. Information was conveyed to the main guard, and a Paraguayan officer hastened to prostrate himself at the feet of the Commandant, and to deliver the message. Candid and Cacambo were in the first place disarmed, and their two Andalusian horses seized. Then the strangers were led forward between two files of soldiers, at the further end of which stood the Commandant, with his three-cornered cap on his head, his gown tucked up, a sword at his side, and a half-pike in his hand. He made a sign, and immediately four-and-twenty soldiers surrounded the two new-comers. A sergeant told them that they must wait, that the Commandant could not speak with them, and that the Reverend Father Provincial did not allow any Spaniard to open his mouth except in his own presence, or to stay longer than three hours in the country.

“And where is the Reverend Father Provincial?” asked Cacambo.

“He is at parade, after having said mass,” answered the sergeant, “and you cannot kiss his spurs for three hours.”

“But,” said Cacambo, “my master, the captain, who is famished like myself, is no Spaniard; he is a German. Can we not have some breakfast while we wait for His Reverence?”

The sergeant immediately went off to report this speech to the Commandant.

“God be praised!” said that personage; “since he is a

German, I can speak to him. Let him be brought to my harbour."

So Candid was straightway conducted into a green bower, adorned with a very handsome marble colonnade of green and gold, with trellis-work, behind which were confined parrots, humming-birds of all sorts and sizes, guinea-fowl, and all the rarest of the feathered tribe. An excellent breakfast was provided in vessels of gold, and whilst the Paraguayans were eating Indian corn out of wooden bowls, in the open field, exposed to the fierce heat of the sun, the Reverend Father Commandant entered his leafy harbour.

He was a very handsome young man, his face well filled out, of a fair and fresh-coloured complexion, with high arched eyebrows, bright eyes, ruddy ears and ruby lips; his air was proud, but with a pride which was neither that of a Spaniard nor of a Jesuit. The arms of which they had been deprived were given back to Candid and Cacambo, as well as their two Andalusian horses; and Cacambo fed them with oats near the harbour, without taking his eyes off them for fear of a surprise.

Candid first kissed the hem of the Commandant's gown, and then they seated themselves at table.

"You are German, it seems?" said the Jesuit in that language.

"Yes, reverend father," replied Candid.

As they uttered these words, they looked at each other with extreme astonishment and an emotion which they could not control.

"And to what part of Germany do you belong?" asked the Jesuit.

"To the dirty province of Westphalia," said Candid; "I was born in the castle of Thundertentrunk."

"O heavens! is it possible!" exclaimed the Commandant.

“What a miracle!” exclaimed Candid.

“Can it be you?” said the Commandant.

“This is quite impossible!” said Candid.

They both started back, then threw themselves into each other’s arms, and shed torrents of tears.

“What! Can it indeed be yourself, reverend father? Are you the brother of the beauteous Cunegund? You who were killed by the Bulgarians! you, the son of my lord Baron! you, a Jesuit in Paraguay! It must be confessed that this world is a strange place. O Pangloss! Pangloss! how pleased you would be, if you had not been hanged!”

The Commandant ordered the negro slaves to retire, as well as the Paraguayans who were pouring out wine for them into goblets of rock crystal. He thanked God and Saint Ignatius a thousand times; he pressed Candid to his heart, and their faces were bathed in tears.

“You would be still more amazed, more affected, more transported,” said Candid, “were I to tell you that your sister, Miss Cunegund, whom you believed to have been ripped open, is well and hearty.”

“Where?”

“In your neighbourhood, in the house of His Excellency the Governor of Buenos Ayres; and I myself came to South America to fight against you.”

Each word that they uttered during a long conversation contributed to pile wonder upon wonder. Their whole soul seemed to hover over their lips, to listen at their ears, and to sparkle in their eyes. As they were Germans, they sat at table a considerable time, while they waited for the Reverend Father Provincial; and the Commandant spoke as follows to his dear Candid.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW CANDID KILLED THE BROTHER OF HIS BELOVED
CUNEGUND.

“ I SHALL never cease to remember all my life long the terrible day on which I saw my father and mother killed, and my sister ravished. When the Bulgarians were gone, that charming sister of mine was nowhere to be found, but my father and mother, together with myself, two female servants, and three little boys with their throats cut, were laid in a cart and taken for burial to a chapel of the Jesuits, at a distance of two leagues from my ancestral home. A Jesuit sprinkled us with holy water, which was horribly salt, and some drops of it went into my eyes ; the good father noticed that my eyelids slightly quivered ; he placed his hand on my heart, and felt it beat ; my life was saved, and at the end of three weeks I was as well as ever. You know, my dear Candid, that I was exceedingly good-looking, and I became still more so ; accordingly the Reverend Father Croust,¹ Superior of the House, conceived the most tender affection for me. He gave me the dress of a novice, and some time afterwards I was sent to Rome. The Father General had need of young German Jesuits to serve as recruits in Paraguay, where the native chieftains admit as few Spanish Jesuits as they can ; they like other Europeans better, for they expect to find them more submissive to their authority. I was judged fit by the Reverend Father General to go and work in that vineyard. A Pole, a Tyrolese, and I set sail together. On

¹ “ Didrie ” in the first edition. Both Didrie and Croust were old enemies of Voltaire. He mentions the latter’s brutality in his “ Dict. Philosophique.”

my arrival I was honoured with the sub-diaconate and a lieutenancy ; I am now a colonel and a priest. We shall give the troops of the King of Spain a vigorous reception ; I warrant you they will be excommunicated and soundly thrashed. Providence sends you hither to support us. But is it indeed true that my dear sister Cunegund is in this neighbourhood, and living at the house of the Governor of Buenos Ayres ? ”

Candid solemnly assured him that nothing was more certain, and their tears began to flow afresh.

The Baron seemed as if he would never be weary of embracing Candid ; he called him his brother and his preserver.

“ Perhaps,” said he, “ we may be able, my dear Candid, to enter the town together as conquerors, and recover my sister Cunegund.”

“ That is my dearest wish,” said Candid, “ for I intended to marry her, and I still hope to do so.”

“ Insolent fellow ! ” exclaimed the Baron ; “ can you have the impudence to think of marrying my sister, who has no less than seventy-two quarterings of nobility ? I count it intolerable effrontery in you to dare to speak to me of a project so presumptuous ! ”

Candid, astonished at hearing such language, replied thus :

“ Reverend Father, all the quarterings in the world matter not a straw ; I rescued your sister from the arms of a Jew and of an Inquisitor ; she is under very considerable obligations to me, and is minded to be my wife. Dr. Pangloss always told me that all mankind are equal, and, you may depend upon it, I will marry her.”

“ That remains to be seen, you scoundrel,” said the Jesuit Baron of Thundertentrunk, and so saying he gave him a heavy blow on the face with the flat of his sword.

Candid instantly drew his own, and buried it up to the

hilt in the body of the Jesuit Baron ; but, as he pulled out the reeking weapon, he burst into tears, and exclaimed :

“ Good God ! I have slain my quondam master and friend, my prospective brother-in-law ! I am the best-hearted man in the world, yet, lo and behold, I have already killed three men, and amongst those three two of them are priests.”

Cacambo, who had been keeping watch at the door of the arbour, ran up to his master, who said to him :

“ Nothing now remains for us to do but to sell our lives as dearly as possible. People, no doubt, will soon visit this arbour ; since die we must, let it be with arms in our hands.”

Cacambo, who had often been in similar predicaments, did not lose presence of mind ; he took the Jesuit's gown which the Baron wore, and put it upon Candid, gave him the dead man's square cap, and made him mount on horseback. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye.

“ Let us gallop away, master ; everybody will take you for a Jesuit going to give some orders, and we shall have passed the frontiers before they can run after us.”

He was already in full flight as he uttered these words, and cried out in Spanish :

“ Make way ! make way for the Reverend Father the Colonel !”

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TWO TRAVELLERS IN CONNECTION WITH TWO GIRLS, TWO MONKEYS, AND THE SAVAGES CALLED OREILLONS.

CANDID and his servant were beyond the barriers before anyone in the camp yet knew of the death of the German Jesuit.

The provident Cacambo had taken care to fill his haversack with bread, chocolate, ham, fruit, and some flasks of wine. Riding their Andalusian horses, they penetrated into an unknown country where they found no track. At last a beautiful meadow land, intersected by rivulets, was spread out before them, where our two travellers allowed their steeds to graze. Cacambo urged his master to eat, and himself set him the example.

“How can you expect me to eat ham, when I have slain the son of my lord Baron, and find myself condemned never to see the fair Cunegund again all my days? What is the good of prolonging this wretched life, which I must drag on far from her in remorse and despair? And what will the *Trévoux Gazette*¹ say?”

As he asked these questions, he never ceased eating. The sun was now setting, when the two wanderers heard some faint cries, uttered apparently by women. They were uncertain whether they were the cries of sorrow or of joy; but they rose hurriedly, with that feeling of uneasiness

¹ The “*Journal de Trévoux*” was a periodical record of science and art published by the Jesuits for many years (1701-1767).

and alarm which every sound inspires in a strange country. The clamour proceeded from two girls in nature's garb who were running at full speed along the side of the meadow, while a couple of monkeys were closely pursuing them and biting their buttocks. Candid was moved with pity at the sight; he had learned to shoot so well when he was with the Bulgarians, that he could hit a nut on a hazel bush without touching a leaf. He seized his double-barrelled Spanish musket, fired, and killed both the monkeys.

"Thank God, my dear Cacambo! I have delivered these two poor creatures from a great danger; if I committed a sin in killing an Inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have made ample amends by saving the lives of two young women. Perhaps they are damsels of high degree, and this adventure may procure us considerable advantage in this country."

He was going to continue, but his tongue was paralysed on his seeing the two girls embrace the monkeys most tenderly, burst into tears over their dead bodies, and fill the air with cries of bitter lamentation.

"I was not prepared for such a display of kind good-nature," said he at last to Cacambo, who replied:

"That is a pretty piece of work of yours, master; you have killed these two young ladies' lovers."

"Their lovers! Can it be possible? You are jesting with me, Cacambo; how can I believe you?"

"My dear master," answered Cacambo, "you are always astonished at everything. Why should you find it so strange that there are some countries where monkeys are in high favour with the ladies? They are a fourth part human, just as I am by a fourth part a Spaniard."

"Ah!" rejoined Candid, "I remember hearing Dr. Pangloss say that in ancient times such things had happened, and that those mixtures had produced goat-footed

Pans, fauns, and satyrs, and that divers distinguished men of antiquity had seen some of them ; but I took all such stories for fables."

"You should be convinced now that they are true ; you see how these creatures are treated by persons who have received no proper education. All that I am afraid of is that these ladies will do us some serious mischief."

These weighty reflections induced Candid to leave the meadow, and retire into the depths of an adjoining wood. There he and Cacambo had supper, and both of them, after cursing the Portuguese Inquisitor, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, and the Baron, went to sleep on a couch of moss. When they awoke, they found themselves unable to stir, the reason of which was that during the night the Oreillons, who inhabit that country, and to whom the two damsels had denounced them, had tied them down with ropes made of the bark of a tree. They were surrounded by about fifty of the tribe, stark naked, and armed with bows and arrows, clubs, and stone hatchets ; some were boiling water in a huge caldron, others were preparing spits, and all were shouting :

"A Jesuit ! He is a Jesuit ! We shall have our revenge, and first-rate fare. Let us eat up the Jesuit ! let us eat up the Jesuit !"

"I told you plainly, my dear master," said Cacambo dolefully, "that these two girls would play us some nasty trick."

Candid, catching sight of the caldron and the spits, exclaimed :

"We are certainly going to be roasted or boiled. Ah ! What would Dr. Pangloss say, if he saw what human nature is like in its unsophisticated simplicity ? All is right,—be it so ; but I must confess that it is right hard to have lost Miss Cunegund, and to be stuck on a spit by Indians."

Cacambo, who never lost his presence of mind, said to the disconsolate Candid:

“Do not despair; I understand a little of the jargon of this tribe, and will speak to them.”

“Be sure that you impress upon them,” said Candid, “the horrible inhumanity of cooking their fellow-men, and how little it is in accordance with Christianity.”

“Gentlemen,” said Cacambo, “you are intending, I think, to eat up a Jesuit to-day,—is it not so? And such a proceeding is quite right; nothing is more just than to treat one’s enemies in that way. In fact the voice of nature teaches us to kill our neighbour, and that is what people are doing all over the earth. If we do not avail ourselves of the right of eating them as well, that is because we have other means of furnishing our feasts; but you have not the same resources as we have, and assuredly it is far better to eat one’s enemies than to abandon the fruit of our victories to ravens and crows. But, gentlemen, you would not wish to eat up your friends. You fancy that you are about to spit a Jesuit, whereas it is your defender and the foe of your foes that you are on the point of roasting. As for me, I was born in your own country, and the gentleman you see before you is my master. So far from being a Jesuit, he has just killed one of them, whose spoils he is wearing; that is how your mistake arose. To ascertain the truth of what I tell you, take his gown, convey it to the first outpost of the Jesuits’ territory, and inquire whether my master has not killed a Jesuit officer. It will not require much time; you will still be able to eat us up, if you find that I have lied to you. But if I have told you the truth, you are too well acquainted with the principles of public justice, morality, and law, not to grant us acquittal.”

The Oreillons thought this proposal very reasonable, and they deputed two of their leading men to go without

delay and make inquiry into the facts. The two delegates discharged their commission like men of sense, and soon returned with good tidings. The Oreillons thereupon released their two prisoners, treated them with every sort of civility, offered them their daughters, gave them refreshment, and escorted them back to the confines of their State, crying out with animation :

“He is no Jesuit! He is no Jesuit!”

Candid never grew weary of wondering at the cause of his deliverance.

“What a people!” said he; “what men and manners to be sure! If I had not had the good fortune to drive my sword right into the body of Miss Cunegund’s brother, I should have been killed and eaten without mercy. But, after all, there is a great deal of goodness in unsophisticated nature, since these people, instead of eating me up, have paid me a thousand attentions, as soon as they knew that I was not a Jesuit.”

CHAPTER XVII.

ARRIVAL OF CANDID AND HIS SERVANT IN THE LAND OF
EL DORADO, AND WHAT THEY SAW THERE.

WHEN they reached the frontier of the Oreillons Camambo said to Candid :

“You see that this hemisphere is no better than the other; take my advice, and let us return to Europe by the quickest way we can.”

“How are we to return?” said Candid; “and whither shall we go? If I seek my own country, the Bulgarians and Abarians massacre everybody there; if I go back to Portugal, I shall be burned at the stake; and if we remain in this country, we run the risk every moment of being

stuck on a spit. But how can I make up my mind to leave a part of the world which contains Miss Cunegund?"

"Let us turn our steps towards Cayenne," proposed Cacambo; "we shall find French people there, for they travel all over the world; they will perhaps help us. It may be that Heaven will have pity upon us."

It was no easy task for them to make their way to Cayenne; they had a general knowledge of the direction in which they must go, but mountains, rivers, precipices, robbers, and savages were everywhere formidable obstacles to their progress. Their horses died of fatigue, their provisions were consumed, they had no food for a whole month, except wild fruits, till they found themselves at last near a little river bordered by cocoa-nut trees, which served to sustain both life and hope.

Cacambo, whose advice was always as judicious as that of the old woman had been, said to Candid:

"We can hold out no longer, we have gone far enough on foot. I see an empty canoe on the bank; let us fill it with cocoa-nuts, get into the little bark and drift with the stream; a river always leads to some inhabited place. If we meet with nothing agreeable, we shall at least meet with something new."

"Let us go," said Candid, "and commit ourselves to Providence."

They rowed along for many leagues between banks, in some places gay with flowers, and in others arid wastes; at one time level, and at another steep. The river grew ever wider and wider, but at last it disappeared under an archway of frowning rocks which rose high into the sky. The two travellers were bold enough to trust themselves to the agitated water beneath this arch. The river, contracted in this part of its course, carried them along swiftly and with terrific uproar. At the end of four-and-twenty hours they saw daylight once more; but their

canoe was shattered against the jagged reefs, and they were obliged to creep from rock to rock for a whole league, until at length they found an extensive prospect all around, with inaccessible mountains on the horizon. The land was cultivated as much for pleasure as for necessity; the useful was everywhere mixed with the agreeable; the roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages, the form and material of which were alike splendid, wherein were seated men and women of singular beauty, and which were drawn along rapidly by large red sheep,¹ surpassing in speed the finest horses of Andalusia, Tetuan, and Miknas.

"Here," said Candid, "is a country, after all we have gone through, which is better than Westphalia."

He landed with Cacambo near the first village to which they came, at the entrance of which some children, clad in gold brocade, but all in tatters, were playing at quoits. Our two inhabitants of the other world amused themselves with looking on; the quoits were pretty large round objects, yellow, red, and green, which shone with remarkable brilliance. The travellers were seized with a desire to pick up some of them, and found that they were gold, emeralds, and rubies, the smallest of which would have formed the chief ornament of the throne of the Great Mogul.

"Doubtless," said Cacambo, "these children who are playing here are the sons of the king of the country."

The village schoolmaster appeared at that moment to call them into school again.

"That," said Candid, "must be the tutor of the royal family."

The ragged little urchins immediately stopped their game, leaving their quoits on the ground, with all their

¹ The Llama or Alpaca of South America.

other playthings. Candid picked them up, and running to the tutor, humbly presented them to him, giving him to understand by signs that their royal highnesses had forgotten their gold and precious stones. The village pedagogue with a smile threw them on the ground, regarded Candid for a moment from head to foot with considerable surprise, and then walked on.

The travellers did not fail to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds.

"Where are we?" exclaimed Candid. "The children of the kings of this country must be very well brought up, when they are taught to despise gold and precious stones."

Cacambo was as much astonished as Candid.

At length they reached the first house in the village itself, which was built as a palace would be in Europe. A great crowd was thronging the door, and a still larger number were inside; most exquisite strains of music were heard, and a tempting smell proceeded from the kitchen. Cacambo went up to the door, and heard those within speaking in the language of Peru; it was his mother tongue, for everybody knows that Cacambo was born in Tucuman, at a village where no other language was known.

"I will act as your interpreter," said he to Candid; "let us enter; this is evidently an inn."

Immediately two waiters and two servant-maids belonging to the tavern, dressed in cloth of gold, and having their hair fastened with gold-embroidered ribbons, invited them to join the ordinary. There were set on the table four different kinds of soup, each garnished with a brace of parrots, a boiled condor which weighed two hundred pounds, two roasted monkeys of a delicate flavour, three hundred of the larger sized humming-birds in one dish and six hundred of the smaller in another, exquisite ragouts, and delicious pastry; all were served up in dishes made of a kind of rock crystal. The waiters and waitresses

handed round a variety of cordials made out of the juice of the sugar-cane.

The guests were for the most part shopkeepers and waggoners, but all were exceedingly polite, asking Cacambo a few questions with the most respectful discretion, and answering his own inquiries in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

When the meal was done, both Candid and Cacambo thought they were paying handsomely for their share by laying on the table two or three of the large pieces of gold which they had picked up, but the host and hostess burst out laughing, and held their sides for a good while before they could recover their gravity.

"Gentlemen," said the innkeeper at last, "it is very evident that you are strangers, and we are not in the habit of seeing such; you must forgive us if we could not help laughing when you offered us for payment the stones which are found upon our high roads. Doubtless you have none of the money of the country, but it is not necessary for you to have any in order to dine here. All the inns established for the convenience of trade are supported by government. You have fared meanly here, because this is a poor village, but everywhere else you will meet with the entertainment due to your merits."

Cacambo interpreted to Candid all that the landlord had said, and Candid heard it with the same wonder and bewilderment as his friend Cacambo betrayed in reporting it.

"What land can this be," they said to each other, "which is unknown to all the rest of the world, and where human nature is altogether different from ours? This is in all probability the land where everything goes on well, for there must infallibly be one of that sort somewhere. And whatever Dr. Pangloss might choose to say about it, I often perceived that things went on badly enough in Westphalia."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT THE TRAVELLERS SAW IN THE LAND OF
EL DORADO.

CACAMBO expressed all his curiosity to the landlord, and the latter said :

“ I am very ignorant, and I find it all the better for me that I am so ; but we have in our village an old gentleman, retired from Court, who is the most learned man in the kingdom, and the most ready to impart information.”

Therewith he conducted Cacambo to the old man's house. Candid only played second fiddle, and accompanied his servant. They entered a house that was very unpretending, for the front door was only silver, and the panels of the rooms were merely gold, but worked with so much taste that the most sumptuous wainscoting could not have eclipsed them. The entrance hall, indeed, was incrustcd with nothing more valuable than rubies and emeralds ; but the order in which everything was disposed made ample amends for such extreme simplicity.

The old gentleman received the two strangers on a sofa covered with the feathers of humming-birds, and ordered cordials to be handed to them in diamond goblets, after which he proceeded to satisfy their curiosity as follows :

“ I am a hundred three score and twelve years old, and I have heard from my deceased father, who was the King's equerry, of the astonishing revolutions that took place in Peru, of which he had been an eye-witness. The kingdom where we are is the ancient home of the Incas, which they very imprudently quitted to go and subdue another part of the world, being in the end themselves destroyed by the Spaniards.

“The princes of their house who stayed behind in their native country showed themselves wiser ; with the consent of the people they forbade any inhabitant ever to leave our little kingdom, and that law is what has preserved to us our innocence and our happiness. The Spaniards acquired a vague knowledge of this country, and have called it *El Dorado*, while an Englishman, named Sir Walter Raleigh, actually came within reach of it a hundred years ago ; but we are hemmed in by inaccessible rocks and precipices. We have always hitherto been protected from the greed of European nations, which have an incomprehensible rage for the stones and dirt of our land, and would, in order to possess them, slay us all to the very last man.”

The conversation that followed was a long one, and turned on the form of government, the manners of the people, their women, their public shows, and the state of the arts among them. At last *Candid*, who always had a taste for metaphysics, inquired through *Cacambo* if there was any religion in their country.

The old man blushed a little at being asked such a question.

“Pray, can you doubt it?” said he. “Do you take us for wretches incapable of gratitude?”

Cacambo respectfully inquired what was the religion of *El Dorado*. The old man blushed again.

“Can there be two religions?” said he. “We hold what I suppose is the religion of all the world ; we worship God from morning till night.”

“Do you worship only one God?” pursued *Cacambo*, who always served as the interpreter of *Candid*’s doubts.

“Clearly,” replied the old gentleman, “there are not two, nor three, nor four Gods. I must confess that I think the people of your world ask very singular questions.”

Candid still continued to interrogate the courteous old

man ; he wanted to know how prayers were offered to God in El Dorado.

“We do not pray to Him at all,” said the devout and venerable sage ; “we have nothing to ask Him to give us. He has already bestowed upon us all we need, and we thank Him continually.”

Candid had the curiosity to wish to see some of their priests, and he bade Cacambo ask where they were to be found. The good old man said with a smile :

“My friends, we are all of us priests ; the King and all the heads of families solemnly sing hymns of thanksgiving every morning, and five or six thousand musicians accompany them.”

“What ! Have you no monks among you, who teach, and wrangle, and govern, and intrigue, and have people burned who do not agree with their opinions ?”

“We should have to lose our senses first,” said the old man ; “we are all of the same way of thinking here, and we do not understand what you mean by your monks.”

Candid remained wrapt in astonishment during this talk, and said to himself :

“This is very different from Westphalia, and my lord Baron’s castle ; if our friend Pangloss had seen El Dorado, he would no longer have maintained that Thundertentrunk was the best castle on the surface of the earth. Assuredly one ought to travel.”

After this long conversation the kind old gentleman ordered a coach and six sheep to be got ready, and lent the services of a dozen of his domestics to escort the two travellers to Court.

“Excuse me,” said he, “if my age deprives me of the honour of accompanying you. The King will receive you in a manner which will leave you no reason to complain, and you will, I have no doubt, pardon any customs of the country which may happen to displease you.”

Candid and Cacambo entered the carriage, the six sheep flew along, and in less than four hours they reached the King's palace, which was situated at the further end of the capital. The portico was two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred feet in width; it is impossible to describe the material of which it was built, but it may very well be imagined how infinitely superior it must have been to the stones and gravel which we call gold and precious stones.

A score of beautiful girls who were on guard received Candid and Cacambo as they alighted from the coach, conducted them to the bath, and arrayed them in robes woven of the down of humming-birds; afterwards the high officers of the Court, male and female, ushered them into the presence of His Majesty between two lines, each of which consisted of a thousand musicians, according to the usual custom. When they drew near the throne-room, Cacambo asked a grand officer what posture they would have to adopt in paying their respects to His Majesty,—whether they should simply kneel, or prostrate themselves on the ground at full length; whether they were to put their hands on their heads or behind their backs; whether it was usual to lick the dust off the floor; in short, what was the ceremony to be observed on such an occasion.

“The custom,” said the high official, “is to embrace the King and kiss him on both cheeks.”

Candid and Cacambo accordingly threw their arms round His Majesty's neck, who received them most graciously, and politely invited them to sup with him.

In the meantime they were taken to see the town,—the public buildings, that seemed to touch the clouds; the market-places, beautified with a thousand columns; the fountains of pure water, the fountains of rose water, and those from which the juice of sugar-canes flowed constantly through the great squares, paved with a kind of precious stone which diffused an odour like that of cinnamon and

cloves. Candid asked permission to see the Courts of Justice, or Parliament House; he was told that there were none, and that they never had any law-suits. He inquired if there were any prisons, and was answered in the negative. What surprised him yet more, and gave him most pleasure, was the Palace of Science, in which he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, all full of mathematical and philosophical instruments.

After they had spent the whole afternoon in inspecting hardly the thousandth part of the town, they were conducted back to the King. Candid sat down to table with His Majesty, his servant Cacambo, and several ladies. Never was there better fare, never was more wit displayed at any supper-party than was shown by His Majesty. Cacambo interpreted the King's witticisms to Candid, and, in spite of passing through the medium of translation, they lost none of their point. Of all the things that filled Candid with surprise this did not astonish him least.

They passed a month in this haven of refuge, and Candid never ceased saying to Cacambo :

“To tell you the truth once more, my friend, the castle where I was born bears no comparison with the country where we are now; but after all Miss Cunegund is not here, and you, no doubt, have some sweetheart in Europe. If we stay here we shall be no better than others around us, whereas if we return to our own world with only a dozen sheep laden with the stones of El Dorado, we shall be richer than any king, or all put together; we shall no longer have to dread Inquisitors, and we shall be easily able to recover Miss Cunegund.”

This speech pleased Cacambo; people love so much to roam about, to make themselves important in the eyes of their countrymen, and to parade all that they have seen on their travels, that these two happy fellows determined to be so no longer, and to ask His Majesty for leave to depart.

“You are doing a foolish thing,” the Sovereign said to them; “I am well aware that my country is insignificant, but when one is tolerably well off anywhere, there one had best remain. I have assuredly no right to detain strangers, that would be an act of tyranny in accordance neither with our customs nor our laws. All men are free; depart when you will, but the way out is exceedingly difficult. It is impossible to reascend the rapid river on which you reached us by a miracle, and which runs under rocky tunnels. The mountains which surround my whole kingdom are ten thousand feet high, and as steep as if they were walls; each of them occupies a space of more than ten leagues across, and there is no descent from them except by precipices. However, since you are quite resolved to go, I will give orders to the managers of my machinery department to construct an engine which may be capable of carrying you over without inconvenience. After you have been conducted to the other side of the mountains, no one will be able to accompany you any further, for my subjects have made a vow never to pass beyond their rocky inclosure, and they are too wise to break their vow. Ask of me anything else you please.”

“We only ask Your Majesty,” said Cacambo, “for a few sheep laden with provisions, and the stones and clay of the country.”

The King answered with a smile:

“I cannot comprehend the taste which your people of Europe have for our yellow clay; but take away as much of it as you like, and great good may it do you!”

He immediately ordered his engineers to make a machine by which these two extraordinary men might be hoisted out of the kingdom. Three thousand skilful mechanicians set to work upon it; it was ready at the end of a fortnight, and did not cost more than twenty millions of pounds sterling, in the money of the country. Candid

and Cacambo were placed on the machine, together with two large red sheep saddled and bridled for them to mount when they should have crossed the mountains, twenty pack sheep laden with victuals, thirty which carried presents consisting of the rarest curiosities of the country, and fifty loaded with gold, diamonds, and other precious stones. The King tenderly embraced the two wanderers on bidding them farewell.

It was a fine sight to see them start, so ingenious was the manner in which they were made to rise into the air, and their sheep with them, as high as the mountains. The mechanics took leave of them after having placed them in safety, and Candid had now no other desire or object than to go and present his sheep to Miss Cunegund.

"We have," said he, "wherewithal to pay the Governor of Buenos Ayres, if Miss Cunegund may be redeemed. Let us travel toward Cayenne, and there embark, and we shall soon see what kingdom it will be in our power to purchase."

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT BEFELL THE TWO TRAVELLERS AT SURINAM, AND
HOW CANDID BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH MARTIN.

OUR two travellers found their first day's journey tolerably agreeable. They were encouraged by the idea of seeing themselves the possessors of greater treasures than Europe, Asia, and Africa could unite to furnish, and Candid, in a transport of delight, carved Cunegund's name upon the trees. On the second day two of their sheep sank into a quagmire and were swallowed up, together with their loads; two others died of exhaustion some days after-

wards; then seven or eight perished of hunger in passing through a desert tract; and at the end of a few days more others fell down precipices. At last, after a march of a hundred days, they had only two sheep left. Candid said to Cacambo:

“You see, my friend, how perishable are the riches of this world; there is nothing solid but virtue and the happiness of seeing Miss Cunegund again.”

“I cannot deny it,” said Cacambo; “but we still have two sheep left us, with treasures greater than the King of Spain will ever have; and I see plainly in the distance a town which I take to be Surinam,¹ belonging to the Dutch. We are at the end of our troubles and at the beginning of our happiness.”

As they drew near the town they came across a negro stretched at full length upon the ground, and only half clothed, that is to say, with nothing on but a pair of blue cotton drawers; this poor fellow had lost his left leg and his right hand.

“Good Heavens!” said Candid to him in Dutch; “what are you doing there, my friend, in that horrible state?”

“I am waiting for my master, Mr. Vanderdendur, the famous merchant,” replied the negro.

“Was it Mr. Vanderdendur who treated you like this?” asked Candid.

“Yes, sir,” answered the negro; “but that is nothing unusual. We have a pair of cotton drawers given us for our only dress twice a year. When we work at the sugar-refineries, and the mill catches one of our fingers, they cut off the hand; when we try to run away, they cut off a leg; both the one fate and the other has happened to me. This is the cost at which you eat sugar in Europe. And yet when my mother sold me for ten patacoons² on the Guinea

¹ Now generally called Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana.

² A Spanish coin nearly equivalent to an English crown.

Coast, she said to me: 'My dear child, bless our fetishes, worship them constantly, they will make you live happily; you have the honour of becoming the slave of our lords, the white men, and you thereby make the fortune of your father and mother.' Alas! I know not whether I have made their fortune, but certainly they have not made mine! The dogs, monkeys, and parrots are a thousand times less wretched than we are. The Dutch fetishes who have converted me tell me every Sunday that we are all the children of Adam, blacks and whites alike. I am no genealogist; but, if those preachers say what is true, we are all second cousins. In that case you must admit that relations could not be treated in a more horrible way."

"O Pangloss!" cried Candid, "you never conceived the possibility of such abominations; it is all over with your Optimism, I shall be obliged to renounce it after all."

"What is Optimism?" asked Cacambo.

"Alas!" replied Candid; "it is the mania for maintaining that all is right when everything is wrong;" and he could not help shedding tears, as he looked at the poor negro. It was in this frame of mind that he entered Surinam.

The first inquiry they made was whether there were any vessel in port which could be sent to Buenos Ayres. The person whom they addressed happened to be a Spanish skipper, who offered to strike an honest bargain with them, appointing a tavern at which to meet them; and thither went Candid and the faithful Cacambo, with their two sheep, to wait for him.

Candid, who wore his heart upon his lips, related all his adventures to the Spaniard, and confessed that he wanted to carry off Miss Cunegund.

"Then I shall take good care not to give you a passage to Buenos Ayres," said the skipper; "I should be ruined,

and so would you ; the fair Cunegund is my lord Governor's favourite mistress."

This piece of news fell like a thunderbolt on Candid, and he wept for a long time. At last he drew Cacambo aside, and said to him :

" Look here, my dear friend, this is what you must do. We have, each of us, in our pockets, about five or six millions of diamonds ; you are cleverer than I am, go to Buenos Ayres, and get possession of Miss Cunegund. If the Governor raises any difficulty, give him a million ; if he still holds out, double it. You have not killed an Inquisitor, and no one will suspect you. I will fit out another ship, sail to Venice, and await you there ; it is a free country, where one has nothing to fear from Bulgarians, or Abarians, or Jews, or Inquisitors."

Cacambo approved of this wise resolution. Though he was in despair at parting from so good a master, who had become his intimate friend, yet the pleasure of doing him a service overcame the pain of leaving him. As they embraced each other with tears, Candid charged him not to forget the good old dame. Cacambo took his departure the same day ; he was a very honest fellow, this Cacambo.

Candid remained some time longer at Surinam, waiting till another skipper would take him to Italy, together with the couple of sheep that were left him. He hired domestics, and bought all that was required for a long voyage. At last Mr. Vanderdendur, who was the master of a large vessel, came to call upon him.

" How much do you want," he asked this man, " for taking me straight to Venice,—me, my people, my baggage, and the two sheep which you see here ? "

The skipper consented to take ten thousand piastres,¹ and Candid closed with the offer without hesitation.

¹ A *piastre* has about the same value as the dollar of the United States, or four shillings in English money.

"Oh, ho!" said the crafty Vanderdendur to himself, "this stranger gives ten thousand piastres all at once! He must be very rich!"

Then, returning a moment later, he intimated that he could not yet set sail for less than twenty thousand.

"Ah! well, you shall have them," said Candid.

"Bless my soul!" said the trader softly to himself; "this fellow gives away twenty thousand piastres as easily as ten thousand."

He came back again, and said that he could not possibly take him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piastres.

"You shall have thirty thousand, then," answered Candid.

"Hullo!" said the Dutchman to himself once more; "thirty thousand piastres are nothing to this fellow here; no doubt his two sheep carry immense treasures. However, I will not press him for any more, but make him in the first place pay down the thirty thousand piastres, and then we shall see what is to be done next."

Candid sold two little diamonds, the smaller one of which was worth more than all the money that the skipper asked. He paid him beforehand. The two sheep were taken on board, and Candid followed in a small boat to join the vessel at anchor in the roads. The skipper seizes his opportunity, spreads sail, and leaves his moorings before a favourable wind. Candid, dismayed and dumb-founded, soon lost sight of the ship.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, "this is a piece of knavery worthy of the old world."

He returned to shore, overwhelmed with sorrow, for in one moment he had lost wealth enough to make the fortune of twenty monarchs.

He betook himself to the house of the Dutch magistrate, and, being somewhat agitated, knocked violently at the door. When he was admitted, he raised his voice a

little higher than was quite becoming, as he described the manner in which he had been cheated. The magistrate began by making him pay ten thousand piastres for having made so much noise; then he heard him out patiently, promised to examine his case as soon as the merchant should return, and ordered Candid to pay ten thousand piastres more as the price of the audience.

This proceeding added the finishing stroke to Candid's despair; he had indeed experienced misfortunes a thousand times more painful; but the cool behaviour alike of the magistrate and of the captain by whom he had been robbed stirred up his bile, and plunged him in the blackest melancholy. The wickedness of men presented itself to his mind in all its hideousness, and he harboured none but the most gloomy thoughts. At length, a French vessel being on the point of sailing for Bordeaux, as he had no longer any sheep laden with diamonds to put on board, he engaged a cabin at a fair rate, and gave it out in the town that he was willing to pay for the passage and food of any honest man who would accompany him on the voyage, and would give him two thousand piastres besides, provided that this man was the most disgusted with his condition and the most unfortunate in the whole province.

Thereupon such a crowd of applicants presented themselves that a fleet would not have been able to contain them. Candid, wishing to choose among those who were likely to suit him, picked out twenty persons who seemed to him of a sociable disposition, all of whom claimed to deserve the preference. He collected them together at his inn and gave them a supper, on condition that each of them should take an oath to relate his own history faithfully, promising to select that one who should appear to him in the most pitiable case and the most justly discontented with his lot, and to give each of the others something by way of consolation.

The meeting lasted till four o'clock in the morning. Candid, as he listened to all their adventures, recalled what the old woman had said to him on the voyage to Buenos Ayres, and the wager she had laid that there was no one on board the vessel to whom serious misfortunes had not happened. Every story that was related made him think, too, of Pangloss.

"The learned doctor would be sadly puzzled," said he, "to make good his system. I wish he were here. Assuredly, if all goes on well anywhere, it is in El Dorado, and nowhere else on earth."

At last he decided in favour of a poor scholar who had toiled ten years for the booksellers at Amsterdam, being convinced that there was no trade in the world with which one could have greater reason to be disgusted.

The scholar, who was moreover a worthy man, had been robbed by his wife, beaten by his son, and deserted by his daughter, who had run away with a Portuguese. He had just been deprived of a petty employment, on which he depended for a livelihood; and the preachers of Surinam persecuted him, because they took him for a Socinian. It must be owned that the other competitors were, to say the least, as unfortunate as he, but Candid hoped that the society of this learned man would relieve the monotony of the voyage. All his defeated rivals thought that Candid did them great injustice; but he appeased their wrath by presenting each of them with a hundred piastres.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDID AND MARTIN WHILST AT
SEA.

THE old scholar then, whose name was Martin, embarked with Candid for Bordeaux. Both of them had seen and suffered much, and, even if the vessel had been bound for Japan past the Cape of Good Hope, they would have had plenty of material for discussing the topic of physical and moral evil during the whole voyage.

Candid, however, had a great advantage over Martin, for he still hoped to see Miss Cunegund again, whereas Martin had nothing whatever to hope for; Candid, moreover, had gold and diamonds, and, though he had lost a hundred large red sheep, laden with the greatest treasures on earth, though he could never banish from his mind the painful remembrance of the Dutch skipper and his trickery, still, when he thought of what he had left in his pockets, and whenever he spoke of Cunegund, especially after a good meal, he was inclined to agree with the views of Pangloss.

“And you now, Mr. Martin,” said he to the man of letters, “what is your opinion touching moral and physical evil?”

“Sir,” replied Martin, “our clergy have accused me of being a Socinian, but the fact of the matter is that I am a Manichean.”

“You are jesting with me,” said Candid; “there are no Manicheans in the world nowadays.”

“There is myself, at any rate,” said Martin; “I do not know how to help it, for I cannot think otherwise.”

“You must have the devil inside you,” said Candid.

“He mixes himself up so much with the affairs of this world,” answered Martin, “that I should not wonder if he were inside my body as well as everywhere else; and I confess that on casting my eyes over this globe, or I should rather say this globule, it seems to me that God has given it over to some malignant being,—El Dorado always excepted. I have scarcely seen a single town which did not desire the destruction of its nearest neighbour, scarcely a family which did not wish to exterminate some other. Everywhere the weak curse the strong before whom they crawl, and are themselves treated like sheep,—bought and sold for their wool and for their flesh. A million assassins enrolled in regiments, marching from one end of Europe to the other, commit, under discipline, licensed murder and robbery to gain their daily bread, since no profession is held in higher honour; and even in those cities which appear to enjoy peace, and where the arts flourish, the inhabitants are more harassed by envy, anxiety, and alarm than by all the plagues to which a besieged city is exposed. Secret vexations are ever harder to bear than public calamities. In a word, I have seen and experienced so many of them myself, that I am a Manichean.”

“And yet there is surely some good in life,” said Candid.

“It may be so,” replied Martin, “but I am not acquainted with any.”

Whilst they were in the midst of this dispute, the report of cannon was heard, and the noise of firing grew louder every moment. Each of them seized his spy-glass, and perceived two ships engaged at close quarters about three miles off. The wind brought them both so near the French vessel, that all on board had the pleasure of witnessing the conflict at their ease. At last one of the two ships discharged at the other a broadside so low and well directed, that it sent it to the bottom. Candid and Martin distinctly perceived at least a hundred men on the deck of

the sinking craft, who lifted up their hands to heaven, and uttered fearful cries ; in a moment they were swallowed up, ship and all.

“ See,” said Martin, “ that is how men treat one another.”

“ Truly,” said Candid, “ there is something diabolical in this affair.”

As he was speaking, he caught sight of a strange object, of a bright red colour, swimming near their vessel. The long boat was lowered to see what it might be. It proved to be one of his sheep, and Candid felt more joyful at recovering this sheep than he had been afflicted at losing a hundred of them, all laden with big diamonds from El Dorado.

The French captain soon perceived that the commander of the victorious vessel was a Spaniard, and learned that the captain of the vessel which had been sunk was a Dutch pirate ; in fact he was no other than the man who had robbed Candid. The immense treasures which the rascal had seized were buried with him in the sea, only a single sheep being saved.

“ You see,” said Candid to Martin, “ that crime is sometimes punished ; that rogue of a Dutch skipper has met with the fate which he deserved.”

“ Yes,” answered Martin, “ but was it necessary that the passengers who were on board his vessel should perish also ? God has punished this scoundrel, the devil has drowned the others.”

Meanwhile the French and Spanish vessels continued on their course, and Candid continued his conversations with Martin. They disputed for a whole fortnight together, and, at the end of that time, they were no nearer an agreement than at first ; but for all that, they talked away, interchanged ideas, and administered mutual consolation. Candid caressed his sheep :

"Since I have found you again," said he, "it may well come to pass that I shall find Miss Cunegund again also."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DISCUSSION THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN CANDID AND MARTIN AS THEY APPROACHED THE COAST OF FRANCE.

AT length the French coast came into view. "Have you ever been in France, Mr. Martin?" asked Candid.

"Yes," said Martin, "I have passed through several provinces; there are some where half the inhabitants are crazy, some where they are too sharp, others where they are for the most part as stupid as they are good-natured, others again where they affect to be witty, and in all alike the main occupation is love, the next in importance slander, and the third talking nonsense."

"But, Mr. Martin, have you seen Paris?"

"Oh yes, I have seen Paris, and a strange medley it is of all those classes I have mentioned. It is a confused chaos, in which everyone is in search of pleasure, and hardly anyone finds it, at least so far as I have observed. I did not stay there long. On my arrival I was robbed of all I possessed by pickpockets at the fair of St. Germain. I was taken for a thief myself, and spent a week in prison. Afterwards I got employment as a corrector of the press, so as to earn enough to take me back to Holland on foot. I made acquaintance with the rabble who write, the rabble who deal in plots and conspiracies, and the rabble who go

into convulsions.¹ They say there are some people of the highest polish in that city. I am quite willing to believe it."

"For my part," said Candid, "I feel no curiosity to visit France; you may easily suppose that after having spent a month in El Dorado, I no longer concern myself about seeing anything on earth except Miss Cunegund. I am going to await her arrival at Venice, and shall pass through France in order to reach Italy. You will bear me company, will you not?"

"Most willingly," said Martin. "I have heard it said that Venice is not a good place of residence for any but Venetian noblemen, but that strangers are nevertheless received very well there, when they have plenty of money. You have some of that commodity, though I have none, so I will follow you anywhere you like."

"By the bye," said Candid, "are you of opinion that the earth was originally all sea, as that big book assures us which belongs to the captain of our vessel?"

"I know nothing at all about it," said Martin, "any more than I do about all the idle dreams that have been retailed to us for ever so long."

"For what purpose was the world made, do you suppose?" asked Candid.

"To drive us wild," answered Martin.

"Are you not very much astonished," continued Candid, "at the affection shown by those two girls, in the country of the Orellians, for the two monkeys, about which I told you?"

¹ The "convulsionnaires" were a more or less crazy sect of Jansenists, who began to attract attention about 1730. They obtained that name from the extraordinary contortions which accompanied their ravings around the tomb of a certain Francis of Paris, which Voltaire declared to be the grave of Jansenism, owing to the contempt into which it fell in consequence of these fanatical excesses. See note on p. 16.

"Not in the least," said Martin; "I do not see anything particularly strange in that passion. I have seen so many extraordinary things, that nothing seems extraordinary to me now."

"Do you believe," said Candid, "that mankind have always murdered each other as they do at the present day? Have they always been liars, cheats, traitors, ungrateful wretches, and robbers; weak, fickle, lazy, and envious; gluttons and drunkards; avaricious, ambitious, and blood-thirsty; slanderers, libertines, fanatics, hypocrites, and fools?"

"Do you believe," responded Martin, "that hawks have always devoured pigeons, whenever they met with them?"

"Yes, no doubt," said Candid.

"Well," said Martin, "if hawks have always had the same nature, why will you have it that men have changed theirs?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Candid, "there is a great deal of difference between the two cases; for free will——" And arguing thus, they arrived at Bordeaux.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT BEFELL CANDID AND MARTIN IN FRANCE.

CANDID stayed at Bordeaux only so long as was necessary to sell a few of the stones from El Dorado, and to provide himself with a good post-chaise which would seat two persons; for he could no longer do without his philosopher Martin. He found it hard enough to part from his sheep, which he left at the Academy of Science at Bordeaux. This learned body proposed as the prize subject for the year to find out why the wool of this sheep

was red; and the prize was awarded to a professor from the north, who demonstrated by $A \text{ plus } B \text{ minus } C \text{ divided by } Z$, that the sheep could not be of any other colour than red, and was bound to die of the rot.

Meanwhile all the travellers whom Candid encountered in the various inns on the road told him that they were on their way to Paris. This general eagerness at last inspired even him with a longing to see that capital; it would not take him much out of the direct route to Venice.

He entered Paris by the suburb of Saint Marceau,¹ and fancied he was in one of the meanest villages of Westphalia.

Scarcely had Candid reached his quarters, when he was seized with a slight indisposition, brought on by fatigue. As he was wearing on his finger an enormous diamond, and an uncommonly heavy strong box had been seen among his effects, he immediately found a couple of physicians at his elbows, without having been sent for, together with a few devoted friends who never quitted him for a moment, and two pious ladies who warmed his broth for him. Said Martin:

“I remember that I too fell ill here at Paris on my first visit; I was very poor; moreover I had neither friends, nor pious ladies, nor physicians,—and I recovered.”

Candid's disorder, however, in consequence of his being dosed and bled unmercifully, became serious. A priest attached to a church in the neighbourhood came with an insinuating manner, and asked him for a bill payable to bearer for the other world.² Candid would have nothing to do with him. The pious ladies assured him that it was the latest fashion. Candid replied that he did not pretend to be a man of fashion. Martin wanted to throw the fellow out of the window. The clergyman swore that Candid

¹ See note on p. 6.

² See additional note on p. 342.

should not have Christian burial. Martin swore that he would bury the clergyman, if he continued to pester them. The quarrel waxed warm, till Martin took him by the shoulders, and roughly turned him out of the house, a proceeding that caused a great scandal, and resulted in an action-at-law.

At length Candid began to grow better ; and during his convalescence he entertained some very good company to supper. They played high. Candid was much astonished that he never found any aces in his hand ; Martin was not surprised at it.

Among those who did the honours of the town there was a little abbé from Périgord, one of those obliging people, always on the alert, always ready to do one a service, never abashed, fawning and accommodating, who lie in wait for strangers, gratify their ears with the latest scandal, and offer to provide them with pleasures at all prices. This gentleman took Candid and Martin first of all to the principal theatre, where a new tragedy was being acted. Candid found himself seated among some men of wit, but that did not prevent him from shedding tears at scenes which were admirably performed. One of the critics at his side said to him during an interval between the acts :

“ You are quite wrong in weeping ; that actress plays very badly, the man who acts with her plays still worse, the piece is even worse than the performers ; the author does not know a word of Arabic, yet the scene is laid in Arabia, and, moreover, he is a man who does not believe in innate ideas ; I will show you to-morrow a score of pamphlets that have been written against him.”

“ Sir,” said Candid, to the Abbé, “ how many dramas have you in France ? ”

“ Five or six thousand,” was his reply.

“ That is a large number,” said Candid ; “ and how many of those are really good ? ”

"Fifteen or sixteen," answered the other.

"That is a large number," said Martin.

Candid was much delighted with an actress who took the part of Queen Elizabeth in a tolerably dull tragedy which is sometimes put upon the boards.¹

"This actress," said he to Martin, "pleases me much; she has a slight resemblance to Miss Cunegund, and I should be very glad to pay her my compliments."

The Périgord Abbé offered to introduce him to her at her own house. Candid, brought up as he had been in Germany, asked what were the proper formalities to be observed, and how queens of England were treated in France.

"That depends upon circumstances," said the Abbé; "in the country we take them to a tavern; at Paris we pay them every respect when they are good-looking, and throw them into the common sewer when they are dead."

"What! Queens thrown into a sewer!" exclaimed Candid.

"Yes, indeed," said Martin, "the gentleman is right; I was at Paris when Mademoiselle Monime² made her exit, as one may say, from this world into the next; she was refused what these people call *the honours of sepulture*, that is to say, the privilege of rotting with all the beggars of the district in some dismal graveyard; she was buried all alone by her company at the corner of the *rue de Bourgogne*,³ a treatment which might well cause her acute pain, for her mind was ever noble and generous."

"That was exceedingly impolite," said Candid.

¹ This may have been Corneille's tragedy *Le Comte d'Essex*.

² "Monime" is the name of the heroine in Racine's tragedy of "Mithridate."

³ Such was the fate of Adrienne Lecouvreur, the most famous tragic actress of her time. Voltaire's beautiful verses on her death are well rendered into English by Sir Edward Hamley, in his

"What could you expect?" said Martin; "it is the way these people here are constituted. Imagine all possible contradictions and incompatibilities; you will see them all in the government, in the courts of justice, in the churches, and in the public spectacles of this most ridiculous nation."

"Is it true that people are always laughing in Paris?" asked Candid.

"Yes," said the Abbé, "but it is with rage in their hearts; for their bitterest complaints are uttered in bursts of laughter; they even smile blandly when they commit the most detestable actions."

"Who was that fellow, as fat as a pig," said Candid, "who spoke so disparagingly to me of the play which affected me so much, and of the actors who afforded me so much pleasure?"

"He is an ill-natured scribbler," answered the Abbé, "who earns his living by abusing all the last new books and plays; he hates anyone who is successful, just as eunuchs hate those who are more capable than themselves; he is one of those literary vipers who batten on slime and poison; in a word, he is a pamphleteer."

"And what do you mean by a pamphleteer?" asked Candid.

"A penny-a-liner," said the Abbé, "a Fréron."¹

It was thus that Candid, Martin, and the Périgord Abbé

volume on "Voltaire" in the series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers":

"Henceforth that bank of Seine is holy ground;
The spot where thy rejected dust finds room,
By thy shade hallowed, in our verse renowned,
Is more a temple than a tomb."

¹ Jean Fréron, editor of the weekly journal "L'année Littéraire," was, after the death of Desfontaine, Voltaire's most hostile critic.

conversed at the head of the staircase, as they watched the audience trooping out of the theatre.

"Although I am very anxious to see Miss Cunegund again," said Candid, "I should nevertheless like to sup with Mademoiselle Clairon, for she seemed to me an admirable actress."

Now the Abbé was not a man who could venture to visit Mademoiselle Clairon, who was very select in the company she kept. So he said :

"She is engaged this evening, but let me have the honour of taking you to the house of a lady of high position, where you may become as well acquainted with Paris as if you had lived here four or five years."

Candid, whose disposition was not deficient in curiosity, allowed himself to be conducted to the lady's house, which was at the further end of the suburb of Saint Honoré. There he found a party playing at *faro* ; a dozen punters sat with melancholy air, each of them holding a small hand of cards, which, with corners turned down, registered their bad luck. Profound silence reigned, pallor sat on the faces of the punters, uneasiness on that of the banker ; and the lady of the house, seated near that inexorable functionary, took notice, with lynx-like eyes, of all doubling of the stakes, and all the other hazardous ventures with which each player turned down his cards ; she made them turn them up with rigorous but polite insistence, and never showed any displeasure for fear of losing her customers. The lady called herself the Marchioness of Parolignac. Her daughter, some fifteen years of age, was one of the punters, and intimated to her mother by a wink any cheating on the part of those poor creatures who might thus try to repair the severities of fortune. When the Périgord Abbé entered with Candid and Martin, no one rose to salute them, nor took any notice of them, all were so deeply engrossed with their cards.

"My lady, the Baroness of Thundertentrunk, was more civil," said Candid.

The Abbé, however, whispered a word or two into the lady's ear, and, half rising from her seat, she favoured Candid with a gracious smile, and Martin with a dignified inclination of the head. She bade an attendant bring Candid a chair, and he was included in the next deal. Before the end of the second round he had lost fifty thousand francs, after which they had a very merry supper, and everyone was astonished that Candid bore his ill luck so lightly; the lackeys said among themselves in their own phraseology:

"He must be some *milord Anglais*!"

The supper, as suppers are wont to be at Paris, was begun in solemn silence, then came a confused babble of words, jokes followed more or less insipid, fictitious news, illogical arguments, with a spice of politics and a large infusion of scandal; the last new books also were passed under review,

"Have you seen," said the Abbé of Périgord, "the romance written by Dr. Gauchat, the eminent divine?"

"Yes," answered one of the guests; "but I could not finish it. We have a swarm of impertinent writers nowadays, but all the rest put together do not come within measurable distance of your eminent divine, Dr. Gauchat.¹ I have been so surfeited with the endless succession of worthless books with which we are flooded, that I am reduced to punting at faro as a distraction."

"And what do you think of Archdeacon Trublet's miscellanies?" said the Abbé.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Marchioness of Parolignac; "what a dreadful bore he is! What pains he takes to

¹ Author of "Letters on some Writers of the Day," which had far greater popularity than they deserved.

tell you what everybody knows! How laboriously he discusses what is not worth even a passing remark! How inaptly he appropriates the wit of others! How he spoils whatever he pilfers! I am perfectly sick of him! But he shall disgust me no more; it is quite enough to read two or three pages of the archdeacon."

There was sitting at table a man of taste and learning, who supported what the Marchioness had said. The conversation then turned on the drama, and the lady asked how it was that there were some tragedies which had a short run when acted, but which would not bear reading. The man of taste explained very well how a play might have some points of interest, and yet be destitute of almost any real merit. He convinced them in a few words that it is not enough to introduce one or two of those situations which are found in all romances and never fail to charm the spectators; that it is necessary to be original without being eccentric, often sublime but always natural; to know the human heart and how to express its feelings; to be a true poet without any personage in the piece appearing in that character; to have perfect mastery over language, so as to speak it with purity and un-failing harmony, but without any sacrifice of sense to sound.

"Unless an author," added he, "observes all these rules, he may compose one or two tragedies applauded on the stage, but he will never be ranked among classical writers. There are very few good tragedies; some are idylls in dialogue, well written and in faultless rhyme; and there are political disquisitions that send one to sleep, or amplifications that irritate and disgust; others again are the ravings of a lunatic, in a barbarous idiom, with disjointed sentences, long apostrophes to the gods,—because that is easier than to talk to men,—maxims of false morality, and bombastic commonplaces."

Candid listened to these remarks with great attention, and conceived a high opinion of the speaker; and as the Marchioness had been careful to seat him beside herself, he took the liberty of whispering into her ear an inquiry as to who that man might be who spoke so well.

“He is a scholar,” said the lady, “whom, though he does not play at cards, the Abbé brings in here sometimes to supper; he has a thorough knowledge of books and plays; he has written a tragedy himself, which was hissed off the boards, and a book which has never been seen outside his publisher’s shop, except a copy that he sent with a dedication to me.”

“What a great man!” said Candid; “he is a second Pangloss.”

Then turning towards him he said:

“Sir, you are doubtless of opinion that all is for the best in the physical and in the moral world, and that nothing could be otherwise than it is?”

“I, sir?” replied the man of letters; “that is certainly not my opinion: I find that everything goes contrary with us; that nobody knows his proper rank, nor what are its requirements, neither what he is doing, nor what he ought to do, and except supper time, which passes pleasantly enough and with every appearance of harmony, all the rest of the day is taken up with senseless quarrels,—Jan-senists against Molinists, lawyers against Churchmen, men of letters against men of letters, courtiers against courtiers, farmers of the revenue against the people, wives against husbands, kinsfolk against kinsfolk,—it is all a state of perpetual warfare.”

Candid replied:

“I have seen a worse state of affairs than that; but a sage, who has since had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that all is admirably arranged; these things are but shadows in a beautiful picture.”

“Your friend who was hanged,” said Martin, “must have been mocking the world’s misery; the shadows of which you speak are horrible blots.”

“It is men who make the blots,” said Candid, “and they cannot act otherwise than they do.”

“It is no fault of theirs, then,” said Martin.

The greater part of the punters, who did not comprehend a word of all this, went on drinking, while Martin entered upon a discussion with the man of letters, and Candid related some of his adventures to the lady of the house.

After supper the Marchioness invited Candid into her closet, and made him sit on a sofa.

“Well,” said she, “and are you still then as desperately in love with Miss Cunegund of Thundertentrunk as ever?”

“Yes, madam,” said Candid.

The Marchioness responded with a tender smile:

“You answer me like a young man of Westphalia; a Frenchman would have said: ‘It is true that I once loved Miss Cunegund, but, seeing you, madam, I fear I can love her no longer.’”

“Pardon me! madam,” said Candid, “I will return you what answer you will.”

“Your passion for her,” said the Marchioness, “began, as I understand, by your picking up her handkerchief; I should like you to pick up my garter.”

“With the greatest pleasure,” said Candid, and suited the action to the word.

“But I wish you to tie it on again,” added the lady; and Candid restored it to its place.

“Look, my friend,” said she, “although you are a stranger, and I sometimes make my Parisian admirers languish for me as long as a fortnight, yet I surrender to you the first night I see you, because it is only right and

proper to do the honours of one's country to a young man from Westphalia."

The fair enchantress, having caught sight of two enormous diamonds on the young stranger's hands, praised them so sincerely, that from Candid's fingers they passed on to those of the Marchioness.

As Candid returned home with his friend the Périgord Abbé, he felt some remorse at having been guilty of infidelity to Miss Cunegund. The Abbé sympathised with his uneasiness. He had come in for only a small share in the fifty thousand francs which Candid had lost at play, and in the value of the two brilliants, which may be said to have been half given, half extorted; and his purpose was to make as much profit as he could out of the advantages afforded him by his acquaintance with Candid. He talked much to him of Cunegund, and Candid told him that he would earnestly entreat pardon from the fair one for his faithlessness, when he should see her at Venice.

The Abbé was more profuse than ever in his polite attentions, and took a tender interest in all that Candid said, or did, or wanted to do.¹

"You have then, sir," said he, "an appointment at Venice?"

¹ The whole of the preceding passage, from "'Sir,' said Candid to the Abbé, 'how many dramas have you in France?'" (p. 294), was substituted in the edition of 1761 for the following short one in the first edition:

"'Sir,' said the Périgord Abbé, 'did you notice that young wench, with such a tempting face and such a fine figure? She will not cost you more than a thousand francs a month, and fifty thousand crowns in diamonds.'

"'I have only a day or two more at my disposal,' answered Candid, 'for I have a pressing appointment at Venice.'

"That evening, after supper, the insinuating Abbé was more profuse than ever in his polite attentions."

"Yes, my good sir," said Candid ; "it is absolutely necessary that I should go and find Miss Cunegund."

Then, unable to resist the pleasure of speaking about the object of his affection, he related, as he had so often done before, some of his adventures with that illustrious Westphalian damsel.

"I imagine," said the Abbé, "that Miss Cunegund has plenty of native wit, and writes delightful letters."

"I have never received one," said Candid ; "for, as you may suppose, just after having been kicked out of the castle for making love to her, I had no opportunity of writing, and soon afterwards I heard that she was dead ; then I found her again, lost her once more, and lastly I have despatched an express messenger to her at a place two thousand four hundred leagues from this, whose answer I am now awaiting."

The Abbé listened attentively, and seemed somewhat absorbed in thought. He soon took leave of his two companions, after having embraced them tenderly. On awaking next morning Candid found a letter expressed in the following terms :

"My honoured sir and most dear lover, I have been laid up with illness for more than a week in this city, where I learn that you also are staying. I would fly to your arms, if only I could move. I heard of your journey hither when I was at Bordeaux, where I left the faithful Cacambo and the old woman, who are to follow me shortly. The Governor of Buenos Ayres has taken everything from me except your heart, which I still retain. Come ; your presence will either restore me to life, or else make me die of gladness."

While this charming, this unhopèd for letter transported Candid with unutterable joy, the illness of his beloved Cunegund overwhelmed him with grief. Divided between these two conflicting feelings, he took with him his gold

and his diamonds, and drove with Martin to the house where Miss Cunegund was lodging. He entered, trembling with emotion; his heart beat fast, and his voice was choked with sobs. He would fain have drawn aside the bed-curtains, and had a light brought in; but the female in attendance told him to be careful not to do so, for the light would certainly kill her, and she closed the curtain again immediately.

"My dear Cunegund," said Candid, weeping, "tell me how you are? If you may not see me, at least speak to me."

"She cannot speak," said the attendant.

The lady hereupon put a plump hand out of bed, which Candid bathed with tears for a long time, and afterwards filled with diamonds, leaving a purse full of gold on the arm-chair.

In the midst of his distracting grief an officer of police with some of his men arrived, accompanied by the Périgord Abbé.

"There," said the latter, "are the two suspected foreigners!"

He had them forthwith arrested, and the officer ordered his brave fellows to drag them off to prison.

"This is not the way in which travellers are treated in El Dorado," said Candid.

"I am more of a Manichean now than ever," said Martin.

"But whither, sir, are you conducting us?" asked Candid.

"To the black hole of a dungeon," replied the officer.

Martin, on recovering his coolness, decided that the lady who pretended to be Cunegund was a cheat, that the Périgord Abbé was a knave, who had lost no time in abusing Candid's simplicity, and that the police officer was another of the same kidney, of whom it would be easy to get rid.

Rather than expose himself to judicial proceedings, Candid, enlightened by his companion's counsel, and eager moreover to see once more the real Cunegund, offered the sergeant three small diamonds, worth about three thousand pistoles¹ apiece.

"Oh! sir," said the man of the ivory-headed staff, "had you committed all the crimes that can be imagined, you would yet be the most honest man in the world for me. Three diamonds! each of them worth three thousand pistoles! Sir, I would gladly die to defend you, instead of carrying you off to prison. All foreigners are subject to arrest, but leave the matter in my hands; I have a brother at Dieppe in Normandy; I will conduct you thither, and, if you happen to have a diamond that you could give him, he will take as good care of you as I could myself."

"But why are all foreigners subject to arrest?" said Candid.

The Périgord Abbé here put in his word, and said:

"It is because a poor beggar of the province of Artois² heard some idle words spoken, by which and nothing else he was instigated to commit a parricide, not such as that of the month of May 1610,³ but like that of December 1594,⁴ and like many others committed in other months of other years by other poor beggars, who heard people give vent to idle words."

The police officer then explained the matters thus hinted at, and Candid exclaimed:

¹ A pistole is about sixteen shillings in value.

² Robert François Damiens, who attempted to assassinate Louis XV. on January 5th, 1757, was a native of the province of Artois.

³ The date of the assassination of Henry IV. by Ravaillac was May 14th, 1610.

⁴ Jean Châtel tried to assassinate Henri IV. on December 27th, 1594. This attempt, like that of Damiens on Louis XV., was attributed to the influence of the Jesuits.

“Ah! what monsters! Can such horrors be found among a people who dance and sing? Shall I not quit as soon as I can this country where apes provoke tigers? I have seen bears in my own land; men I have seen only in El Dorado. In the name of Heaven, Mr. Constable, take me to Venice, where I am to wait for Miss Cunegund.”

“I can only conduct you into Lower Normandy,” said the officer.

He instantly caused his fetters to be removed, saying that he had been mistaken, sent back his men, escorted Candid and Martin to Dieppe, and left them in his brother's charge. There happened to be a small Dutch vessel in the roads, and the Norman, who had been rendered the most obliging of men by the aid of three other diamonds, placed Candid and his attendants on board this ship, which was about to set sail for Portsmouth in England. This was not the way to Venice, it is true, but Candid thought it was a deliverance out of hell, and he intended to resume his journey to Venice on the first opportunity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CANDID AND MARTIN ARRIVE ON THE ENGLISH COAST:

WHAT THEY SEE THERE.

“**A**H! Pangloss, Pangloss! Ah! Martin, Martin! Ah! my dear Cunegund! What kind of a world is this?” said Candid, when he was safely on board the Dutch vessel.

“Something very mad, and altogether abominable,” answered Martin.

“You are acquainted with England. Are the people there as mad as in France?”

"Theirs is another sort of madness," said Martin. "You know that the two nations are at war about some acres of snow in the neighbourhood of Canada, and that they spend in that war far more than all Canada is worth. To tell you precisely whether there are more people who ought to be shut up as lunatics in one country than in another is beyond my feeble capacity; I only know that, as a general rule, the people whom we are about to visit are exceedingly morose."

While conversing thus, they came in sight of Portsmouth; a multitude of people lined the shore, and had their gaze fixed attentively on a stout man, who was kneeling, with eyes blindfolded, on the deck of one of the men-of-war; four soldiers, stationed opposite this man, discharged three bullets each into his skull, in the calmest manner possible; and then all the crowd returned home, very well satisfied with what they had seen.¹

"What now is the meaning of all this?" said Candid, "and what demon exerts dominion everywhere?"

In answer to his inquiry who that stout man was who had just been put to death with so much ceremony, he was told that he was an admiral.

"And why do they kill an admiral?"

"Because," said his informants, "he has not caused enough people to be slaughtered; he gave battle to a French admiral, and it has been found that he did not come to sufficiently close quarters."

"But," said Candid, "the French admiral must have been as far from the English admiral, as he from the other!"

"That cannot be disputed," was the reply; "but in this country it is thought a good thing to kill an admiral from

¹ Admiral John Byng was executed on board "The Monarch," at Portsmouth, March 14th, 1757. Voltaire, out of motives of humanity, had made personal efforts to procure his acquittal.

time to time in order to put some courage into the others."

Candid was so astounded and shocked at what he both saw and heard, that he had no wish so much as to set foot on land, and made a bargain with the Dutch skipper (though he might rob him like his compatriot of Surinam) to carry him without delay to Venice.

The skipper was ready in a couple of days. They sailed along the coast of France; they came within sight of Lisbon, and Candid shuddered; they passed through the straits, and entered the Mediterranean; at last they reached Venice.

"Heaven be praised!" said Candid, embracing Martin; "it is here that I shall see my fair Cunegund again. I can rely on Cacambo as on myself. All is well, everything goes right, nothing could possibly be better."

CHAPTER XXIV.

TREATS OF PAQUETTE AND BROTHER GIROFLÉE.

AS soon as Candid was at Venice he instituted a search for Cacambo in all the taverns and coffee houses, and amongst all the women of pleasure, but he could not be found. He sent every day to reconnoitre all the newly arrived vessels; still no tidings of Cacambo.

"What is this?" said he to Martin; "I have had time to go from Surinam to Bordeaux, from Bordeaux to Paris, from Paris to Dieppe, from Dieppe to Portsmouth, to sail along the coasts of Portugal and Spain, to traverse the Mediterranean, and to pass some months at Venice; but the fair Cunegund is not yet arrived. In her place I have met only a ridiculous counterfeited and a Perigord abbé!

Cunegund is doubtless dead, and there is nothing left for me to do but to die also. Alas ! It would have been far better to have remained in the paradise of El Dorado, instead of returning to this accursed Europe. You are perfectly right, my dear Martin, there is nothing but disappointments and calamity."

He fell into a melancholy of the deepest dye, and took no interest either in the operas then in vogue, or in any other of the amusements of the Carnival ; there was not a pretty face or figure that offered him the slightest temptation. Martin said to him :

" You are really very simple if you imagine for a moment that a mongrel valet, with five or six millions in his pockets, would go to the ends of the earth in search of your sweetheart, in order to bring her to you at Venice. He will take her for himself, if he finds her ; if he cannot find her, he will take some other charmer. I advise you to forget your servant Cacambo and your mistress Cunegund."

Martin was not a good hand at giving consolation ; Candid's melancholy grew worse, and Martin never ceased proving to him that there was little virtue or happiness on earth, except perhaps in El Dorado, to which nobody could go.

Whilst they were still discussing this important topic and waiting for Cunegund, Candid observed a young Theatine friar¹ in the piazza of St. Mark, with a wench hanging on his arm. The friar looked fresh complexioned, plump, and vigorous ; his eyes were bright, he carried his head high, and stepped along with a proud and confident air. The girl, who was very pretty, was singing and casting amorous glances at her friar, while from time to time she pinched his fat cheeks.

¹ The Theatines are a religious brotherhood now confined to Italy, founded in 1524. Their first Superior was one of the four founders of the order, Caraffa, bishop of Theate (Chieti), hence their name.

"You will at least allow," said Candid to Martin, "that this couple are happy. Up to the present time, throughout all the habitable globe, I have found only unfortunate wretches, except in El Derado; but as for this wench and her Theatine friar, I warrant you they are happy enough."

"I will wager they are not," returned Martin.

"We have only to ask them to dine with us," said Candid, "and you will see whether I am mistaken."

He accosted them there and then, and after having paid them his compliments, invited them to his inn to eat maccaroni, Lombardy partridges, and sturgeons' roe, and to drink the wine of Multepulciano, lachryma Christi, and the vintage of Cyprus and Samos. The damsel blushed, the friar accepted the invitation, and the girl, as she followed him, regarded Candid with eyes in which surprise and confusion were mingled with tears which made them dim. Scarcely had she entered Candid's apartment, when she said to him:

"What! Does Mr. Candid no longer recognise Paquette?"

At these words Candid, who had not hitherto noticed her with any particular attention, because his thoughts had been occupied with nothing but Cunegund, replied:

"Ah! my poor child, was it you then who reduced Dr. Pangloss to the fine condition in which I saw him?"

"Alas! sir, it was I indeed," said Paquette; "I see that you have been informed of everything. I have heard of the terrible misfortunes which have overtaken the whole household of my lady the Baroness, and especially the fair Cunegund, but I solemnly assure you my fate has been hardly less wretched than hers. I was innocence itself when you saw me first, but a Franciscan friar, who was my confessor, seduced me without much difficulty. The consequences were frightful, and I was obliged to quit the castle some time after my lord Baron had sent you

off with some hearty kicks on your hinder quarters. If a celebrated physician had not taken compassion on me, I should have lost my life. I remained his mistress for some time out of gratitude, but his wife, who was mad with jealousy, beat me unmercifully every day; she was a perfect fury. The doctor was the ugliest man that ever was seen, and I was the most unfortunate of women to be continually beaten for a man whom I did not love. You know, sir, how dangerous it is for a cross-grained female to be the wife of a physician. The husband, driven out of all patience by his wife's proceedings, gave her one day, to cure her of a slight cold, a medicine so efficacious, that she died in dreadful convulsions before two hours were over. The lady's relations instituted a criminal prosecution against the gentleman; he betook himself to flight, and, as for me, I was thrown into prison. My innocence would not have saved me, if it had not been for my good looks. The judge set me at liberty on the condition that he should succeed the doctor, but I was soon supplanted by a rival, cast out of doors without any compensation, and forced to carry on this abominable trade, which seems to you men so pleasing, but which is for us nothing but a pit of misery. I came to Venice to practise my profession. Oh! sir, if you could only fancy what it is to be obliged to bestow caresses with equal impartiality upon old shopkeepers, lawyers, monks, gondoliers, and abbés; to be exposed to every kind of insult and outrage; to be often reduced to borrowing a petticoat to go and have it torn off one's back¹ by some disgusting fellow; to be robbed by one customer of what has been earned with another; to be fleeced by the officers of justice, and to have no better prospect than a hideous old age, a hospital and a dunghill, you would be convinced that I am one of the most unfortunate creatures that the world contains."

¹ "pour aller se la faire lever."

Thus did Paquette open out her heart in response to Candid's kindness, in a small chamber, where Martin was also present. The latter said to Candid :

" You see I have already won half the wager."

Brother Giroflée meanwhile had remained in the dining-room, and was having a drink while waiting for dinner.

" But," said Candid to Paquette, " you had so jocund an air, and seemed so contented, when I met you, you were singing so gaily and fondling the friar with such apparently genuine complacency, that you seemed to me as happy as you assert that you are wretched."

" Ah ! sir," answered Paquette, " there again is one of the miseries of my calling. Yesterday I was robbed and beaten by an officer, and to-day I must needs appear good-humoured to please a monk."

Candid had no wish to hear any more ; he owned that Martin was right. They sat down to table with Paquette and the friar ; the repast was tolerably entertaining, and, towards the end of it, they became quite confidential in their talk.

" Father," said Candid to the monk, " you seem to me to enjoy a lot which all the world might envy ; the bloom of health shines on your countenance, your looks proclaim your happiness, you have a very pretty girl to amuse you, and you appear very well contented with your vocation."

" Upon my word, sir," said brother Giroflée, " I could wish that all Theatines were at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted a hundred times to set fire to the monastery, and to go and turn Mohammedan. My parents forced me, when I was only fifteen years of age, to put this detestable habit on my back, in order to leave a larger fortune to a cursed elder brother of mine, whom Heaven confound ! Jealousy, discord, and rage inhabit the convent. It is true that I have preached some bad sermons

which have brought me in a little money, though the Prior robs me of half of it; the rest serves me to entertain the girls of my acquaintance. But when I return to the monastery in the evening, I am ready to dash my head against the walls of the dormitory, and all my fellow friars are in the same case."

Martin turned towards Candid with his usual composure, and said:

"Well now, have I not won the whole wager?"

Candid gave two thousand piastres to Paquette, and one thousand to brother Giroflée.

"I warrant you," said he, "that this will make them happy."

"I do not think it at all likely," said Martin; "those piastres of yours will perhaps render them more wretched than ever."

"Be that as it may," said Candid, "still one thing gives me consolation; I see that we often meet with people whom we never expected to see any more, it may very well come to pass that after having found my red sheep and Paquette, I may find Cunegund again also."

"I sincerely wish," said Martin, "that she may some day make you happy, but I strongly doubt it."

"You are very incredulous," said Candid.

"That is because I have seen what life is," retorted Martin.

"But look at those gondoliers," said Candid; "are they not always singing?"

"You do not see them at home, with their wives and their brats of children," said Martin. "The Doge has his vexations, the gondoliers have theirs. It is true that, taking everything into consideration, the lot of a gondolier is to be preferred to that of a Doge; but I deem the difference so insignificant, that it is not worth the trouble of examination."

"I hear people speak," said Candid, "of the senator

Pocourante,¹ who resides in that fine palace on the Brenta, and entertains foreigners with such magnificence. They say that he is a man who has never known an annoyance."

"I should like to see so rare a specimen," said Martin.

Candid immediately sent a request to Signor Pocourante, that he might be allowed to pay him a visit on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXV.

A VISIT TO SIGNOR POCOURANTE, A NOBLE VENETIAN.

CANDID and Martin went in a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the palace of the noble Pocourante. The gardens were well laid out, and adorned with beautiful marble statues, and the palace itself was a magnificent building. The master of the house, a man of some sixty years of age, received the two inquiring travellers very politely, but without any demonstrative welcome, which somewhat disconcerted Candid, but was by no means displeasing to Martin.

First of all two pretty maids, neatly dressed, handed round chocolate, which they poured out with a fine froth upon it. Candid could not refrain from complimenting them on their beauty, their graceful carriage, and their cleverness.

"They are very good creatures in their way," said the senator; "I sometimes admit them to my caresses,² for I am quite tired of the ladies of the town, with their coquettish airs, their jealous quarrels, petty humours, pride, and silliness, not to speak of the sonnets which one must

¹ *i.e.*, one who cares little for anything.

² "je les fais quelquefois coucher dans mon lit."

make or order for their delectation ; but, after all, these two girls begin to bore me a good deal."

After lunch, Candid strolled up and down a long gallery, and was surprised at the beauty of the pictures which were hung there. He inquired by what master the two first were painted.

"They are the work of Raphael," said the senator; "I paid a large sum for them several years ago, merely out of vanity. They are considered the finest in Italy, but they do not please me at all; the colouring is too dark, the figures are not well proportioned, and do not stand out enough, the clothing has no resemblance to real drapery. In a word, whatever people may say of them, I do not find there a true representation of nature. I only care for a picture when I can fancy that I am looking upon nature herself, and there are none of that sort to be seen. I have plenty of pictures, but I no longer take any notice of them."

While they were waiting for dinner, Pococurante provided them with a concert. Candid thought the music exquisite.

"This noise," said Pococurante, "may serve to while away half an hour; but if it lasts longer, it wearies everybody, though no one dares confess it. The music of the present day is nothing but the art of executing difficult tasks, and what has no other merit than difficulty fails to give pleasure in the long run.

"I might perhaps like the opera better, if the secret had never been discovered of making it such a monstrous absurdity that my reason revolts at it. Let those who like them go and see inferior tragedies set to music, where the scenes are made only to bring in by hook or by crook two or three ridiculous songs in which the voice of some actress may be employed to the best advantage; let all who will or can do so die away in raptures at hearing a eunuch trill

out the part of Cæsar or of Cato, as he struts upon the stage with awkward air. For my part, I have long since given up these poor amusements, which constitute the glory of the Italy of to-day, and for which monarchs are wont to pay so high a price."

Candid said a little by way of opposition, but discreetly withal: Martin was quite of the senator's opinion.

They sat down to table, and, after an excellent dinner, they entered the library. Candid, catching sight of a splendidly bound Homer, commended the good taste of his illustrious host.

"There," said he, "is a book which gave delight to the great Pangloss, the first philosopher in all Germany."

"It affords me none," was Pococurante's cold reply. "I was once so far imposed upon as to fancy that I took pleasure in reading him; but that constant repetition of battles one exactly like another, those gods who are always meddling and never do anything decisive, that Helen who is the cause of the war, and yet plays hardly any part at all in the action of the poem, that Troy which is besieged and never taken,—all this bored me most infernally. I have sometimes inquired of learned men whether they grew weary as I did in reading him; all those who were sincere confessed that the book was apt to drop out of their hands, but that they were obliged to keep it in their libraries as a famous monument of antiquity, like those rusty old coins which are no longer of any use as money."

"Your Excellency surely does not think the same of Virgil?" said Candid.

"I am convinced," answered Pococurante, "that the second, fourth, and sixth books of the *Æneid* are excellent; but as for his pious *Æneas*, the brave *Cloanthus*, the trusty friend *Achates*, the boy *Ascanius*, the foolish king *Latinus*, the commonplace *Amata*, and the insipid *Lavinia*, I think

there is nothing more frigid and disagreeable. I like Tasso better, and the drowsy tales of Ariosto."

"May I venture to ask you, sir," said Candid, "whether you do not find great pleasure in reading Horace?"

"He has maxims," replied Pococurante, "from which a man of the world may derive some profit, and which, being compressed into vigorous verse, are easily graven on the memory; but I care very little for his journey to Brundusium,¹ or for his description of a bad dinner,² or for his blackguardly quarrel between a certain Rupilius,³ whose language, as he says, was full of poisonous filth, and another fellow whose words were steeped in vinegar. I have never read without the utmost disgust his indecent lines against old women and witches, and I do not see to what merit he can lay claim in telling his friend Mæcenas that if he is placed by him in the rank of lyric bards, he will strike the stars with his exalted head.⁴ Fools admire everything in a celebrated author; I read only to please myself, and I like nothing but what answers my purpose."

Candid, who had been taught never to judge of anything for himself, was very much astonished at what he heard, but Martin thought Pococurante's way of thinking not at all unreasonable.

"Oh! here is a Cicero," said Candid; "now as regards this great writer, I do not suppose you ever grow tired of reading him?"

"I never read him at all," answered the Venetian. "What difference does it make to me whether he pleaded for Rabirius or for Cluentius? I have quite enough causes to decide myself. I should have more inclination for his philosophical works; but when I saw that there was nothing about which he did not doubt, I concluded

¹ Satires, i. 5.

² Satires, ii. 8.

³ Satires, i. 7.

⁴ Odes, i. 1.

that I knew as much about them as he, and that I had no need of anybody to teach me ignorance."

"Ah! There are eighty volumes of transactions of the Academy of Science!" cried Martin. "There may be something good there."

"So there might be," said Pococurante, "if a single author out of all who have accumulated this lumber had so much as invented the art of making pins; but in all these books there is nothing but empty systems, and not a single thing of any use."

"What a number of plays I see there," said Candid, "in Italian, Spanish, and French!"

"Yes," said the senator, "there are three thousand of them, and not three dozen of any merit. As for these collections of sermons, which, taken all together, are not worth a page of Seneca, and all these big folios of theology, you may be sure I never open them,—neither I, nor any-one else."

Martin noticed some shelves filled with English books.

"I think," said he, "that a republican may well be pleased with most of these works, written, as they are, with such admirable freedom."

"Yes," answered Pococurante, "it is a fine thing to write what one thinks; it is the privilege of a human being. In all this Italy of ours, no one writes anything but what he does not really think true; those who inhabit the country of the Cæsars and the Antonines do not dare to entertain an idea without the permission of a Dominican friar. I should be well enough pleased with the liberty which inspires the works of English genius, if passion and party spirit did not spoil all that that precious liberty holds worthy of esteem."

Candid, perceiving a Milton, asked him if he did not regard that author as a great man.

"Who?" exclaimed Pococurante, "that barbarian, who

writes a long commentary upon the first chapter of Genesis in ten books of ragged verse? ¹ That rude imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the creation, and, whilst Moses represents the Almighty producing the universe with a word, makes the Messiah take a great pair of compasses out of the celestial cupboard, to trace the outline of his work? ² Can I set any value on an author who has spoiled the hell and the devil of Tasso, who disguises Lucifer sometimes as a toad, ³ and sometimes as a pygmy, ⁴ who makes him repeat a hundred times the same speech, who puts into his mouth theological discussions, and who, imitating in all seriousness Ariosto's comic introduction of firearms, represents the devils as cannonading heaven? ⁵ Neither I, nor anyone else in Italy, can take any pleasure in these deplorable extravagances. The marriage of Sin and Death, and the snakes which Sin brings forth, ⁶ are enough to make anyone sick who has the least delicacy of taste; and his lengthy description of a lazar-house ⁷ is fit only for a grave-digger. This obscure poem, fantastic and revolting, was despised when it first made its appearance, and I treat it now as it was treated in his own country by his own generation. In fine, I say what I think, and I care very little whether others think as I do, or not."

Candid was distressed at these remarks; he had a respect for Homer, and a little liking for Milton.

"Alas!" said he aside to Martin; "I very much fear

¹ Milton's "Paradise Lost" is written not in ten but twelve books, which are concerned with the first three chapters of Genesis.

² "Paradise Lost," book vii. 225.

³ Book iv. 800.

⁴ Book i. 777, etc.; but the inferior demons only are thus transformed.

⁵ Book vi. 568, etc.

⁶ Book ii. 790, etc.

⁷ Book xi. 477, etc.

that this man has a sovereign contempt for our German poets."

"He would not be far wrong if he had," said Martin.

"Oh! what a superior person!" said Candid again in a low voice. "What a great genius, to be sure, is this Pocourante! Nothing can please him."

After having thus examined all his books, they went down into the garden, and Candid praised all its beauties.

"I know nothing in worse taste," said the owner; "everything here is vulgar and gaudy, but I am going to begin to have a garden laid out to-morrow on a more noble plan."

When the two inquirers had taken leave of His Excellency, Candid said to Martin:

"There now you will agree with me is the happiest man in the world, looks down upon all his possessions."

"Do you not see," returned Martin, "that he is disgusted with everything he has? Plato remarked long ago that it is not the healthiest stomach which rejects all food."

"But," continued Candid, "is there no pleasure in criticising everything, in perceiving faults where all other men think they see beauties?"

"Which is as much as to say," answered Martin, "that there must be some pleasure in never being pleased."

"Ah, well," said Candid, "then nobody is happy but myself as soon as I shall see Miss Cunegund again."

"It is always a good thing to be hopeful," said Martin.

Meanwhile days and weeks passed by; Cacambo did not return to him, and Candid was plunged into such deep distress, that he did not even make the reflection that Paquette and friar Giroflée had never come so much as to thank him for his kindness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TREATS OF A SUPPER AT WHICH CANDID AND MARTIN WERE PRESENT WITH SIX FOREIGNERS, AND TELLS WHO THEY WERE.

ONE evening, when Candid, followed by Martin, was about to sit down to table with the other guests who were staying at the same inn, a man, whose face was as black as soot, accosted him from behind, and, taking him by the arm, said :

“Be ready to start with us,—do not fail.”

He turned round, and saw Cacambo. Nothing but the sight of Cunegund could have surprised and pleased him more, and he was almost wild with joy. Embracing his dear friend, he exclaimed :

“Is Cunegund here? Where is she to be found?—Take me to her, that I may die with joy in her presence!”

“Cunegund is not here,” said Cacambo; “she is at Constantinople.”

“Good Heavens! At Constantinople!—But were she in China, I would fly to her.—Let us be off.”

“We will start after supper,” replied Cacambo. “I cannot tell you anything more; I am a slave, my master is expecting me, and I must go and wait upon him at table. Do not say a word, take your supper, and hold yourself in readiness.”

Candid, divided in his feelings between joy and disappointment, delighted to have seen again his faithful agent, but astonished at finding him a slave, full of the idea of recovering his mistress, with agitated heart and distracting thoughts sat down to table with Martin, who regarded all

these occurrences quite calmly, and with six foreigners, who were come to pass the carnival at Venice.

Cacambo, towards the end of the meal, as he was pouring out wine for one of these six strangers, whispered in his new master's ear :

"Sire, Your Majesty may start when he pleases; the ship is ready."

Having said these words he left the room. The company looked at each other with surprise, but without uttering a single word, when another attendant, approaching his master, said to him :

"Sire, Your Majesty's carriage is at Padua, and the boat is ready."

The master made a sign, and the servant retired. All the guests stared at each other again, and the general surprise grew greater. A third footman, in like manner, went up to another of the strangers, and said :

"Sire, believe me, Your Majesty should not remain here any longer; I am going to get everything ready"—and he immediately disappeared.

Thereupon Candid and Martin came to the conclusion that this was doubtless some carnival masquerade, when a fourth servant said to his master—"Your Majesty can start when he pleases," and left like the others.

A fifth footman said much the same to a fifth master; but the sixth addressed the last stranger, who sat beside Candid, in a different manner :

"Upon my word, sire," said he, "people here will trust neither Your Majesty nor me any longer, and we run a great risk of being locked up in gaol to-night, so I am going to look after my own business. Farewell."

All the servants having taken their departure, the six strangers, Candid, and Martin sat on in profound silence, which Candid at last broke by saying :

"Gentlemen, this is a singular piece of pleasantry on

your part. How is it you are all Kings ? As for Martin and myself, I must confess that neither of us is of royal rank."

Cacambo's master gravely replied to his question, saying in Italian :

"I at least am not joking. My name is Achmet III.,¹ and I was Grand Sultan for a good many years. I dethroned my brother,² and my nephew³ has done the same to me. My viziers have all had their heads cut off, and I am eking out the remainder of my days in the old seraglio ; my nephew the Grand Sultan Mahmud allows me to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice."

A young man seated by Achmet spoke next, and said :

"My name is Ivan ;⁴ I was Emperor of all the Russias, but was dethroned in the cradle. My father and mother were closely confined, and I was brought up in prison ; I am sometimes permitted to travel, accompanied by those who are responsible for my safe keeping, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice."

The third stranger said :

"I am Charles Edward, King of England ; my father has resigned to me his title to the kingdom, which I have fought to maintain.⁵ Eight hundred⁶ of my followers

¹ Achmet III. reigned from 1702 till 1730.

² Mustapha II. (1695-1702).

³ Mahmud I. (1730-1754).

⁴ Ivan III. (or VI. if the Grand Dukes of Moscow be reckoned), born in 1740, succeeded to the Russian sceptre when an infant of two months old, but was superseded the next year by Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, imprisoned during the remainder of his life, and put to death in 1764.

⁵ The Young Chevalier fought on his father's behalf, who was proclaimed King, as James VIII., at Edinburgh, September, 1745.

⁶ The number of executions which followed the suppression of the rebellion of 1745 were under eighty in all.

have had their hearts torn out and thrown in their faces, and I have myself been cast into prison.¹ I am on my way to Rome, to pay a visit to the King my father, dethroned like myself and my grandfather; and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice."

The fourth then spoke as follows:

"I am King of Poland, but the fortune of war has deprived me of my hereditary dominions;² my father experienced the same reverse,³ and I am resigned to Providence, like Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and King Charles Edward (to whom God grant a long life!), and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice."

The fifth said:

"I also am King of Poland;⁴ I have twice lost my throne, but Providence has bestowed on me another State, in which I have done more good than all the Kings of Sarmatia⁵ together have been able to effect upon the

¹ Prince Charles Edward was confined in the State prison of Vincennes, before being banished from France, when he refused to leave that country in 1748.

² Augustus III., King of Poland, was driven from the throne during the War of the Polish Succession (1733-1735), but was afterwards restored.

³ Augustus II. was dethroned by Charles XII. of Sweden, in 1704, and Stanislaus Lesczinski made King, but Augustus was restored after Charles XII.'s defeat at Pultown in 1709, and died in 1732.

⁴ Stanislaus Lesczinski, elected King by the Polish Diet in 1704, and driven from the throne in 1709, was restored during the war of 1733; but at its end in 1735 Stanislaus gave up his claim to the crown of Poland, and, by the influence of Louis XV. of France, who was his son-in-law, was made Duke of Lorraine, at whose Court at Luneville or Commercy Voltaire was an honoured visitor.

⁵ The ancient name of Sarmatia is used for Poland, the eastern part of which it embraced, together with the southern part of Russia.

banks of the Vistula. I too resign myself to Providence, and am come to spend the carnival at Venice."

It only remained for the sixth monarch to speak.

"Gentlemen," said he, "my royalty is of less exalted rank, but for all that I have been a sovereign like yourselves. I am Theodore, whom the Corsicans chose as their King. I have been styled 'Your Majesty,' and now they hardly call me 'Sir.' Money has been struck in my name, and at present I do not possess a farthing; I have had two secretaries of State, and now I can scarcely be said to have any longer a valet; I have sat upon a throne, and, since then, have lain for long upon straw in a London prison.¹ I very much fear I may be treated in the same way here, though I am come, like Your Majesties, to spend the carnival at Venice."

The five other Kings listened to this speech with generous compassion, and each of them gave King Theodore twenty sequins² to buy himself shirts and other clothing, while Candid made him a present of a diamond, the value of which was not less than two thousand sequins.³

"Whoever can this man be," said the five Kings, "who is in a position to give away a hundred times as much as any one of us, and who actually does it. Are you, sir, also a King?"

"No, gentlemen, and I have no desire to be one."

¹ Theodore, a Westphalian baron and a military adventurer, procured his election as King of the Corsicans in 1736, but found himself obliged to abdicate in less than a year. He died in London (1756), soon after his release from the King's Bench prison, where he had been confined for debt.

² A sequin was an old Venetian gold coin, worth rather less than an English half-sovereign.

³ There are chronological inconsistencies in this imaginary meeting at Venice of six dethroned monarchs, as the preceding notes sufficiently indicate.

At the moment when they were leaving the table, there arrived at the same hostelry four Serene Highnesses who had likewise lost their territories by the fortunes of war, and were come to pass the remainder of the carnival at Venice, but Candid paid no heed to these new arrivals, being altogether absorbed in the thought of going to Constantinople in search of his beloved Cunegund.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CANDID'S VOYAGE TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE faithful Cacambo had already obtained permission from the Turkish captain, who was going to take back Sultan Achmet to Constantinople, for Candid and Martin to be received on board his vessel, where they both presented themselves, after having done obeisance to His miserable Highness. On their way to the ship, Candid kept saying to Martin :

“What a singular thing it is now that we should have supped with six dethroned kings, and that out of these six monarchs moreover there should be one on whom I have bestowed alms ! It may be that there are many other princes yet more unfortunate. As for me, I have only lost a hundred sheep, and now I am flying into the arms of Cunegund. My dear Martin, once more let me tell you, Pangloss was in the right, and all is well.”

“I wish it may prove so,” said Martin.

“But what an adventure we have had here at Venice,” pursued Candid, “and how extremely improbable it would have seemed beforehand ! When was it ever seen or

heard of that six dethroned sovereigns supped together at a tavern?"

"It is not more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of the things that have happened to us. It is a very common occurrence for kings to be dethroned; and as for the honour we have had in supping with them, that is a trifle unworthy of our attention. What matters it with whom we sup, provided we meet with good cheer?"

Candid had no sooner reached the vessel than he fell on the neck of his old servant and friend Cacambo.

"Tell me now," said he, "how is Cunegund getting on? Is she still a prodigy of beauty? Does she love me as much as ever? Is she well and happy? You have doubtless bought a palace for her at Constantinople."

"My dear master," answered Cacambo, "Cunegund washes dishes on the shore of the Sea of Marmora for a prince who has very few of such articles; she is a slave in the house of a foreign sovereign, named Ragotski,¹ to whom the Grand Turk grants a pension of three crowns a day in his retirement; but, what is far more melancholy, she has lost her beauty and is become horribly ugly."

"Ah, well! handsome or ugly," said Candid, "I am a man of honour, and it is my duty to love her under all circumstances. But how came she to be reduced to a state so low, when you left me with five or six millions?"

"Oh! for the matter of that, was I not obliged to give two millions to Señor don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenès y Lampourdos y Souza, Governor of Buenos Ayres, to obtain his permission to get back Miss Cunegund? And did not a pirate gallantly rob us of all the rest? And did not that same pirate take us to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petrias, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Cunegund and the old woman

¹ François Leopold Ragotski, Prince of Transylvania, was born in 1676, and died in 1735.

are slaves in the household of the Prince I have mentioned, and as for me, I am a slave of the dethroned Sultan."

"What a chain of frightful calamities!" said Candid. "But after all I have still some diamonds left, with which it will be easy for me to ransom Miss Cunegund. It is a great pity she is become so ugly."

Then turning to Martin, he said:

"Which, think you, is the most to be pitied, the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, King Charles Edward, or I?"

"I cannot tell," said Martin; "it would be necessary for me to look into your hearts to know that."

"Ah!" said Candid, "if Pangloss were here, he would know all about it, and could tell us at once."

"I know not," said Martin, "in what scales this Pangloss of yours would have weighed the misfortunes of mankind, so as to estimate their relative sufferings. All I presume to assert is that there are millions of men upon the earth more to be pitied than King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan, and the Sultan Achmet."

"That may well be so," said Candid.

In a few days they arrived at the Bosphorus. The first thing that Candid did was to pay a heavy ransom for Cacambo, and, without any loss of time, he went on board a galley with his companions, to coast along the shore of the Sea of Marmora in search of Cunegund, however ugly she might prove to be.

Now there were among the crew two galley-slaves who rowed very badly, and to whom the Levantine skipper applied the lash from time to time on the bare shoulders. Candid, from a natural feeling of sympathy, regarded them with more attention than the rest of the crew, and approached them with a look of pity. Their faces, disfigured though they were, seemed to him to bear some resemblance to those of Pangloss and the unhappy Jesuit Baron, Miss Cunegund's

brother. Touched with sorrowful emotion at this idea, he observed them still more attentively.

"Truly," said he to Cacambo, "if I had not seen Dr. Pangloss hanged, and if I had not had the misfortune to have killed the Baron, I could believe that it is they who are rowing in this galley."

At hearing the names of the Baron and of Pangloss, the two galley-slaves uttered a loud cry, ceased rowing, and let their oars fall from their hands. The Levantine skipper hurried up to them, and applied the lash with redoubled vigour.

"Stop! Stop, my good sir!" exclaimed Candid; "I will give you as much money as you like for them."

"What! Is it Candid?" said one of the two slaves.

"What! Is it Candid?" said the other.

"Is this a dream?" said Candid; "am I asleep or awake? Am I really in this galley? Is this my lord Baron, whom I killed? Is that Dr. Pangloss, whom I saw hanged?"

"Yes, indeed, it is we ourselves whom you see before you," they answered.

"What!" exclaimed Martin; "is this the great philosopher of whom I have heard so much?"

Candid again accosted the Levantine skipper:

"Sir," said he, "how much money will satisfy you for the ransom of my lord Thundertentrunk, one of the first barons of the Empire, and of Dr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany?"

"Dog of a Christian," answered the Levantine skipper, "since these two Christian dogs of galley-slaves are barons and metaphysicians, which is, no doubt, a high dignity in their country, you shall pay me for them fifty thousand sequins."

"You shall have them, sir; only take me back like a flash of lightning to Constantinople, and you shall be paid

on the spot. But no; take me to the house where Miss Cunegund lives."

The Levantine skipper, on Candid's first offer of ransom, had already turned the vessel's prow towards the city, and now made his crew row more quickly than a bird cleaves the air.

Candid embraced the Baron and Pangloss a hundred times.

"And how was it I never killed you, after all, my dear Baron? And, my dear Pangloss, how is it you are alive, after having been hanged? And why are you both galley-slaves here in Turkey?"

"Is it really true that my dear sister is in this country?" asked the Baron.

"Yes," replied Cacambo.

"Do I then indeed behold once more my dear Candid?" cried Pangloss.

Candid then presented Martin and Cacambo; they all embraced each other, and all began to speak at the same time, while the galley flew on, and soon brought them back to the harbour. A Jew being sent for, Candid sold him for fifty thousand sequins a diamond worth a hundred thousand, though the Jew swore to him by Abraham that he could not in conscience give more for it; and Candid immediately paid down the money to ransom the Baron and Pangloss. The latter threw himself at his deliverer's feet, and bathed them with tears; the other thanked him with an inclination of the head, and promised to return the money on the earliest opportunity.

"But can it indeed be possible that my sister is in Turkey?" said he.

"Nothing is more certain," replied Cacambo, "since she scours the dishes and plates in the house of a Transylvanian prince."

Two other Jews were immediately summoned, to

whom Candid sold more diamonds, and they all started again in another galley to go and release Cunegund from bondage.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDID, CUNEGUND, PANGLOSS,
MARTIN, ETC.

“**I** CRAVE your pardon once more,” said Candid to the Baron; “forgive me, reverend father, for having run my sword through your body.”

“I beg you will never speak of it again,” said the Baron; “I was a little too hasty, I own. But as you wish to know how it came to pass that you found me a galley-slave, I must tell you that, after having been healed of my wound by the brother apothecary of the College, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spaniards, who threw me into prison at Buenos Ayres just after my sister had left the city. I asked and obtained permission to return to Rome to the Father General, who nominated me to go and serve as chaplain to the French Ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been a week in my new post, when I met one evening a very handsome young Icoglan.¹ The weather was very warm, the youth wished to bathe, and I took the opportunity of doing the same, not being aware that it was a heinous crime for a Christian to be found stark naked with a young Mussulman. A Cadi² ordered me to receive a hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sentenced me to the galleys. I do not believe that a more horrible act of injustice was ever committed. But I should

¹ *i.e.*, a page belonging to the Sultan.

² See p. 203, note 3.

like to know how it came about that my sister is kitchen-maid to a sovereign of Transylvania who has taken refuge with the Turks."

"And you, my dear Pangloss," said Candid, "how can it have happened that I see you again?"

"It is true," said Pangloss, "that you saw me hanged; I should, in the ordinary course of things, have been burned, but, as you will remember, it rained in torrents when I was about to be roasted. The storm was so violent that there was no hope of lighting the fire, so I was hanged because nothing better could be done. A surgeon bought my body, carried me home with him, and began to dissect me, by making in the first place a crucial incision from the navel to the neck. Now it was impossible for anyone to have been hanged more unskilfully than I was; the executioner of the high decrees of the Holy Inquisition—a sub-deacon—was indeed a perfect adept at burning people, but hanging was not in his line of business; the cord was wet, and, not slipping properly, failed to form a tight noose. In fact, I was still breathing when they cut me down, and the crucial incision made me utter such a piercing scream, that the surgeon fell flat on his back, and, believing that it must be the devil he was dissecting, rushed off in a panic of fear, and fell down again on the stairs in his hurried flight. His wife came running out of an adjoining chamber on hearing the noise, and, seeing me stretched out upon the table with the crucial incision made on my body, she was struck with even greater consternation than her husband, took to her heels, and tumbled on the top of him. When they had recovered a little from their fright, I heard the surgeon's wife say to her husband:

"My good man, what were you thinking of to dissect a heretic like that? Don't you know that the devil is always in the bodies of such people? I'll go directly in search of a priest, that he may come and exorcise the corpse."

"I shuddered at these words, and, gathering up the little strength I had left, cried out :

" ' Have pity on me ! ' "

"At last the Portuguese barber-surgeon took courage ; he sewed up my skin, and even his wife was prevailed upon to nurse me, till at the end of a fortnight I was on my feet again. The barber then found me a situation, and I became serving-man to a Knight of Malta who was going to Venice ; but my master not having the wherewithal to pay me my wages, I entered the service of a Venetian merchant, and followed him to Constantinople.

"One day the fancy seized me to enter a mosque ; there was no one there but an old Imam¹ and a very pretty young devotee of the fair sex, who was saying her prayers.² Her neck was quite uncovered, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas. She let fall her nosegay ; I picked it up, and put it back in its place for her with eager but respectful attention. I was so long in replacing it properly, that the Imam grew angry, and, seeing that I was a Christian, shouted for assistance. I was brought before the Cadi,³ who sentenced me to receive a hundred blows of a stick on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the galleys. I was chained in the identical galley and to the very same bench as my lord Baron. There were also among our number four young men from Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks from Corfu, who told us that such adventures as ours are a matter of everyday occurrence. My lord Baron maintained that he had suffered greater injustice than I had done ; I,

¹ See note on p. 203.

² The reader will scarcely need to be reminded that it is not usual for women to visit the mosques, and that, in any case, they are kept scrupulously apart from the men.

³ See note, p. 203.

on the other hand, insisted that it was far more excusable to replace a nosegay in a woman's bosom than to be found stark naked with an *Icoglan*. We kept up a constant dispute on the question, and we were receiving twenty lashes a day, when the chain of events in this universe brought you on board our galley to redeem us from bondage."

"Well, my dear Pangloss," said Candid, "now that you have been hanged, dissected, and thrashed black and blue, with all your experience as a galley-slave, have you continued to think that everything happens so well that it could not be better?"

"I have always retained my original opinion," answered Pangloss, "for am I not a philosopher? It does not become me to retract my words. Leibnitz cannot possibly be wrong; besides, the "pre-established harmony" is the finest thing in the world, as well as the "plenum" and the "materia subtilis."

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW CANDID FOUND CUNEGUND AND THE OLD WOMAN AGAIN.

WHILST Candid, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo were recounting their adventures, and reasoning upon the contingent or non-contingent events that occur in this world; whilst they were disputing about causes and effects, moral and physical evil, free-will and necessity, and particularly the sources from which consolation may be derived when one is a galley-slave on Turkish waters, they reached the shore of the Sea of Marmora at the point where the house of the Transylvanian Prince was situated. The first objects that presented themselves were

Cunegund and the old woman, who were spreading out towels to dry on a clothes-line.

The Baron turned pale at the sight. Candid, fond lover as he was, on beholding his fair Cunegund's complexion ruined, her bloodshot eyes, withered neck, wrinkled cheeks, and coarse red arms, started back a step or two in horror, but immediately afterwards advanced as good manners dictated. She embraced Candid and her brother, and after the old woman had been embraced also, Candid ransomed them both.

There happened to be a farm vacant in the neighbourhood, and the old woman proposed that Candid should take it until something better should turn up for the whole company. Cunegund was not aware that she had grown ugly, and no one was so impolite as to tell her so; she reminded Candid of his promises in so confident a tone, that the good-natured fellow did not dare to refuse her. Then he gave the Baron to understand that he was going to marry his sister.

"I will never," said the Baron, "tolerate such a low connexion on her part, nor such insolent presumption on yours; I will never incur the reproach of infamy so great; my sister's children would be unable to enter the privileged circles of Germany. No, my sister shall never marry any one but a baron of the Empire."

Cunegund threw herself at his feet, and bathed them with tears, but he was inflexible.

"Sir fool," said Candid, "I have rescued you from the galleys, I have paid your ransom and that of your sister; she was washing dishes here till I came, she is ugly, I am kind enough to make her my wife, and yet you still presume to oppose the match! Were I only to consult my indignation, I would kill you again."

"Kill me again, if you will," said the Baron, "but you shall not marry my sister so long as I am alive."

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

CANDID in his secret heart had no desire to wed Cune-gund, but the extreme impertinence of the Baron made him determined to conclude the marriage, and Cune-gund pressed him so earnestly that he could not go back from his word. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss drew up a fine treatise, in which he proved that the Baron had no right of control over his sister, and that she was free, according to all the laws of the Empire, to form a left-handed marriage with Candid; Martin concluded that it would be best to throw the Baron into the sea; and Cacambo's decision was that he ought to be given back to the Levantine captain, and made a galley-slave again, after which he might be sent to Rome and the Father General by the first available vessel. This advice seemed very good, and met with the old woman's approval, but nothing was said to his sister about the matter. The scheme was carried into execution for a certain sum of money, and they had the satisfaction alike of entrapping a Jesuit, and of punishing the pride of a German baron.

One would naturally suppose that, after so many disasters, married to his mistress, living with the philosopher Pangloss, the no less philosophic Martin, the shrewd Cacambo, and the wise old woman, and having moreover brought so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, Candid would now lead an existence the most agreeable in the world; but he had been so cheated by the Jews, that nothing was left him but this little farm; his wife, growing uglier every day, became intolerably peevish

as well; the old woman was feeble, and even more ill-tempered than Cunegund. Cacambo, who worked in the garden and went to Constantinople to sell vegetables, was worn out with incessant toil, and cursed his fate. Pangloss was dejected because he could not shine at some German university. As for Martin, he was firmly persuaded that one is equally badly off everywhere, and so he took things patiently. Candid, Martin, and Pangloss sometimes continued their disputes on moral and metaphysical philosophy. Boats were often seen passing under the windows of the farm laden with Effendis, Pashas, and Cadis, who were being sent into exile to Lemnos, Mytilene, or Erzeroum; they saw other Cadis, other Pashas, and other Effendis, who came to take the places of those who had been banished, only to incur the same fate in their turn; they saw heads neatly packed up in straw, ready to be presented at the Sublime Porte. Such sights gave a fresh impetus to their discussions; and, when they had nothing to dispute about, they found their life so excessively tedious, that, one day, the old woman ventured to address them as follows:

“I should like to know which is worst, to be ravished a hundred times by negro pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be scourged and hanged at an *auto-da-fé*, to be dissected, to be a galley-slave, to experience, in short, all the wretchedness through which we have all passed, or to remain here doing nothing.”

“That is an important question,” said Candid.

This speech of the old woman's gave rise to new reflections, and Martin in particular concluded that men were born to live either amid the convulsions of anxiety, or in the lethargy of dulness. Candid did not agree with this view, but he felt sure of nothing. Pangloss confessed that he had never been free from horrible sufferings, but, having once taken up the position that everything went on won-

derfully well, he continued to assert the same opinion, without really believing it.

There was one incident that completely confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, that made Candid hesitate more than ever, and embarrassed Pangloss himself. This was the sight they one day had of Paquette and friar Giroflée landing at their farm in a state of extreme destitution. They had very quickly consumed their three thousand piastres, had parted from each other, had been reconciled, had got into trouble, had been put in prison, had escaped, and finally brother Giroflée had turned Turk. Paquette continued to ply her trade everywhere, but gained nothing more by it than before.

"I was right in my foreboding," said Martin to Candid, "that your gifts would soon be squandered, and would only serve to increase their misery. You and Cacambo have been gorged with millions of piastres, yet are no happier than brother Giroflée and Paquette."

"Ah!" said Pangloss to Paquette, "Heaven then brings you back among us here. My poor child! Do you know that you have cost me the tip of my nose, an eye, and an ear? What a fine woman you have grown, to be sure! Ah! what a world this is!"

This fresh adventure set them to work philosophising more deeply than ever.

Now there dwelt in the neighbourhood a very celebrated dervish, who was held to be the best philosopher in Turkey; him then they went to consult, and Pangloss acted as spokesman, saying:

"Master, we are come to beg that you will tell us why such a strange animal as man has been created?"

"Why should you meddle with the matter?" said the dervish; "what business is it of yours?"

"But, reverend father," said Candid, "there is a dreadful amount of evil in the world."

‘What does it signify,” replied the dervish, “whether there be evil or good? When His Highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he concern himself whether the mice on board are comfortable or not?”

“What is to be done, then?” asked Pangloss.

“To hold your tongue,” said the dervish.

“I was hoping to have the pleasure,” continued Pangloss, “of arguing a little with you on causes and effects, the best of all possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and the pre-established harmony.”

The dervish at these words shut the door in their faces.

While this conversation was being carried on, the news was spread that two Viziers of the Bench and the Mufti¹ had just been strangled at Constantinople, and that several of their friends had been impaled. This catastrophe created a great ferment for some hours. Pangloss, Candid, and Martin, as they were returning to their small farm, came upon a good old man who was enjoying the fresh air outside his door under a bower of orange trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was argumentative, asked him what was the name of the Mufti who had just been executed.

“I know nothing whatever about it,” answered the good man, “and I never yet knew the name of any Mufti or of any Vizier. I am absolutely ignorant of the event to which you refer; I presume that those who mix themselves up in public affairs generally perish some time or other in a miserable manner, and that they deserve it; but I never seek information about what goes on at Constantinople; I am content to send thither for sale the fruits of this garden which I cultivate.”

Having said these words, he invited the strangers to enter his house. His two daughters and his two sons

¹ *i.e.*, an official interpreter of the Mohammedan law.

offered them many different kinds of iced sherbets, which they made themselves after the Turkish fashion and flavoured with candied citron peel, oranges, lemons, pine-apples, dates, pistachio-nuts, and Mocha coffee free from admixture with the inferior produce of Batavia and the West Indies. Afterwards the daughters of this good Moslem poured fragrant essences over the beards of Candid, Pangloss, and Martin.

"You must have a vast and magnificent estate," said Candid to the Turk.

"I have only twenty acres," he answered, "which I and my children cultivate; labour keeps aloof from us three great evils,—dulness, vice, and want."

As Candid returned to his farm he reflected deeply upon what the Turk had said, and remarked to Pangloss and Martin:

"This excellent old man appears to me to have cut out for himself a lot far preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honour of supping."

"Great positions," observed Pangloss, "are highly dangerous, as all philosophers are agreed: for, let me remind you, Eglon, King of the Moabites, was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hung up by his hair and pierced with three darts; King Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, was slain by Baasha, King Elah by Zimri, Ahaziah by Jehu, Athaliah by Jehoiada; the Kings Jehoiakim, Jechoniah, and Zedekiah became slaves. You know the miserable ends of Cræsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II., Henry VI., Richard III., Mary Queen of Scots and Charles I., the second, the third, and the fourth Henry of France, the Emperor Henry IV. You know——"

"Yes," said Candid, "and I know too that we must attend to our garden."

“You are right,” said Pangloss; “for when man was put into the Garden of Eden, he was placed there ‘*ut operaretur eum*,’—to dress it and to keep it, which proves that man is not born for idleness and repose.”

“Let us work without arguing,” said Martin; “that is the only way of rendering life tolerable.”

All the little company entered into this praiseworthy resolution, and each began busily to exert his or her peculiar talents. The small orchard brought forth abundant crops. Cunegund, it could not be denied, was very ugly, but she became an excellent hand at making pastry; Paquette embroidered; the old woman took care of the linen. There was no one who did not make himself useful, not even friar Giroflée; he was a first-rate carpenter, and actually turned out an honest fellow. Pangloss used sometimes to say to Candid:

“All events are inextricably linked together in this best of all possible worlds; for, look you, if you had not been driven out of a magnificent castle by hearty kicks upon your hinder parts for presuming to make love to Miss Cunegund, if you had not been put into the Inquisition, if you had not roamed over America on foot, if you had never run your sword through the Baron, or lost all your sheep from the fine country of El Dorado, you would not be here now eating candied citrons and pistachio-nuts.”

“Well said!” answered Candid; “but we must attend to our garden.”¹

¹ A second part of “Candide,” published in 1761, and probably written by Thorel de Campigneulles (d. 1809), has often been reprinted as an authentic sequel to Voltaire’s tale.

\\ADDITIONAL NOTE TO P. 293.

“ A bill payable to bearer for the other world.”—These *billets de confession*, which gave rise to so much bitterness and controversy in Paris in Voltaire’s time, were certificates required by many of the clergy from dying persons before receiving the last sacraments. They bore the signature of some priest known to be in accord with the Papal bull “Unigenitus,” directed against the tenets of Jansenism.

THE STORY OF A GOOD BRAHMAN.
(1759.)



THE STORY OF A GOOD BRAHMAN.

(1759.)

I ONCE met, when on my travels, an old Brahman, who was exceedingly wise, full of native intelligence, and profoundly learned; moreover, he was rich, and, in consequence, all the more correct in his conduct, for, being in want of nothing, he had no need to deceive anybody. His household was very well managed by three handsome wives who laid themselves out to please him; and, when he was not entertaining himself with them, he was engaged in studying philosophy.

Near his house, which was a fine one situated in the midst of charming gardens, dwelt an old Hindoo woman, bigoted, half-witted, and extremely poor.

One day the Brahman said to me:

“Would that I had never been born!”

I asked him what made him say that, and he replied as follows:

“I studied for forty years, and they are so many years wasted; I have been teaching for the rest of my life, and I am ignorant of everything. This state of things fills my soul with such humiliation and disgust, that life is to me intolerable. I have been born into the world, I live subject to the limitations of time, and I know not what time is; I find myself on a point between two eternities, as our sages say, and I have no conception of eternity.

I am composed of matter, and I can think; yet I have never been able to satisfy myself as to what produces thought; I know not whether my understanding is a simple faculty within me, like the power of walking or of digesting food, and whether I think with my head in the same way as I grasp with my hands. Not only is the essential nature of my powers of thought unknown to me, but that of my muscular movements is equally obscure; I cannot tell why I exist; yet I am questioned every day on all these points, and I am obliged to make some answer. I have nothing to say worth hearing, but I am not sparing of my words, and, after all has been said, I remain confused and ashamed of myself.

“It is even worse when people ask me if Brahma was produced by Vishnu, or if they are both eternal. Heaven is my witness that I know nothing about the matter, as my answers only too plainly show. ‘Ah, reverend father,’ they say, ‘teach us how it is that evil floods the whole earth?’ I am as much at a loss as those who ask me that question; I tell them sometimes that all is well and could not be better, but those who have been ruined and maimed in the wars do not believe a word of it, any more than I do myself. I retire into my own house crushed by the weight of my own ignorance and unsatisfied curiosity. I read our ancient books, and they only make my darkness greater. I speak to my companions; some tell me in reply that we must enjoy life and laugh at mankind; others think that they know a secret that explains everything, and lose themselves in a maze of extravagant notions. All tends to increase the painful feeling of uncertainty that possesses me; and I am ready sometimes to fall into despair, when I consider that, after all my investigations, I know neither whence I come, nor what I am, nor whither I go, nor what will become of me.”

I was really pained at the state of this good soul; no

one could be more rational than he was, nor more sincerely in earnest. I conceived that the brighter the light of his understanding, and the keener the sensibility of his heart, the greater was his unhappiness.

The same day I saw the old woman who lived in his neighbourhood, and I asked her if she had ever been distressed at not knowing how her soul was formed. She did not even comprehend my question; she had never reflected for a single moment of her life on any one of those points which tormented the Brahman; she believed in the incarnation of Vishnu with all her heart, and provided she might sometimes have a little water from the Ganges with which to wash herself, she deemed herself the most fortunate of women.

Struck with this poor creature's happiness, I returned to my philosopher, and said :

“Are you not ashamed of being unhappy, whilst at your very gate there is an old automaton who thinks about nothing and lives contented?”

“You are right,” he answered; “I have told myself a hundred times that I should be happy if I were as silly as my neighbour, and yet somehow I have no wish to attain such happiness.”

This reply of my Brahman impressed me more than anything else. I examined my own heart and discovered that, if I had the offer, I should not have wished, any more than he, to be happy at the expense of my intelligence.

I referred the problem to some philosophers, and their opinions were the same as mine.

“For all that,” said I, “There is a wild contradiction in this manner of thinking; for, after all, what is the question?—How to be happy. What does it matter whether one is intelligent or silly? Moreover, those who are contented with their existence are quite sure that they are so, whereas those who exercise their reason are by no means

so certain that they exercise it aright. It is clear then," said I, "that we should be constrained to choose the loss of reason, if reason contributes to our unhappiness in however small a degree."

Everybody agreed with me in this opinion, and yet I found no one willing to accept the bargain, when it was a question of purchasing contentment at the price of becoming a fool. Hence I concluded that if we set a high value on happiness, we value reason even more.

But, after having reflected on this matter, it appears to me that to prefer reason to happiness is to be very senseless. How can this contradiction be explained? Like all the others,—whereon there is a great deal to be said.

THE BLACK AND THE WHITE.

(1764.)

THE BLACK AND THE WHITE.

(1764.)

EVERYBODY in the province of Candahar knows the story of young Rustem's adventures. He was the only son of a *mirza* of that country, a title which is much the same as that of marquis amongst us, or that of baron in Germany. The *Mirza*, his father, had a competent fortune, and the youthful Rustem was to be married to a young lady, a *mirzasse* of his own rank. Both families passionately desired the match; he was to be a comfort to his parents, the source of happiness to his wife, and happy himself in her society.

But unfortunately he had seen the Princess of Cashmere at the fair of Cabul, which is the most important fair in the world, and more frequented, beyond all comparison, than those of Bassorah and of Astrakhan.

Now this was the reason why the old Prince of Cashmere came to the fair, with his daughter. He had lost the two rarest and most valuable of his possessions; one was a diamond as big as a man's thumb, on which were engraved the features of his daughter, by an art then known to the natives of India, but which has since been lost; the other was a javelin which went of itself wherever one wished it to go,—nothing very extraordinary with us, but it was a great curiosity at Cashmere.¹

¹ There is no city of that name in the Vale of Cashmere, as Voltaire seems to have supposed.

A *fakir* in his Highness' service had stolen these treasures and carried them to the Princess.

"Keep these two objects carefully," said he; "your fate depends upon them."

Then he departed and was never seen again.

The Prince of Cashmere, in despair, determined to go and see whether among all the merchants who resort to the fair of Cabul from the four quarters of the globe there might be one who had met with his diamond or this magic weapon. He took his daughter with him wherever he travelled, and she carried the diamond well concealed in her girdle, but, as for the javelin, as she could not hide it so well, she had carefully shut it up in her large Chinese chest at Cashmere.

Rustem and she saw each other at Cabul, and fell in love with all the sincerity of youth and all the warmth of their climate. The Princess gave him her diamond as a pledge of her affection, and Rustem at his departure promised to go and pay her a clandestine visit at Cashmere.

The young *Mirza* had two favourites, who served him as secretaries, squires, stewards, and body-servants. One of them was called Topaz; he was a well made and handsome fellow, as fair as a Circassian maiden, as pleasant and obliging as an Armenian, and as prudent as a Parsee. The name of the other was Ebony; he was a very nice-looking negro, more clever and enterprising than Topaz, and one who found nothing too difficult. To them Rustem communicated his intention of taking a journey. Topaz tried to persuade him therefrom with the cautious zeal of a servant who did not wish to displease his master, and set before him all the dangers that he would incur. How could he leave two families in despair? How could he thrust a knife into his parents' hearts? He shook Rustem's resolution; but Ebony confirmed it, and removed all his scruples.

The young man wanted money for so long a journey; the prudent Topaz would not have helped him to borrow any, but Ebony provided him with plenty. He cleverly took his master's diamond, had a false one made just like it, which he put in its place, and pawned the genuine one to an Armenian for some thousands of rupees.

When the young *Mirza* had his rupees, all was ready for departure. An elephant was loaded with his baggage, and he and his party mounted their horses. Topaz said to his master:

"I took the liberty of remonstrating against your enterprise, but, having done so, it is my duty to obey; I am devoted to your service, I love you, and will follow you to the end of the earth; but let us consult on our way the oracle which is at a distance of two parasangs¹ from this place."

Rustem consented, and the oracle delivered this reply:—"If you go to the east, you will be at the west." Rustem could make nothing of this reply. Topaz maintained that it boded no good. Ebony, always accommodating, persuaded him that it was highly favourable.

There was yet another oracle in Cabul, and thither they also went. The oracle of Cabul answered them in these words: "If you possess, you will not possess, if you are a conqueror, you will not prevail; if you are Rustem, you will not be he." This utterance appeared more unintelligible even than the other.

"Take heed to yourself," said Topaz.

"Fear nothing," said Ebony; and that servant, as one may well believe, was always right in his master's eyes, flattering as he did his passion and his hopes.

On setting out from Cabul, they marched through a vast forest, where they sat down on the grass to refresh them-

¹ A Persian measure of distance, equal to nearly four English miles.

selves, letting their horses graze. They were preparing to unload the elephant which carried the dinner service, when they perceived that Topaz and Ebony were no longer with the little caravan. They called them till the forest re-echoed with the names of Ebony and of Topaz. They sought for them in all directions, and filled the forest with their shouts; but they came back without having seen anything of them, or any answer having been returned.

"We saw nothing but a vulture," said they to Rustem, "which was fighting with an eagle, and tearing out all its feathers."

The account of this conflict excited Rustem's curiosity, he went on foot to the spot, he perceived neither vulture nor eagle, but he saw his elephant, still heavily laden with his baggage, attacked by a huge rhinoceros which charged with its horn, while the elephant defended itself with its trunk. The rhinoceros relinquished the contest on seeing Rustem; his elephant was led back, but nothing more was seen of the horses.

"Strange things happen to travellers in the forests," cried Rustem.

The attendants were in a state of consternation, and their master was in despair at having lost at once his horses, his dear negro, and the prudent Topaz, for whom he always had an affection, though his opinions were never the same as his own.

He was consoling himself with the hope that he should soon be at the feet of the lovely princess of Cashmere, when he met a large striped ass, which a stout and formidable rustic was belabouring soundly with a stick. There is no animal so rare and beautiful, none so light of foot as asses of this sort. The ass responded to the boor's vigorous blows with kicks which might have uprooted an oak tree. The *Mirza*, as was natural, took the part of the ass, which was a charming creature. The countryman went off, say-

ing to the ass:—"I will pay you out for this." The ass thanked its deliverer in its own language, drawing near, allowing itself to be stroked, and returning Rustem's caresses. After dinner, he mounted the animal, and took the road to Cashmere with his servants, who followed him, some on foot, and others riding on the elephant.

Scarcely had he seated himself on his ass, when it turned towards Cabul, instead of following the road to Cashmere. In vain did its master turn the bridle, jerk it, press with his knees, apply the spurs, alternately slacken and pull the bridle, whipping it now on the right and now on the left, the obstinate animal kept running in the direction of Cabul.

Rustem, sweating with his exertions, was losing all hope of mastery, when he met a camel merchant, who said to him:

"Master, you have a very stubborn ass there which seems to be taking you where you do not want to go; if you will give it up to me, I will let you choose four of my camels instead."

Rustem thanked Providence for having put it into his power to make so good a bargain.

"Topaz was very far wrong," said he, "in telling me that my journey would be unfortunate."

He mounts the finest of the camels, and the three others follow him; he rejoins his caravan, and sees himself on the high road to happiness.

Hardly had he proceeded four parasangs when his further progress was stayed by a deep torrent, wide and boisterous, which rolled rocks along, and whitened them with foam. The banks on either side were frightful precipices, that made the eye giddy and froze the blood in one's veins. There were no means of crossing, none of going to the right or to the left.

"I begin to be afraid," said Rustem, "that Topaz was

justified in disapproving of my journey, and that I was quite wrong in undertaking it; still, if he were here, he would not refuse to give me some good advice. If I had Ebony, he would encourage me, and find a way out of this difficulty; but I have neither one nor the other."

His perplexity was increased by the consternation of his party; the night was dark and they passed it in lamentations. At last fatigue and exhaustion brought sleep to the amorous traveller; and when he awoke at daybreak, he saw a beautiful marble bridge raised above the torrent from one side to the other.

There were exclamations of astonishment and cries of joy:—"Is it possible? Is this a dream? What a miracle! What a work of enchantment!—Shall we venture to cross?" All the company fell on their knees, rose, and went to the bridge, kissed the ground, looked up to heaven, spread forth their hands, placed their trembling feet upon the bridge, went forward, came back, and fell into ecstasies of wonder. Rustem said:

"For once Heaven is on my side, Topaz did not know what he was saying, the oracles were in my favour, Ebony was right; but why is he not here?"

Scarcely had the party reached the other side of the torrent, when lo and behold, the bridge sank into the water with a frightful crash.

"So much the better! So much the better!" cried Rustem; "Heaven be blessed! God be praised, whose will it is that I should not return to my own country, where I should have been a simple nobleman; whose will it is that I should marry her whom I love! I shall be Prince of Cashmere. So it is that in *possessing* my mistress, *I shall not possess* my petty peerage at Candahar; *I shall be Rustem, and I shall not be he*, since I shall become a great prince. Thus then a large part of the oracle is clearly explained in my favour; the rest will be fulfilled

in the same manner. I am only too happy,—but why is Ebony not at my side? I regret him a thousand times more than Topaz.”

He advanced a few parasangs more with the utmost alacrity, but, as the day drew towards its close, a range of mountains all around steeper than a rampart, and higher than the tower of Babel would have been, if it had been finished, completely barred the way, and filled the travellers with fear.

They all exclaimed :

“It is the will of God that we should perish here ! He has broken down the bridge only that he may take away from us all hope of return ; He has raised up these mountains only to deprive us of all possibility of advance. O Rustem ! O unhappy Mirza ! we shall never see Cashmere ! we shall never re-enter the land of Candahar !”

The most poignant grief and the most crushing despair succeeded in Rustem’s soul to the excessive joy which he had felt, to the hopes with which he had been intoxicated. He was very far now from interpreting the oracles to his own advantage.

“Gracious Heaven ! God of my fathers !” he cried, “Have I indeed lost my friend Topaz ?”

As he pronounced the words, with deep-drawn sighs and floods of tears, surrounded by his despondent followers, suddenly the base of the mountain opened, and a long vaulted gallery, lighted by a hundred thousand torches, presented itself to their dazzled eyes. Rustem uttered an exclamation of surprise, while his people threw themselves upon their knees, and, falling backwards in their astonishment, shouted—“A miracle !” and said :

“Rustem is the favourite of Vishnu, the well beloved of Brahma ; he will be master of the world.”

Rustem believed it all, he was in raptures, and uplifted beyond measure.

“ Oh ! Ebony, my dear Ebony ! where are you ? why are you not a witness of all these wonders ?—How is it that I have lost you ? Fair Princess of Cashmere, when shall I look upon your charms again ? ”

He advances with his train of attendants, his elephant, and his camels, into the vaulted passage under the mountains, at the further end of which he enters a meadow, enamelled with flowers and bordered by brooks. Beyond the meadow are avenues of trees which are lost to sight in the distance, and, after traversing these avenues, they come upon a river, along the banks of which stand a thousand pleasure houses with charming gardens. He everywhere hears concerts of vocal and instrumental music, and sees dancing going on. He hastens to cross one of the bridges over the river, and asks the first man he meets what is the name of this beautiful country.

The person whom he addressed replied as follows :

“ You are in the province of Cashmere, and the inhabitants, as you see, are feasting and rejoicing ; we are celebrating the nuptials of our beautiful Princess, who is going to be married to the lord Bababou, to whom her father has betrothed her. May Heaven make their happiness lasting ! ”

On hearing these words Rustem fell down in a swoon, and the nobleman of Cashmere, thinking he must be in a fit, had him carried into his own house, where he remained a long while insensible. The two most skilful physicians in the neighbourhood were sent for and felt the patient's pulse, who, having recovered a little from the shock, sobbed violently, rolled his eyes, and cried out from time to time :

“ Topaz ! Topaz ! you were right after all ! ”

One of the physicians said to the nobleman of Cashmere :

“ I perceive from this young man's accent that he comes from Candahar ; the air of this country disagrees with him

and he must be sent home again ; I see insanity in his eyes ; leave him to me, I will take him back to his own country, and cure him."

The other physician asserted that grief was his only malady, that he ought to be taken to the wedding of the princess, and persuaded to dance. Whilst they were in consultation the invalid recovered his strength ; so the two physicians were sent away, and Rustem remained alone with his host.

"My lord," said he, "I ask your pardon for having fainted in your presence, I know that it is not a polite thing to do. I beg that you will be pleased to accept my elephant as a token of gratitude for the kindness you have shown me."

He then related to him all his adventures, taking good care, however, to say nothing about the object of his journey.

"But in the name of Vishnu and Brahma," said he, "inform me who is this lucky Bababou, who is to marry the Princess of Cashmere. Why has her father chosen him for his son-in-law, and why has the Princess accepted him as her husband ?"

"My lord," returned the nobleman of Cashmere, "the Princess has not accepted Bababou at all ; on the contrary, she is in tears, whilst all the province is celebrating her marriage with delight. She has shut herself up in the tower of her palace, unwilling to witness any of the festivities that are being held in her honour."

Rustem, on hearing these words, felt his soul revive ; the bloom of his complexion, which anguish had blighted, appeared once more upon his countenance.

"Tell me, I entreat you," he continued, "why the Prince of Cashmere is so obstinately bent upon giving his daughter to this Bababou, for whom she has such a dislike."

"These are the facts of the case," answered the noble-

man. "Are you aware that our august Prince has lost a big diamond and a javelin which he prized exceedingly?"

"Ah, yes! I am well aware of it," said Rustem.

"Know then," said his host, "that our Prince, in despair at receiving no news of either of his treasures, after having instituted a long search for them all over the earth, promised his daughter's hand to any one who should bring one or the other back to him. A certain lord Bababou presented himself one day, with the diamond in his possession, and so he is to marry the Princess to-morrow."

Rustem turned pale, stammered out a compliment or two, and took leave of his host. He rode at full speed on his dromedary to the capital, where the ceremony was to take place. When he arrived at the Prince's palace, he said that he had matters of importance to communicate to him, and craved an audience. The answer he received was that the Prince was engaged in making preparations for the wedding.

"It is on that very subject," said he, "that I wish to speak to him."

He was so urgent that at last he was admitted.

"Sire," said he, "may Heaven crown all your days with glory and magnificence! Your son-in-law is a knave."

"What? A knave! How dare you say so? Is that the way to speak to a Sovereign of Cashmere about the son-in-law of his choice?"

"Yes, I say a knave," repeated Rustem; "and, to prove it to Your Highness, here is your diamond, which I bring back to you."

The Prince in utter astonishment, compared the two diamonds, and, as he was not a good judge of precious stones, he could not tell which was the genuine one.

"Here are two diamonds," said he, "and I have only one daughter; what an embarrassing position to be in!"

He sent for Bababou, and asked him if he had not im-

posed upon him. Bababou swore that he had purchased his diamond from an Armenian; the other did not say from whom he got his, but he proposed an expedient for deciding between them, which was that it might please His Highness to order him to engage immediately in single combat with his rival.

"It is not enough for your son-in-law to give a diamond," said he; "he must also give proofs of valour. Do you not think it would be a good arrangement that the one who kills the other should marry the Princess?"

"Very good," answered the Prince; "it will afford a fine spectacle for the Court. Contend together you two without loss of time; the victor shall take the arms of the vanquished, according to the custom of Cashmere, and he shall also wed my daughter."

The two claimants forthwith stepped down into the courtyard. A magpie and a raven were perched at the head of the stairs. The raven croaked out: "Fight! Fight!" The magpie screamed: "Don't fight! Don't fight!" This made the Prince laugh, but the two rivals scarcely noticed it. They began the combat, while all the courtiers formed a ring round them,

The Princess, still keeping herself shut up in her tower, would not witness the spectacle; she had not the faintest suspicion that her lover was at Cashmere, and she had such a horror of Bababou, that she was determined to see nothing. The combat passed off capitally; Bababou was slain on the spot, and the people were delighted thereat, for he was ugly and Rustem was remarkably handsome, a circumstance which nearly always decides the favour of the public.

The victor donned the coat of mail, the scarf, and the helmet of the vanquished, and, followed by all the Court, and amidst a flourish of trumpets presented himself under his lady's windows. The whole company cried out as with one voice:

“Beautiful Princess, come and behold your handsome husband who has killed his hideous rival!”

As her women repeated the words, the Princess unfortunately put her head out of the window, and, seeing the armour of the man whom she detested, ran in a state of desperation to her Chinese chest, drew forth the fatal javelin, which darted at her beloved Rustem and pierced him in spite of his corselet. He uttered a loud cry, and the Princess, hearing it, thought that she recognised the voice of her unhappy lover.

She runs down, her hair streaming over her shoulders, with a mortal terror alike in her eyes and in her heart. Rustem had already fallen, covered with blood, into her father's arms. She sees him—Oh, what a moment! What a sight! What words can express the pain, the tenderness, the horror of that recognition!—She flings herself upon his prostrate form, and clasps him in her arms:

“Take,” said she, “these the first kisses and the last of your mistress and your murderess!”

She withdraws the weapon from the wound, plunges it into her own heart, and dies upon the body of the lover whom she adores. Her father, horrified, dismayed, and feeling ready to die like her, strives in vain to recall her to life—She had ceased to breathe! He curses that fatal dart, and breaks it to pieces, then casts far from him the two ill-omened diamonds, and, whilst preparations are being made for his daughter's funeral instead of her wedding, he gives command for Rustem to be carried into his palace, who, though bleeding, had still a spark of life.

After he had been carried to bed, the first object that meets his eyes is Topaz on one side of the bed of death, and Ebony on the other. His surprise gives him back a little strength:

“Ah! cruel men!” said he, “Why did you desert me?”

Perchance the Princess might yet be living, if you had been beside unhappy Rustem!"

"I have not deserted you for a single moment," said Topaz.

"I have been constantly beside you," said Ebony.

"Ah! What is it you say? Why mock my last moments?"—said Rustem in a feeble voice.

"You may believe what I say," answered Topaz; "you know that I never approved of this fatal journey, the dreadful consequences of which I foresaw. I was the eagle which fought with the vulture, and was despoiled of its feathers; I was the elephant which carried off the baggage, in order to force you to return to your own country; I was the striped ass which tried to take you back against your will to your father's house; it was I who led your horses astray; it was I who made the torrent which hindered your passage; I too it was who raised up the mountain which shut up against you a road so disastrous; I was the physician who recommended for you your native air; I was the magpie which screamed out to you not to fight—"

"And I," said Ebony, "was the vulture which stripped the eagle of its feathers, the rhinoceros which charged the elephant a hundred times with its horn, the boor who was beating the striped ass, the merchant who gave the camels to speed you to your destruction; I it was who built the bridge over which you went; I it was who excavated the tunnel which you traversed; I was the physician who encouraged you to proceed, the raven that croaked out to you to fight—"

"Alas! remember the oracles," said Topaz: "*If you go to the east, you will be at the west.*"

"Yes," said Ebony, "for here the dead are buried with faces turned to the west: the oracle was clear enough, how was it that you failed to understand it? You have pos-

sessed, and you possessed not; for you had the diamond, but it was a false one, without your knowing it. You are a conqueror, and yet you die; you are Rustem, and are ceasing to be he. All has been fulfilled."

As he spoke thus, four white wings covered the body of Topaz, and four black wings that of Ebony.

"What do I see?" cried Rustem.

Topaz and Ebony answered together:

"You see your two genii."

"O sirs!" said the unhappy Rustem, "what reason had you for meddling in my affairs? and why should there be two genii for one poor man?"

"It is the law," said Topaz; "every man has his two genii. It was Plato who first said it, and others have repeated it after him. You see that nothing can be more true; I, who am now speaking to you, am your good genius, and my charge was to keep watch close beside you till the last moment of your life. I have faithfully acquitted myself of that task."

"But," said the dying man, "if your business was to serve me, I must be of a nature far superior to your own. How then do you dare to say that you are my good genius, when you have suffered me to be deceived in everything that I have undertaken, leaving me at last to die, and my mistress too, in this miserable plight?"

"Alas! it was your destiny," said Topaz.

"If it is destiny that does everything," continued the dying man, "what is the good of having a genius? And you, Ebony, with your four black wings, are, I suppose, my evil genius?"

"You say right," answered Ebony.

"Were you then the evil genius of my princess also?"

"No, she had one of her own, and I have backed him up most successfully."

"Ah! accursed Ebony, if you are so wicked, you cannot belong to the same master as Topaz; you and he have

been created by two different powers, one of which is of a good, and the other of a wicked disposition."

"That does not necessarily follow," said Ebony, "but the subject is one of great difficulty."

"It is impossible," pursued Rustem, almost at the last gasp, "for a benevolent Being to have made a genius so malign."

"Possible, or impossible," replied Ebony, "the truth is as I tell you."

"Alas!" said Topaz, "my poor friend, do you not see that this villain has still the malice to make you argue, in order to inflame your blood and hasten the hour of your death?"

"Go; I am hardly better pleased with you than with him," said the dejected Rustem; "he at least confesses that he wished to work me evil, whereas you, who pretended to protect me, have done me no good service whatever."

"I am very sorry for it," said the good genius.

"And so am I," said the dying man; "There is something at the bottom of all this that I do not understand."

"No more do I," said the poor genius.

"I shall know all about it in a moment," said Rustem.

"We shall see," said Topaz.

Thereupon the whole scene vanished and Rustem found himself once more in his father's house, which he had never quitted, and in his bed, wherein he had been asleep for an hour.

He awoke with a start, in a cold sweat, and quite bewildered; he pinched himself, he called, he cried aloud, and rang his bell. His servant Topaz quickly made his appearance in his nightcap, yawning and stretching himself.

"Am I dead or am I alive?" exclaimed Rustem. "Will the beautiful Princess of Cashmere ever recover?"

"Is my master dreaming?" said Topaz, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Ah!" cried Rustem, "what is become of that barbarous Ebony, with his four black wings? He is the cause of my dying a death so cruel."

"My lord, I left him snoring upstairs. Shall I tell him to come down?"

"The scoundrel! He has been tormenting me for six months without intermission; it was he who took me to that fatal fair of Cabul; it was he who stole the diamond which the Princess had given me; he alone is responsible for my journey, the death of my Princess, and the javelin wound which has cut me off in the prime of youth."

"You need not distress yourself," said Topaz; "you were never at Cabul, and there is no Princess of Cashmere; her father has never had any children except two boys, who are now at school. You have never had a diamond; the Princess cannot be dead, since she never was born, and you yourself are in perfect health."

"What! Can you deny that you saw me dying in the Prince of Cashmere's bed? Did you not tell me, that in order to guard me from a multitude of calamities, you became in succession an eagle, an elephant, a striped ass, a physician, and a magpie?"

"My lord, you have dreamed all this. Our ideas are no more subject to our own control when we are asleep than when we are awake. It is the will of Heaven that this train of thoughts should have passed through your mind, in order to give you, as it would seem, some instruction from which you may derive profit."

"You are trifling with me," replied Rustem. "How long have I slept?"

"My lord, you have not been asleep more than an hour."

"What, you pestilent prater! Would you have me believe that in the course of a single hour I could have been at the fair of Cabul six months ago, that I could have returned home, have taken a journey to Cashmere, and

all of us have been killed,—Bababou, the Princess, and myself?”

“My lord, there is nothing easier or more a matter of course, and you might actually have travelled all round the world, and met with many more adventures than you have had, in much less time.

“Is it not a fact that you can read in the course of an hour the summary of the history of Persia, written by Zoroaster? Yet that summary embraces eight hundred thousand years. All those events pass before your eyes, one after the other, in an hour. Then you must admit that it is as easy for Brahma to compress them all within the limits of an hour as to extend them over the space of eight hundred thousand years; it comes to very much the same thing. Represent to yourself time as turning on a wheel the diameter of which is infinite; under this immense wheel is an innumerable multitude of other wheels, one within another; the central wheel is invisible, and makes an infinite number of turns in precisely the same time as the great wheel takes to accomplish a single revolution. It is evident that all the events from the beginning of the world to its end might take place, one after the other, in far less time than the hundred thousandth part of a second, and it may even be asserted that such is actually the case.”

“I understand nothing of all this,” said Rustem.

“I have a parrot,” said Topaz, “which will, if you like, make you comprehend it all without any difficulty. It was hatched some time before the Flood, and was preserved in the Ark; it has seen a great deal, yet it is no more than a year and a half old. It will tell you its history, which is extremely interesting.”

“Go, make haste and fetch your parrot,” said Rustem. “It will serve to amuse me until I can fall asleep again.”

“My sister, the nun, has it,” replied Topaz; “I will go

and fetch it. You will be very pleased with it, I think ; it has a good memory, tells its story simply, without trying to show off its wit at every turn, and without any beating about the bush."

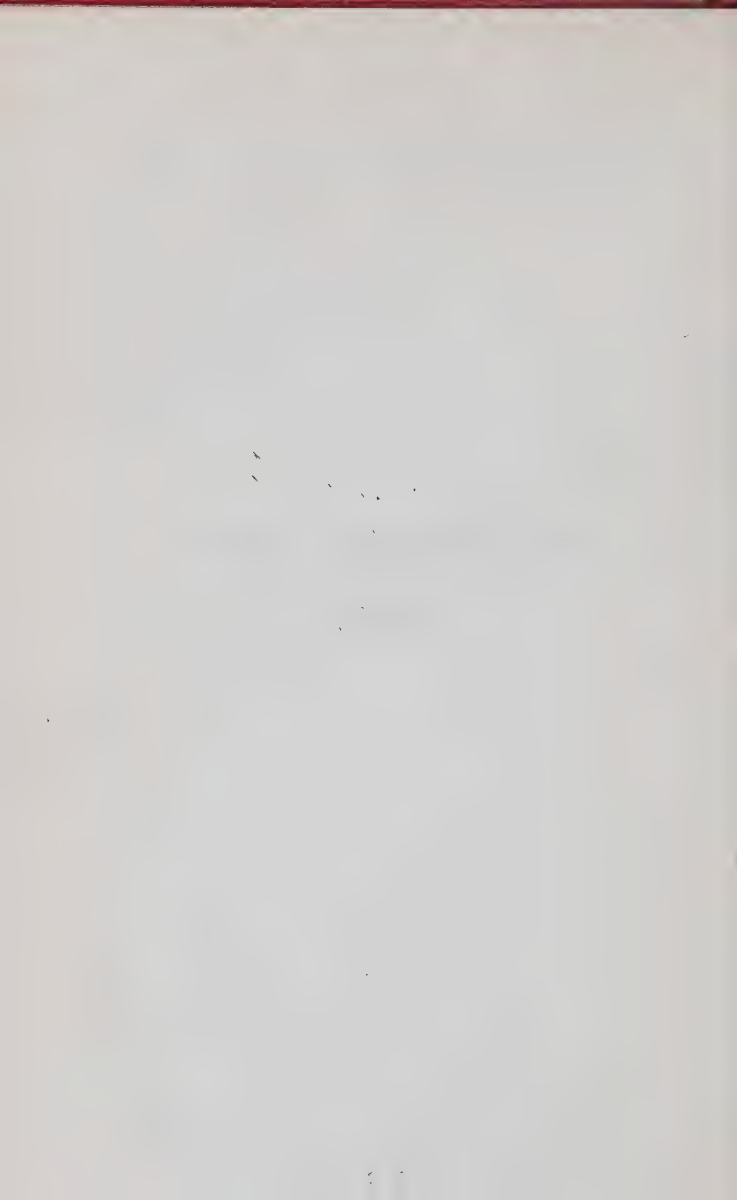
"So much the better," said Rustem ; "that is how I like to hear stories told."

The parrot was brought to him and spoke as follows :

[N.B. Miss Catherine Vadé has never been able to find the parrot's history among the papers of her cousin, the late Anthony Vadé, author of this tale. It is a great pity, considering the age in which the parrot lived.]

JEANNOT AND COLIN.

(1764.)



JEANNOT AND COLIN.

(1764.)

MANY trustworthy persons have seen Jeannot and Colin when they went to school at Issoire in Auvergne, a town famous all over the world for its college and its kettles. Jeannot was the son of a dealer in mules, a man of considerable reputation; Colin owed his existence to a worthy husbandman who dwelt in the outskirts of the town, and cultivated his farm with the help of four mules, and who, after paying tolls and tallage, scutage and salt duty, poundage, poll-tax, and tithes, did not find himself particularly well off at the end of the year.

Jeannot and Colin were very handsome lads for natives of Auvergne; they were much attached to each other, and had little secrets together and private understandings, such as old comrades always recall with pleasure when they afterwards meet in a wider world.

Their schooldays were drawing near their end, when a tailor one day brought Jeannot a velvet coat of three colours with a waistcoat of Lyons silk to match in excellent taste; this suit of clothes was accompanied by a letter addressed to Monsieur de La Jeannotière. Colin admired the coat, and was not at all jealous; but Jeannot assumed an air of superiority which distressed Colin. From that moment Jeannot paid no more heed to his lessons, but was

always looking at his reflection in the glass, and despised everybody but himself. Some time afterwards a footman arrived post-haste, bringing a second letter, addressed this time to His Lordship the Marquis de La Jeannotière; it contained an order from his father for the young nobleman, his son, to be sent to Paris. As Jeannot mounted the chaise to drive off, he stretched out his hand to Colin with a patronising smile befitting his rank. Colin felt his own insignificance, and wept. So Jeannot departed in all his glory.

Readers who like to know all about things may be informed that Monsieur Jeannot, the father, had rapidly gained immense wealth in business. You ask how those great fortunes are made? It all depends upon luck. Monsieur Jeannotière had a comely person, and so had his wife; moreover her complexion was fresh and blooming. They had gone to Paris to prosecute a law-suit which was ruining them, when Fortune, who lifts up and casts down human beings at her pleasure, presented them with an introduction to the wife of an army hospital contractor, a man of great talent, who could boast of having killed more soldiers in one year than the cannon had destroyed in ten. Jeannot took the lady's fancy, and Jeannot's wife captivated the gentleman. Jeannot soon became a partner in the business, and entered into other speculations. When one is in the current of the stream it is only necessary to let oneself drift, and so an immense fortune may sometimes be made without any trouble. The beggars who watch you from the bank, as you glide along in full sail, open their eyes in astonishment; they wonder how you have managed to get on; they envy you at all events, and write pamphlets against you which you never read. That was what happened to Jeannot senior, who was soon styled Monsieur de La Jeannotière, and, after buying a marquissate at the end of six months, he took the young nobleman

his son away from school, to launch him into the fashionable world of Paris.

Colin, always affectionately disposed, wrote a kind letter to his old schoolfellow in order to offer his congratulations. The little marquis sent him no answer, which grieved Colin sorely.

The first thing that his father and mother did for the young gentleman was to get him a tutor. This tutor, who was a man of distinguished manners and profound ignorance, could teach his pupil nothing. The marquis wished his son to learn Latin, but the marchioness would not hear of it. They consulted the opinion of a certain author who had obtained considerable celebrity at that time from some popular works which he had written. He was invited to dinner, and the master of the house began by saying :

"Sir, as you know Latin, and are conversant with the manners of the Court——"

"I, sir! Latin! I don't know a word of it," answered the man of wit; "and it is just as well for me that I don't, for one can speak one's own language better, when the attention is not divided between it and foreign tongues. Look at all our ladies; they are far more charming in conversation than men, their letters are written with a hundred times more grace of expression. They owe that superiority over us to nothing else but their ignorance of Latin."

"There now! Was I not right?" said the lady. "I want my son to be a man of wit, and to make way in the world. You see that if he were to learn Latin, it would be his ruin. Tell me, if you please, are plays and operas performed in Latin? Are the proceedings in court conducted in Latin, when one has a lawsuit on hand? Do people make love in Latin?"

The marquis, confounded by these arguments, passed sentence, and it was decided that the young nobleman

should not waste his time in studying Cicero, Horace, and Virgil.

"But what is he to learn then? For still, I suppose, he will have to know something. Might he not be taught a little geography?"

"What good will that do him?" answered the tutor. "When my lord marquis goes to visit his country seat, will not his postillions know the roads? There will be no fear of their going astray. One does not want a sextant in order to travel, and it is quite possible to make a journey between Paris and Auvergne without knowing anything about the latitude and longitude of either."

"Very true," replied the father; "but I have heard people speak of a noble science, which is, I think, called *astronomy*."

"Bless my soul!" rejoined the tutor. "Do we regulate our behaviour in this world by the stars? Why should my lord marquis wear himself out in calculating an eclipse, when he will find it predicted correctly to a second in the almanac, which will moreover inform him of all the movable feasts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princesses in Europe?"

The marchioness was quite of the tutor's opinion, the little marquis was in a state of the highest delight, and his father was very undecided.

"What then is my son to be taught?" said he.

"To make himself agreeable," answered the friend whom they had consulted; "for, if he knows the way to please, he will know everything worth knowing; it is an art which he will learn from her ladyship, his mother, without the least trouble to either of them."

The marchioness, at these words, smiled graciously upon the courtly ignoramus, and said:

"It is easy to see, sir, that you are a most accomplished gentleman; my son will owe all his education to you. I

imagine, however, that it will not be a bad thing for him to know a little history."

"Nay, madam,—what good would that do him?" he answered. "Assuredly the only entertaining and useful history is that of the passing hour. All ancient histories, as one of our clever writers¹ has observed, are admitted to be nothing but fables; and for us moderns it is an inextricable chaos. What does it matter to the young gentleman, your son, if Charlemagne instituted the twelve Paladins of France, or if his successor² had an impediment in his speech?"

"Nothing was ever said more wisely!" exclaimed the tutor. "The minds of children are smothered under a mass of useless knowledge; but of all sciences that which seems to me the most absurd, and the one best adapted to extinguish every spark of genius, is geometry. That ridiculous science is concerned with surfaces, lines, and points which have no existence in nature. In imagination a hundred thousand curved lines may be made to pass between a circle and a straight line which touches it, although in reality you could not insert so much as a straw. Geometry, indeed, is nothing more than a bad joke."

The marquis and his lady did not understand much of the meaning of what the tutor was saying; but they were quite of his way of thinking.

"A nobleman like his lordship," he continued, "should not dry up his brain with such unprofitable studies. If, some day, he should require one of those sublime geometricians to draw a plan of his estates, he can have them measured for his money. If he should wish to trace out the antiquity of his lineage, which goes back to the most remote ages, all he will have to do will be to send for some

¹ Bernard Fontenelle, who died in the year 1757.

² Louis le Bègue, *i.e.* the Stammerer, was third in succession from Charlemagne.

learned Benedictine. It is the same with all the other arts. A young lord born under a lucky star is neither a painter, nor a musician, nor an architect, nor a sculptor; but he may make all these arts flourish by encouraging them with his generous approval. Doubtless it is much better to patronise than to practise them. It will be quite enough if my lord the young marquis has taste; it is the part of artists to work for him, and thus there is a great deal of truth in the remark that people of quality (that is if they are very rich) know everything without learning anything, because, in point of fact and in the long run, they are masters of all the knowledge which they can command and pay for."

The agreeable *ignoramus* then took part again in the conversation, and said:

"You have well remarked, madam, that the great end of man's existence is to succeed in society. Is it, forsooth, any aid to the attainment of this success to have devoted oneself to the sciences? Does anyone ever think in select company of talking about geometry? Is a well-bred gentleman ever asked what star rises to-day with the sun? Does anyone at the supper table ever want to know if Clodion the Long Haired crossed the Rhine?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed the Marchioness de la Jeannotière, whose charms had been her passport into the world of fashion; "and my son must not stifle his genius by studying all that trash. But, after all, what is he to be taught? For it is a good thing that a young lord should be able to shine when occasion offers, as my noble husband has said. I remember once hearing an abbé remark that the most entertaining science was something the name of which I have forgotten—it begins with a *B*."

"With a *B*, madam? It was not botany, was it?"

"No, it certainly was not botany that he mentioned; it began, as I tell you, with a *B*, and ended in *onry*."

“Ah, madam, I understand!—It was blazonry or heraldry. That is indeed a most profound science; but it has ceased to be fashionable since the custom has died out of having one’s coat of arms painted on the carriage doors; it was the most useful thing imaginable in a well-ordered State. Besides, that line of study would be endless, for at the present day there is not a barber who is without his armorial bearings, and you know that whatever becomes common loses its attraction.”

Finally, after all the pros and cons of the different sciences had been examined and discussed, it was decided that the young marquis should learn dancing.

Dame Nature, who disposes everything at her own will and pleasure, had given him a talent which soon developed itself with prodigious success; it was that of singing street ballads in a charming style. His youthful grace accompanying this superlative gift, caused him to be regarded as a young man of the highest promise. He was a favourite with the ladies, and, having his head crammed with songs, he had no lack of mistresses to whom to address his verses. He stole the line—“Bacchus with the Loves at play”—from one ballad, and made it rhyme with—“night and day”—taken out of another, while a third furnished him with “charms” and “alarms.” But inasmuch as there were always some feet more or less than were wanted in his verses, he had them corrected at the rate of twenty sovereigns a song. And “The Literary Year” placed him in the same rank with such sonneteers as La Fare, Chaulieu, Hamilton, Sarrasin, and Voiture.

Her ladyship the marchioness then believed that she was indeed the mother of a genius, and gave a supper to all the wits of Paris. The young man’s head was soon turned upside down, he acquired the art of talking without knowing the meaning of what he said, and perfected himself in the habit of being fit for nothing. When his father saw

him so eloquent, he keenly regretted that he had not had him taught Latin, or he would have purchased some high appointment for him in the Law. His mother, who was of more heroic sentiments, took upon herself to solicit a regiment for her son; in the meantime he made love,—and love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment. He squandered his money freely, while his parents drained their purses and credit to a lower and lower ebb by living in the grandest style.

A young widow of good position in their neighbourhood, who had only a moderate income, was well enough disposed to make some effort to prevent the great wealth of the Marquis and Marchioness de La Jeannotière from going altogether, by marrying the young marquis and so appropriating what remained. She enticed him to her house, let him make love to her, allowed him to see that she was not quite indifferent to him, led him on by degrees, enchanted him, and made him her devoted slave without the least difficulty. She would give him at one time commendation and at another time counsel; she became his father and mother's best friend. An old neighbour proposed marriage; the parents, dazzled with the splendour of the alliance, joyfully fell in with the scheme, and gave their only son to their most intimate lady friend. The young marquis was thus about to wed a woman whom he adored, and by whom he was beloved in return. The friends of the family congratulated him, the marriage settlement was on the point of being signed, the bridal dress and the epithalamium were both well under way.

One morning our young gentleman was on his knees before the charmer whom fond affection and esteem were so soon to make his own; they were tasting in animated and tender converse the first fruits of future happiness; they were settling how they should lead a life of perfect

bliss, when one of his lady mother's footmen presented himself, scared out of his wits.

"Here's fine news which may surprise you!" said he; "the bailiffs are in the house of my lord and lady, removing the furniture. All has been seized by the creditors. They talk of personal arrest, and I am going to do what I can to get my wages paid."

"Let us see what has happened," said the marquis, "and discover the meaning of all this."

"Yes," said the widow, "go and punish those rascals—go, quick!"

He hurried homewards, he arrived at the house, his father was already in prison, all the servants had fled, each in a different direction, carrying off whatever they could lay their hands upon. His mother was alone, helpless, forlorn, and bathed in tears; she had nothing left her but the remembrance of her former prosperity, her beauty, her faults, and her foolish extravagance.

After the son had condoled with his mother for a long time, he said at last:

"Let us not despair; this young widow loves me to distraction; she is even more generous than she is wealthy, I can assure you, I will fly to her for succour, and bring her to you."

So he returns to his mistress, and finds her conversing in private with a fascinating young officer.

"What! Is that you, my lord de La Jeannotière? What business have you with me? How can you leave your mother by herself in this way? Go, and stay with the poor woman, and tell her that she shall always have my good wishes. I am in want of a waiting-woman now, and will gladly give her the preference."

"My lad," said the officer, "you seem pretty tall and straight; if you would like to enter my company, I will make it worth your while to enlist."

The marquis, stupefied with astonishment, and secretly enraged, went off in search of his former tutor, confided to him all his troubles, and asked his advice. He proposed that he should become, like himself, a tutor of the young.

"Alas! I know nothing; you have taught me nothing whatever, and you are the primary cause of all my unhappiness." And as he spoke he began to sob.

"Write novels," said a wit who was present; "it is an excellent resource to fall back upon at Paris."

The young man, in more desperate straits than ever, hastened to the house of his mother's father-confessor; he was a Theatine monk of the very highest reputation, who directed the souls of none but ladies of the first rank in society. As soon as he saw him, the reverend gentleman rushed to meet him.

"Good gracious! My lord Marquis, where is your carriage? How is your honoured mother, the Marchioness?"

The unfortunate young fellow related the disaster that had befallen his family. As he explained the matter further the Theatine¹ assumed a graver air, one of less concern and more self-importance.

"My son, herein you may see the hand of Providence; riches serve only to corrupt the heart. The Almighty has shown special favour then to your mother in reducing her to beggary. Yes, sir, so much the better!—she is now sure of her salvation."

"But, father, in the meantime are there no means of obtaining some succour in this world?"

"Farewell, my son! There is a lady of the Court waiting for me."

The marquis felt ready to faint. He was treated after much the same manner by all his friends, and learned to know the world better in half a day than in all the rest of his life.

¹ See p. 309, note 1.

As he was plunged in overwhelming despair, he saw an old-fashioned travelling chaise, more like a covered tumbril than anything else, and furnished with leather curtains, followed by four enormous waggons all heavily laden. In the chaise was a young man in rustic attire; his round and rubicund face had an air of kindness and good temper. His little wife, whose sunburnt countenance had a pleasing if not a refined expression, was jolted about as she sat beside him. The vehicle did not go quite so fast as a dandy's chariot, the traveller had plenty of time to look at the marquis, as he stood motionless, absorbed in his grief.

"Oh! good Heavens!" he exclaimed; "I believe that is Jeannot there!"

Hearing that name the marquis raised his eyes,—the chaise stopped.

"'Tis Jeannot himself! Yes, it is Jeannot!"

The plump little man with one leap sprang to the ground, and ran to embrace his old companion. Jeannot recognised Colin; signs of sorrow and shame covered his countenance.

"You have forsaken your old friend," said Colin; "but be you as grand a lord as you like, I shall never cease to love you."

Jeannot, confounded and cut to the heart, told him with sobs something of his history.

"Come into the inn where I am lodging, and tell me the rest," said Colin; "kiss my little wife, and let us go and dine together."

They went, all three of them, on foot, and the baggage followed.

"What in the world is all this paraphernalia? Does it belong to you?"

"Yes, it is all mine and my wife's, we are just come from the country. I am at the head of a large tin, iron,

and copper factory, and have married the daughter of a rich tradesman and general provider of all useful commodities for great folks and small. We work hard, and God gives us his blessing. We are satisfied with our condition in life, and are quite happy. We will help our friend Jeannot—Give up being a marquis; all the grandeur in the world is not equal in value to a good friend. You will return with me into the country; I will teach you my trade, it is not a difficult one to learn; I will give you a share in the business, and we will live together with light hearts in that corner of the earth where we were born.”

Jeannot, overcome by this kindness, felt himself divided between sorrow and joy, tenderness and shame; and he said within himself:

“All my fashionable friends have proved false to me, and Colin, whom I despised, is the only one who comes to my succour. What a lesson!”

Colin's generosity developed in Jeannot's heart the germ of that good disposition which the world had not yet choked. He felt that he could not desert his father and mother.

“We will take care of your mother,” said Colin; “and as for the good man your father, who is in prison,—I know something of business matters,—his creditors, when they see that he has nothing more, will agree to a moderate composition. I will see to all that myself.”

Colin was as good as his word, and succeeded in effecting the father's release from prison. Jeannot returned to his old home with his parents, who resumed their former occupation. He married Colin's sister, who, being like her brother in disposition, rendered her husband very happy. And so Jeannot the father, and Jeannotte the mother, and Jeannot the son came to see that vanity is no true source of happiness.

THE CHILD OF NATURE.

(1767.)

THE CHILD OF NATURE.

A TRUE STORY, AS FOUND AMONG THE MANUSCRIPTS OF FATHER QUESNEL.¹

(1767.)

CHAPTER I.

DESCRIBES HOW THE PRIOR OF OUR LADY OF THE MOUNTAIN AND HIS SISTER FELL IN WITH A HURON.

ONE day Saint Dunstan, an Irishman by nationality² and a saint by profession, left Ireland on a small mountain, which was wafted towards the French coast, and arrived by that mode of conveyance in the Bay of St. Malo. As soon as he had landed, he bestowed his benediction upon the mountain, which made a profound courtesy, and then returned to Ireland by the same way as it had come.

Dunstan founded a little priory in that neighbourhood, and gave it the name of the Priory of the Mountain, which it still bears, as everybody knows.

On the evening of the fifteenth day of July, in the year 1689, the Abbé de Kerkabon, Prior of Our Lady of the Mountain, was walking on the sea shore with Mademoiselle

¹ The Father Quesnel to whom Voltaire attributes "*L'Ingénu*" was the Jansenist author of "*Reflexions morales*," condemned by a Papal bull.

² The historical St. Dunstan was an Englishman, born at or near Glastonbury in Somersetshire, 925 A.D.

de Kerkabon, his sister, to take the air. The Prior, already a little advanced in years, was a very good clergyman, beloved by his neighbours as he had formerly been by their wives. What had established his high reputation more than anything else was the fact that he was the only beneficed divine of that part of the country who did not require to be carried to bed, after supping with his brethren of the cloth. He had a very decent knowledge of theology; and, when he was tired of reading St. Augustine, he entertained himself with Rabelais; moreover, nobody had an ill word to say of him.

Mademoiselle de Kerkabon, who had never been married, though that was not for want of wishing it, had preserved the freshness of her complexion to the age of five and forty years. Her character was benevolent and sympathetic; she was fond of pleasure, no less than of devotion.

The Prior, as he cast his eyes over the sea, said to his sister :

“ Alas, it was here that our poor brother embarked with our dear sister-in-law, Madame de Kerkabon his wife, on board the ‘ Swallow ’ frigate in 1669, to go and serve in Canada. If he had not been killed, we might be hoping to see him again.”

“ Do you believe,” said Mademoiselle de Kerkabon, “ that our sister-in-law was devoured by Iroquois Indians, as we have heard ? ”

“ It is quite certain that if she had not been eaten up, she would have returned home. I shall mourn for her all my life—she was a charming woman; and our brother, who was remarkably clever, would assuredly have risen to a high position.”

As both of them were melted to tears at these tender recollections, they saw a small vessel enter the mouth of the Rance with the tide; it contained some Englishmen who had come to sell certain produce of their country. They leapt ashore, without taking any notice of the Prior

or his sister, who was much shocked at this want of attention to herself.

This was not the case, however, with a very handsome young man, who sprang forward ahead of his companions, and found himself face to face with the lady. He saluted her with an inclination of the head, not being accustomed to making a bow. His figure and clothing attracted the notice of the brother and sister. His head and his legs were bare, his feet were shod with low sandals, and down his neck hung plaits of long hair; a tight-fitting jerkin showed off to advantage his slim and lithe figure. He had a martial mien, but not without a touch of mildness. He held in one hand a small flask of Barbadoes water,¹ and in the other a sort of bag in which he carried a goblet and some excellent sea biscuit. He spoke French very intelligibly, and offered his Barbadoes water to Mademoiselle de Kerkabon and her brother; he drank some of it with them, he invited them to drink again, and all with an air so simple and natural, that both brother and sister were delighted with him. They asked how they could serve him, who he was, and where he was going. The young man answered them that he had no idea, that he was inquisitive and wished to see what the shores of France were like, so he had come and was going to return.

His Reverence the Prior, judging from his accent that he was not an Englishman, took the liberty of inquiring to what country he belonged.

"I am a Huron," replied the young man.

Mademoiselle de Kerkabon, surprised and enchanted to see a Huron with such polite manners, invited the young fellow to supper; he did not require to be asked twice, and all three went together to the Priory of Our Lady of the the Mountain.

¹ A kind of rum.

The plump little woman gazed at the stranger with all her eyes, which were not very large even when wide open, and whispered to the Prior every now and again :

“This tall lad beside us has a colour like that of the lily and the rose!—What a fair skin he has for a Huron!”

“Very true, sister,” said the Prior.

She showered a hundred questions upon the traveller in quick succession, and he always answered her with great good sense.

The rumour soon spread that there was a Huron staying at the Priory. Those who belonged to the best society in the neighbourhood were eager to go and sup there. The Abbé de Saint-Yves came with his sister, a beauty of Lower Brittany, young and very well educated. The magistrate of the district, the receiver of taxes, and their wives were also at supper. The stranger was placed between Mademoiselle de Kerkabon and Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves. Everybody looked at him with admiration, everybody spoke to him and questioned him at once; but the Huron was not in the least disconcerted, it seemed as if he had taken for his motto that of Lord Bolingbroke: *Nil admirari*.¹ But at last, unable to stand so much noise, he said with a good natured smile, but also with some decision :

“Gentlemen, in my country we are in the habit of speaking one after another; how do you expect me to answer you, when you prevent me from hearing what you say?” The voice of reason always brings people to their senses at least for some moments, and a dead silence ensued. The magistrate, who always regarded strangers as his peculiar property, in whatever house he happened to find himself, and who was famous as an interrogator all over the province, opened his mouth about half a foot wide and said :

¹ Originally a maxim of the Stoics—“to let nothing disturb one’s equanimity.” See Horace’s Epistles, i. 6, 1.

“What is your name, sir?”

“I have always been called ‘the Unsophisticated Child of Nature,’” answered the Huron, “and this name of mine was ratified in England, because I always say what I think in the most artless manner, and do whatever I like.”

“Being born a Huron, how, sir, did you manage to get to England?”

“Because I was taken there; I was made prisoner by the English in a battle, after having defended myself pretty stoutly; and the English, who love bravery, because they are brave themselves and as honourable as we are, having proposed to restore me to my kinsfolk or to take me with them to England, I accepted the latter offer, because from my natural disposition I am passionately fond of seeing new countries.”

“But, sir,” said the magistrate, in his most imposing tone, “how could you desert your father and mother in that way?”

“Because neither father nor mother were ever known to me,” said the stranger.

The company were moved with compassion, and everybody repeated:

“Neither father nor mother!”

“We will supply their place,” said the mistress of the house to her brother the Prior. “How interesting this Huron gentleman is, to be sure!”

The Unsophisticated thanked her with generous cordiality, and gave her to understand that he needed nothing.

“I perceive, Mr. Unsophisticated,” said the grave magistrate, “that your French is better than could be expected from a Huron.”

“A Frenchman,” he replied, “whom we had captured, and with whom I formed a warm friendship, taught me his language when I was very young, in my own country; I learn very quickly what I wish to learn. On arriving at

Plymouth, I met with one of your French refugees, whom you call Huguenots, why I know not. Under his instruction I made further progress in the knowledge of your tongue; and, now that I can express myself intelligibly, I am come to see your country, for I like French people very much—when they don't ask too many questions."

The Abbé de Saint-Yves, in spite of this little hint, inquired which of the three languages he liked best, his own native tongue, English, or French.

"My own, undoubtedly," answered the Child of Nature.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Kerkabon. "I always thought that French was the most beautiful of all languages, next to that of Lower Brittany."

Then a rivalry arose as to who should ask the Unsophisticated how the Hurons called different things, such as what name they gave to "tobacco," to which he answered *taya*; ¹ how they expressed "to eat," and he answered *essenten*. Mademoiselle de Kerkabon insisted upon knowing what they said for "to make love;" he replied *trovander*, and maintained, not without some show of reason, that those words were quite as good as their French and English equivalents. *Trovander* especially seemed to all the company a very pretty expression.

The Prior, who had in his library a Huron grammar, which had been given him by the Reverend Father Sagar Théodat of the Reformed Franciscans, the famous missionary, left the table for a moment in order to go and consult it. He returned quite out of breath with tender and joyful emotion; he acknowledged the Unsophisticated as a genuine Huron. A short discussion next arose on the multiplicity of languages, and there was a general agreement that, had it not been for what happened at the Tower of Babel, all the world would have spoken French.

The question-loving magistrate, who had hitherto shown

¹ This, and those that follow are genuine Indian words.

some distrust of the stranger, now began to feel towards him a profound respect, and addressed him more politely than he had done before, upon what ground the Child of Nature could not comprehend.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves evinced great curiosity to know how the Hurons made love in their own country.

“By doing noble deeds,” replied the youth, “to please persons like yourself.”

All the guests were astonished, and applauded so apt an answer. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves blushed, and was very pleased. Mademoiselle de Kerkabon also blushed, but was not quite so well pleased; she was a little piqued that the compliment had not been addressed to her, but she was so good-natured that her liking for the Huron underwent no alteration. She asked him, with kindly interest, how many sweethearts he had had in his own land.

“I have never had more than one,” said the Unsophisticated; “it was Miss Abacaba, my dear nurse’s great friend; the reeds were not more straight, the ermine was not whiter, lambs were not so mild, eagles not so proud, and the deer were less fleet of foot than Miss Abacaba. One day she was chasing a hare in our neighbourhood, about fifty leagues from our settlement, when an Algonquin, an ill-bred fellow who lived a hundred leagues farther from us, came up and took the hare away from her. I heard of it, ran to the place, knocked down the Algonquin with a blow of my club, and brought him to the feet of my mistress, bound hand and foot. Abacaba’s relations wanted to eat him, but I never had much taste for such kinds of feasts. I gave him back his liberty and made him my friend. Abacaba was so touched by my conduct, that she preferred me to all her other suitors. She would have loved me still, if she had not had the misfortune to be devoured by a bear. I had my revenge on the bear and wore its skin for a long

time, but somehow that did not seem to give me much consolation."

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, on hearing this narration, felt a secret pleasure at learning that the Child of Nature had never had more than one sweetheart, and that Abacaba was no longer alive; but she did not know the cause of her pleasure. All the company fixed their eyes on the Unsophisticated, and he was highly commended for having prevented his comrades from eating up an Algonquin.

The inexorable magistrate, whose rage for asking questions was irrepressible, pushed his curiosity so far as to inquire to what religion the Huron gentleman belonged; whether he had chosen the Anglican, the Gallican, or the Huguenot church.

"I am of my own religion, as you are of yours," said he.

"Alas!" said the Prior's sister, "I see plainly that those wretched English people have not even thought of baptizing him."

"Good Heavens!" said Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves; "how comes it that the Hurons are not Catholics? Have not the Reverend Jesuit Fathers converted them all?"

The Unsophisticated assured her that in his country no one was ever converted, that a true Huron had never changed his opinion, and that there was not even a term in their language to signify "inconstancy." These last words pleased Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves exceedingly.

"We'll baptize him! Yes, we'll baptize him!" said Mademoiselle de Kerkabon to the Prior; "you shall have the honour of administering the rite, my dear brother, and I am determined to be his godmother; the Abbé de Saint-Yves shall present him at the font; it will be a most brilliant ceremony, and talked of all over Lower Brittany, moreover it will be an infinite honour to us."

All the company supported the mistress of the house, exclaiming: "We'll have him baptized!"

The Unsophisticated replied that in England people were allowed to live according to their fancy ; he intimated that the proposal did not please him at all, and that the laws of the Hurons were at least as good as those of the people of Lower Brittany ; he ended by saying that he was going to take his departure on the morrow. When his bottle of Barbadoes water was quite finished, all the company retired to bed.

After the Child of Nature had been conducted to his chamber, Mademoiselle de Kerkabon and her friend Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves could not help looking through the key hole, to see how a Huron slept ; they saw that he had spread the bed-clothes on the floor and was reposing in the most graceful attitude imaginable.

CHAPTER II.

THE HURON, KNOWN AS THE UNSOPHISTICATED, IS RECOGNISED BY HIS RELATIONS.

THE Unsophisticated awoke, as he was accustomed to do, at cock-crow, which the English and the Hurons call, "the bugle of the morn." He was not like those people of fashion who lounge in a bed of idleness till the sun has passed the middle of his course, who can neither sleep nor get up, who lose so many precious hours in a state between life and death, and who yet complain that life is too short.

He had already traversed two or three leagues, and had killed some thirty head of game, with bullets only, when on his return he found the Prior of our Lady of the Mountain and his discreet sister walking in their little garden,

with nightcaps on their heads. He presented them with all his spoils, and, drawing from his bosom a sort of little talisman which he always wore round his neck, begged them to accept it as some acknowledgment of their kind hospitality.

"It is the most precious possession that I have," said he. "I have been assured that I should be always happy so long as I wore this little trinket; and I give it to you in order that you may always be happy."

The Prior and his sister smiled feelingly at the simplicity of this Child of Nature; the present consisted of two little portraits, badly executed, and fastened together with a very greasy string.

Mademoiselle de Kerkabon asked him if there were artists among the Hurons.

"No," said the Unsophisticated; "this curiosity was given me by my nurse. Her husband had obtained possession of it by conquest, when stripping some Frenchmen from Canada who had made war upon us. That is all I know about it."

The Prior gazed attentively at the portraits; he changed colour, he was strongly moved, and his hands trembled.

"By our Lady of the Mountain," he exclaimed, "I believe that these are the faces of my brother, the Captain, and his wife!"

His sister, after regarding them with no less emotion, came to the same conclusion. Both of them were seized with astonishment and joy, not unmixed with pain; both were overcome, both shed tears, their hearts beat fast, they gave vent to little cries, and snatched the pictures out of each other's hands, taking them and giving them back twenty times in a second; they devoured with their eyes alike the pictures and the Huron; they asked one after the other, and both together, where, when, and how these miniatures had fallen into his nurse's hands; they entered

into comparisons, and calculated the time since the Captain's departure; they remembered having heard tidings that he had advanced as far as the country of the Hurons, and since that time they had never heard anything more of him.

The Unsophisticated had told them that he had known neither father nor mother. The Prior, who was a man of intelligence, noticed that the young man had a little beard, though he knew very well that the Hurons have none.

"His chin is covered with down, he is doubtless the son of some European. My brother and sister-in-law disappeared altogether after the expedition against the Hurons in 1669—my nephew must have been an infant in arms—the Huron nurse saved his life, and supplied the place of a mother."

Finally, after a hundred questions and answers, the Prior and his sister came to the conclusion that the Huron was their own nephew. They embraced him with tears, and the Unsophisticated laughed, for how could he suppose that a Huron was the nephew of a prior of Lower Brittany?

All the company now came downstairs, and the Abbé de Saint-Yves, who was a great physiognomist, compared the two portraits with the countenance of the youth before him. He very cleverly remarked that he had his mother's eyes, while his forehead and nose were those of the late Captain de Kerkabon, and his cheeks bore some likeness to both.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, who had never seen either the father or the mother, was positive that the Unsophisticated resembled them exactly. They all admired the ways of Providence and the concatenation of events in this world. At last everybody seemed so firmly persuaded and convinced of the young man's origin, that the Child of Nature was himself content to be the Prior's nephew, saying that he would as soon have him for an uncle as anyone else.

All the party went to return thanks to God in the church

of Our Lady of the Mountain, except the Huron, who, meanwhile, with an air of perfect indifference, amused himself in the house drinking.

The Englishmen, who had brought him over and were now ready to set sail, came to tell him that it was time to start.

"Apparently," said he, "you have not discovered any uncles and aunts. I shall remain here, while you return to Plymouth; I give you all my wearing apparel, for I no longer need anything at all, since I am the nephew of a prior."

The Englishmen accordingly sailed away, caring very little whether the Unsophisticated had or had not found relations in Lower Brittany.

After the uncle and aunt with their guests had sung a *Te Deum*, after the magistrate had again overwhelmed the Child of Nature with questions, and after they had exhausted all the language that astonishment, joy, and tenderness could prompt, the Prior of the Mountain and the Abbé de Saint-Yves determined to have the Unsophisticated baptized as soon as possible. But a tall Huron, twenty-two years of age, was not to be treated in the same way as an infant which is regenerated without knowing anything about it. He would have to undergo a course of instruction, and that seemed difficult, for the Abbé de Saint-Yves supposed that a man who was not born in France must be devoid of ordinary sense.

The Prior remarked to the company that even though his nephew, the Unsophisticated, had not had the happiness of being born in Lower Brittany, his intelligence was none the less on that account, as could be perceived from all his answers, and that Nature had certainly favoured him highly as well on his father's as on his mother's side.

They asked him first if he had ever read any book. He said that he had read Rabelais translated into English,

and some extracts from Shakespeare which he knew by heart, that he had met with these books in the Captain's cabin, on board the vessel which had brought him from America to Plymouth, and that he had been very pleased with them. The magistrate did not fail to examine him upon these books.

"I confess," said the Unsophisticated, "that though I thought I could fathom the meaning of some parts, others were unintelligible to me."

The Abbé de Saint-Yves, on hearing this speech, reflected that it was thus he himself had always read, and that most people read in much the same way.

"You have no doubt read the Bible?" said he to the Huron.

"Not at all, reverend sir; it was not among the Captain's books---I have never even heard it mentioned."

"See what sort of people those execrable English are!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Kerkabon; "they will care more for a play of Shakespeare, a plum pudding, and a bottle of rum than for the five books of Moses! They have never converted a single soul in America. Assuredly they are under the curse of heaven, and we shall take from them Jamaica and Virginia before very long."

However that might be, the cleverest tailor in St. Malo was sent for to fit out the Child of Nature from top to toe. The party then broke up, and the Magistrate went off to ply his questions elsewhere. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, as she was going away, turned back several times to take another look at the Unsophisticated; and each time he made her lower bows than he had ever made to anyone in all his life.

The Magistrate, before taking his leave, introduced to Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves his great booby of a son who had just come from college, but she scarcely noticed him, so much was her mind occupied with the Huron's polite behaviour.

CHAPTER III.

THE HURON, CALLED THE UNSOPHISTICATED, IS CONVERTED
TO CHRISTIANITY.

THE good Prior, seeing that he was a little advanced in years, and that Heaven had sent him a nephew for his comfort and consolation, took it into his head that he might resign his benefice in that nephew's favour, if he could only succeed in baptizing him and getting him to take holy orders.

The Unsophisticated had an excellent memory: the sound constitution inherited from his ancestors of Lower Brittany, fortified by the climate of Canada, had rendered his head so strong that when it was struck on the top he hardly felt it, and when anything was once imprinted within nothing could efface it—he had never forgotten anything. His receptive powers were all the more lively and clear from the fact that his childhood had not been burdened with such a load of futile and senseless learning as oppresses and overwhelms our own, so that new ideas could enter his brain unclouded. The Prior resolved that he should read the New Testament. The Unsophisticated devoured it with great delight, but knowing neither at what time nor in what country the events related in the book took place, he never doubted that they had all happened in Lower Brittany, and he swore that he would cut off the rascals' noses and ears, if he ever met Caiaphas or Pontius Pilate. His uncle, charmed at finding him so well disposed, hastened to acquaint him with the true state of the case; he commended his zeal, but informed him that it was futile, inasmuch as those persons had been dead for about

sixteen hundred and ninety years. The Unsophisticated soon knew almost all the book by heart. He sometimes propounded difficulties which gave the Prior a great deal of trouble, and he was often obliged to consult the Abbé de Saint-Yves, who, knowing not what to answer, sent for a Breton Jesuit to complete the Huron's conversion.

At last the work of grace was accomplished, and the Child of Nature promised to become a Christian. He never doubted that the first thing to be done was to be circumcised :

"For," said he, "I do not find in this book which has been given me to read a single instance of a person exempted; it is evident then that this is a sacrifice required of me,¹ and the sooner it is offered the better. Without a moment's hesitation he sent to fetch the village surgeon, and requested him to perform the operation, thinking that Mademoiselle de Kerkabon and all his new friends would be extremely pleased when once the deed was done. The saw-bones, who had never yet performed this operation, informed the family of what he had been asked to do, and they received the intelligence with cries of horror and alarm. The kind hearted little lady trembled lest her nephew, who appeared to be as hasty as he was determined, should attempt to operate upon himself, and that so unskilfully as to bring about deplorable results.²

The Prior set himself to correct the Huron's ideas on this subject, telling him that circumcision had gone quite out of fashion, that baptism was a far more agreeable and wholesome rite, and that the law of grace was very different from the old law of severity. The Unsophisticated, who had plenty of good sense and straightforward frankness, after a little dispute, admitted his mistake (which is

¹ "Que je dois faire le sacrifice de mon prépuce."

² "Tristes effets, auxquels les dames s'interessent toujours par bonté d'âme."

rarely done in Europe by people who argue), and at last promised to have himself baptized whenever they liked.

Before his baptism, he would have to go to confession, —and that presented the greatest difficulty of all. The Unsophisticated always kept in his pocket the book which his uncle had given him, and he could not find therein that a single apostle had set such an example, and this rendered him very stubborn. The Prior shut his mouth by pointing out to him, in the epistle of Saint James the Less, these words: “*confess your sins one to another.*” The Huron was silent, and consented to make his confession to a Reformed Franciscan friar. When he had finished, he caught hold of the friar with a strong arm, dragged him out of the Confessional box, and taking his seat himself, made the other kneel before him.

“Come, my friend, it is written: ‘*confess one to another;*’ I have told you my sins, and you shall not leave this place till you have told me yours.”

So saying, he kept his great knee pressed against his opponent’s chest, while the friar made the church resound with his yells. Those who ran to his help saw the catechumen pommelling the friar in the name of St. James the Less. The pleasure of baptizing a Huron-English Breton was so great, that these singularities on his part were easily passed over. There were even a considerable number of theologians who held that confession was unnecessary, since baptism supplied the lack of everything else.

A day was appointed with the Bishop of St. Malo, who, gratified as may well be believed at the prospect of baptizing a Huron, arrived in a grand carriage attended by his clergy. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves had put on her prettiest frock, and sent for a hair-dresser from St. Malo, in order that she might shine at the ceremony. The magistrate who was so fond of asking questions, with people from all the country round, hastened to the church, which was mag-

nificently decorated. But, when the time came for conducting the Huron to the baptismal font, he was nowhere to be found.

The uncle and aunt searched for him in all directions ; they thought that he might be following the chase, as he was so fond of doing. All who had been invited to the ceremony scoured the woods and neighbouring villages, but could hear no news of the Huron.

They began to fear that he had returned to England, for they remembered hearing him say that he liked that country very much indeed. The Prior and his sister were positive that no one was ever baptized there, and trembled for their nephew's soul. The Bishop was perplexed, and prepared to return home ; the Prior and the Abbé were in despair ; the Magistrate asked questions with his customary gravity of all who passed by ; Mademoiselle de Kerkabon wept ; Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, though she shed no tears, ever and anon gave a deep sigh, which clearly showed her interest in the sacraments. The two ladies were walking together sadly enough beside the willows and flags which fringed the bank of the little river Rance, when they perceived, in mid stream, a tall white figure, with hands crossed upon its breast. They uttered a loud scream, and turned to run away. But curiosity soon overcoming every other consideration, they crept gently through the reeds, and, when they were quite sure of not being seen themselves, they determined to watch what was going on.

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNSOPHISTICATED IS BAPTIZED.

THE Prior and the Abbé, hurrying to the spot, asked the Unsophisticated what he was doing there.

"Upon my word, gentlemen, this is too bad ; I am waiting to be baptized. I have been standing up to my neck in water for the last hour, and it is not fair to let me catch my death of cold."

"My dear nephew," said the Prior tenderly, "we do not baptize people in this way here in Lower Brittany. Put on your clothes again, and come with us."

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, hearing these words, whispered to her companion :

"Do you think, Mademoiselle, that he will be so ready to leave the water ?"

The Huron, meanwhile, answered the Prior :

"You will not get me to believe you this time as you did before—I have studied the subject well since then, and I am quite certain that people are not baptized in any other way ; the eunuch of Queen Candace was baptized in a stream—I defy you to show me in the book which you gave me that the rite was ever administered otherwise—I will not be baptized at all unless it be in the river."

It was all in vain that they pointed out to him that customs had changed ; the Child of Nature was obstinate, for he was both a Breton and a Huron. He always returned to the eunuch of Queen Candace ; and, although his aunt and Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, who had been watching him from the willows, would have been fully justified in telling him that it had no bearing upon his own case to

quote the example of a man like that, they nevertheless abstained, so great was their discretion. The Bishop himself came to speak to him, which was great condescension on his part; but he gained nothing by it, for the Huron dared even to dispute with the Bishop.

“Show me,” said he, “in the book which my uncle gave me a single man who was not baptized in a river, and I will do all that you wish.”

His aunt had remarked that the first time her nephew had made a bow, he had made a more profound one to *Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves* than to any other person in the company, and that he had not even saluted the Bishop with the same cordial respect which he had shown towards that beautiful young lady. In her despair she took the course of applying to *Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves* in this moment of extreme embarrassment; she begged her to use her influence to prevail upon the Huron to let himself be baptized in the same manner as the Bretons, believing that her nephew could never be made a Christian, if he persisted in wishing to be baptized in running water.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves blushed with a sense of secret pleasure at being charged with such an important commission; she modestly approached the Child of Nature and, squeezing his hand in a way that was quite magnanimous, asked him this question:

“Will you do nothing for my sake?”

As she uttered these words, she cast down her eyes, and then gracefully raised them again with a tender glance.

“I will do whatever you wish, *Mademoiselle*, whatever you shall command me,—to be baptized in water, to be baptized in fire, to be baptized in blood; there is nothing that I can refuse you.”

So *Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves* had the glory of achieving with two words what the earnest entreaties of the Prior, the repeated interrogations of the Magistrate, and

even the arguments of the Bishop had been unable to effect. She was sensible of her triumph, but she did not realise its whole extent.

The sacrament of baptism was administered and received with all possible dignity and magnificence, and amid tokens of general interest. The uncle and aunt resigned to the Abbé de Saint-Yves and his sister the privilege of standing sponsors to the Unsophisticated. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves was radiant with joy at finding herself the godmother. She knew not to what hard conditions this important title bound her; she accepted the honour without knowing its fatal consequences.

As there never was an important ceremony which was not followed by a grand dinner, they had no sooner come from the christening than they sat down to table. The wags of Lower Brittany observed that there was no occasion to baptize the wine. His Reverence the Prior remarked that wine, according to Solomon, "maketh glad the heart of man."¹ My lord Bishop added, that the patriarch Judah was to "tie his ass's colt to the vine, and wash his garments in the blood of grapes;"² and expressed his regret that this could not be done in Lower Brittany, to which vines had not been vouchsafed by the Almighty. Each of the guests tried to say something clever about the christening, and to pay gallant compliments to the godmother. The Magistrate, who must needs be still putting questions, asked the Huron if he would be faithful to his promises.

"How can you suppose that I should fail to keep them," answered the Huron, "since I have committed my pledges into the hands of Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves?"

The Child of Nature grew warm; he drank much and often to the health of his godmother.

¹ Psalm civ. 15.

² Genesis xlix. 11.

“If I had been baptized by your hand,” said he, “I feel sure that the cold water which was poured over the back of my head would have scalded me.”

The magistrate considered this speech too poetical, not knowing how familiar allegorical modes of expression are in Canada. But the godmother was extremely pleased with it.

The name of Hercules had been given to the Huron at his baptism. The Bishop of St. Malo asked repeatedly who that patron-saint might be, for he had never heard of him. The Jesuit, who was extremely learned, told him that he was a saint who had wrought twelve miracles; there was indeed a thirteenth which was as great as all the others put together, but of that it did not become a Jesuit to speak;—it was changing fifty girls into women in a single night. A lively fellow who was one of the party highly extolled this miracle. All the ladies cast down their eyes, and judged from the young Huron’s appearance that he was worthy of the saint whose name he bore.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHILD OF NATURE IN LOVE.

IT must be confessed that since the christening and the dinner that followed, Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves passionately wished that the Bishop would make her again a partner in some imposing ceremony with Monsieur Hercules, the Child of Nature. However, as she was well brought up and extremely modest, she did not quite dare to own those tender sentiments even to herself; but if a look, a word, a gesture, or a thought of the kind escaped

her, she wrapped it all in a veil of bashfulness that was infinitely becoming, for she was as discreet as she was tender and impassioned.

As soon as the Bishop had taken his departure, the Unsophisticated and Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves found themselves together without being aware that they had been looking for each other. They talked together without having imagined what they were going to say. The Child of Nature told her forthwith that he loved her with all his heart, and that the beautiful Abacaba, of whom he had been so enamoured in his own land, could not be compared with her. The young lady answered him with her usual modesty, that he had better take the earliest opportunity of speaking to his uncle the Prior, and to his aunt, and that she on her side would say a few words about his proposal to her dear brother the Abbé de Saint-Yves, and that she was pleased to think that there was every prospect of a general consent.

The Unsophisticated replied that he had no need of anyone's consent, that it seemed to him exceedingly ridiculous to go and ask other people what they should do, that, when two parties were agreed, there was no occasion for a third to bring them together.

"I consult nobody," said he, "when I wish to take breakfast, to go hunting, or to sleep. I know perfectly well that in love affairs it is not a bad thing to win the consent of the person immediately concerned; but, as it is neither my uncle nor my aunt with whom I am in love, it is not to them that I have to address myself in the present case; and, if you will be guided by me, you will likewise dispense with the opinion of your respected brother, the Abbé de Saint-Yves."

It may be imagined that the fair maid of Brittany used her most delicate powers of persuasion to induce the Huron to conform to the usages of polite society; she even showed

a little displeasure, but soon relented. It is doubtful how this conversation might have ended, had not the Abbé, as the sun was setting, taken his sister home. The Unsophisticated saw his uncle and aunt retire to rest, a little fatigued with the ceremony of the day and their long dinner party, and spent a good deal of the night composing verses in the Huron language addressed to the idol of his heart; for you must know that there is no country under heaven where love has not turned lovers into poets.

On the morrow his uncle, after breakfast, addressed him thus, in the presence of Mademoiselle de Kerkabon, who was much affected :

“Heaven be praised that you now, my dear nephew, enjoy the double privilege of being a Christian and a Breton ! But you will need something more ; I am not so young as I was ; my poor brother left nothing behind him but a small patch of ground which is not enough to support you,—I have a good living in my Priory ; if you will only take orders and become a sub-deacon, as I hope you will, I am ready to resign my benefice to you, and you will have quite an easy life of it, after being the comfort of my old age.”

The Unsophisticated replied :

“ May great good betide you, uncle !—live as long as you can ! I do not know what it is to become a sub-deacon, nor what you mean by resigning ; but all shall be agreeable to me, provided that I have Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves at my disposal.”

“ Good gracious, nephew ! what is that you say ? Are you then so desperately in love with that handsome young lady ? ”

“ Yes, uncle.”

“ Alas ! nephew, it is impossible that you can ever marry her.”

“ It is perfectly possible, uncle ; for not only did she

squeeze my hand, when she left me, but she has promised to ask her brother's consent to our marriage. Yes, I certainly will make her my wife."

"That is impossible, I tell you; she is your godmother, and it is a dreadful sin for a godmother to squeeze the hand of her godson—still less may he marry her, the laws of God and man are against it."

"Deuce take it all! Uncle, you must be mocking me. Why should it be forbidden to marry one's godmother, when she is young and pretty? I have never read in the book you gave me that there is any harm in marrying the fair assistants at the rite of baptism. I perceive every day that there are an infinite number of things done here which are not in your book, and that nothing is done which it enjoins. I freely confess that I am astonished and displeased at this. If I am to be deprived of the lovely Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves on account of our baptismal relationship, I give you fair warning that I will carry her off, and unbaptize myself."

The Prior was confounded, his sister wept.

"My dear brother," said she, "our nephew must not bring about his own damnation; our Holy Father the Pope can grant him a dispensation, and then he may be happy in a Christian manner with the object of his affection."

The Unsophisticated kissed his aunt, and inquired:

"Pray, who is that delightful man, who so kindly interests himself in the love affairs of youths and maidens?—I will go and speak to him at once."

They explained to him who and what the Pope was, and the Unsophisticated was even more astonished than before.

"There is not a word of all this in your book, my dear uncle!—I have travelled, and know something of the sea.—We are here on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean; and shall I quit Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves to ask leave to love her of a man who lives at the other end of the Mediter-

anean, four hundred leagues off, and whose language I do not understand! Such a proceeding is incomprehensible and absurd.—I am going straight to the Abbé de Saint-Yves, whose house is not more than a league from yours; and I warrant you I'll marry my sweetheart before the day is done.”

Whilst he was still speaking the magistrate entered, and, according to his usual custom, asked where he was going.

“I am going to get married,” said the Unsophisticated in passing; and before another quarter of an hour he had already reached the home of his beautiful and beloved maid of Brittany, who was still asleep.

“Ah! brother,” said Mademoiselle de Kerkabon; “you will never make a sub-deacon of our nephew.”

The magistrate was not at all pleased at this step, for he intended his son to wed Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves—a son who was, if possible, even more insufferably foolish than his father.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHILD OF NATURE FLIES TO HIS MISTRESS, AND
BECOMES FURIOUSLY ENRAGED.

NO sooner had our Unsophisticated friend arrived than he asked an old servant which was his sweetheart's chamber, and with a strong push burst open the door, which was badly secured, and rushed towards the bed. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves awoke with a start, exclaiming—

"Oh! what's the matter? It can't be you? Yes, it is! Stop! what are you about?"

He answered, "I am going to marry you;" and he would have been as good as his word, if she had not resisted with all the modesty of a young person of good breeding.

The Child of Nature did not understand being baffled in this way; he thought all this fuss quite out of place.

"Abacaba, my first sweetheart, behaved very differently. You want common honesty. You promised to be my wife, and yet you will not complete our marriage; that is failing in the first law of honour. I will teach you to keep your word, and bring you back to the path of virtue."

The Child of Nature possessed a masculine and intrepid virtue, worthy of his patron Hercules, whose name had been given him at his baptism, and he was about to exert it to its fullest extent when the piercing cries of the young lady, whose virtue was of a more discreet character, brought the good Abbé quickly upon the scene, together with his housekeeper, an old man-servant devoted to the family, and a parish priest. The sight of these spectators cooled the courage of the assailant.

"Gracious heavens! my dear neighbour," said the Abbé, "what are you doing there?"

"My duty," replied the young man. "I am fulfilling my promises, which are sacred."

Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves re-arranged her disordered attire with a blush, and the Unsophisticated was led into another room. The Abbé pointed out to him the enormity of his conduct. The Unsophisticated relied for his defence on the privileges of the laws of Nature, with which he was perfectly well acquainted. The Abbé tried to make him understand that the positive laws of Society ought to have superior weight, and that without the mutual concessions

agreed upon by mankind, natural law would be little better than natural license and robbery.

"There must needs be lawyers," said he, "priests, witnesses, contracts, and dispensations."

The Child of Nature answered with the observation which savages have always made:

"You must be very dishonest people, then, since you require to take so many precautions against each other!"

The Abbé had some trouble in settling this difficulty.

"There are," said he, "in our midst many who have no fixed principles, as well as deliberate rogues; and there would be as many among the Hurons if they were gathered into large towns. But we have also wise, upright, and enlightened souls; these are the men who have made the laws; and the better a man is the more willing he ought to be to submit to them. Such a one sets an example to the vicious, who learn to respect a curb which even virtue does not disdain to accept."

The Child of Nature was struck with this reply. It has been remarked already that he had a fair and honest judgment. He was soothed with flattering words and buoyed up with hope (these are the two traps in which men of both hemispheres are taken); he was even allowed to see Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves when she had made her toilette. All went on now with the greatest propriety, but in spite of this decorum the sparkling eyes with which the Unsophisticated Hercules regarded his mistress made her cast down her own, and caused the company to tremble.

They had the utmost difficulty in getting him to return to his relations. It was found necessary to have recourse once more to the influence of the fair Mademoiselle. The more she felt her power over him the more she loved him. She persuaded him to go, and then was much distressed at his departure. At last, when he was really gone, the Abbé, who was not only the young lady's brother and

much older than herself, but also her legal guardian, determined to remove his ward out of all danger from the importunity of this terrible lover. He went to consult the Magistrate, who, still setting his heart upon a match between his son and the Abbé's sister, advised him to place the poor girl in a convent. This was a dreadful blow to her. A maiden whose heart was untouched might have filled the air with loud lamentations, but being as she was in love (and, with all her discretion, passionately in love), this was a step to throw her into despair.

The Unsophisticated, on his return to the Prior's house, related all that had happened, with his usual frankness. He was met with the same remonstrances, which had some effect indeed upon his judgment but none upon his feelings; and when on the morrow he was minded to go back to his dear mistress, to reason with her upon the law of Nature and social conventions, the Magistrate informed him, with an air of insolent triumph, that she was in a convent.

"Very well," said he; "then I will go and reason with her in this convent."

"That cannot be," said the Magistrate; and he explained at considerable length what a convent was, how the word was derived from the Latin *Conventus*, which signifies "an assembly;" but the Huron could not comprehend why he might not be admitted into the assembly. As soon as he understood that this assembly was a kind of prison in which young girls were shut up (a horrible thing, unknown among the Hurons and the English), he became as furiously enraged as his patron Hercules had been when Eurytus, King of Œchalia, with a cruelty equal to that of the Abbé de Saint-Yves, had refused to give him his lovely daughter Iole, who was no less beautiful than the Abbé's sister. He wanted to go and set fire to the convent and carry off his mistress or die in the flames with

her. Mademoiselle de Kerkabon was horrified, and, more than ever renouncing all hope of seeing her nephew a sub-deacon, declared, with a burst of tears, that he had been possessed with the devil ever since his baptism.

CHAPTER VII.

THE UNSOPHISTICATED PUTS THE ENGLISH TO ROUT.

THE Child of Nature, plunged in deep and gloomy melancholy, walked towards the sea-shore, his double-barrelled gun upon his shoulder, his big cutlass by his side, firing now and then at some birds, and often tempted to shoot himself; but he still clung to life for the sake of Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves. Sometimes he fell to cursing his uncle, his aunt, all Lower Brittany, and his baptism, and sometimes he blessed them, since it was through their instrumentality that he had come to know the object of his affection. He resolved to go and burn down the convent, but stopped short for fear his mistress might perish in the flames. The waves of the Channel are not more agitated by the winds from east and west than was his heart by so many conflicting emotions.

He was walking with long strides, he knew not whither, when he heard the sound of a drum. He saw, some distance off, a large crowd of people, some of whom were hastening to the shore and others betaking themselves to flight.

A thousand cries arose on all sides; curiosity and courage instantly prompted him to rush towards the place where the noise was loudest, and he was there in four or

five bounds. The officer in command of the militia, whom he had met at supper at the Prior's house, recognised him immediately, and ran to welcome him with open arms.

"Ah! It is the Child of Nature! He will fight for us!"

And his men, who were half dead with fear, took courage, and shouted also:

"It is the Child of Nature! It is Hercules!"

"Gentlemen," he said, "what is the matter? why are you so scared? Have your sweethearts been shut up in convents?"

Thereupon a hundred confused voices cried out:

"Don't you see that the English are landing?"

"Well," answered the Huron, "they are brave people—they have not stolen my mistress from me."

The commanding officer gave him to understand that the English were coming to plunder the Abbey of the Mountain, drink his uncle's wine, and perhaps carry off Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, that the little vessel which brought him to Brittany had come with no other object than to reconnoitre the coast; that they were committing acts of hostility without having first declared war against the King of France, and that the province was unprotected.

"Oh! If that is the case they are violating the law of Nature,—leave the matter in my hands. I have lived among them a long time—I know their language, I will speak to them—I cannot believe that they entertain such an atrocious design."

During this conversation, the English squadron came nearer; whereupon the Huron ran down to the water's edge, jumped into a little boat, reached the flag-ship, climbed up, and inquired whether it was true that they were come to ravage the country without having openly declared war. The Admiral and all on board burst into loud fits of laughter, made him drink punch, and sent him back.

The Child of Nature, nettled at this treatment, thought of nothing now but how he might best fight against his former friends, on behalf of his fellow-countrymen and his uncle's household. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood flocked to the spot from all directions, and he joined their party. They had some pieces of cannon; he loads them, takes aim, and fires them one after another. The English land; he runs to meet them, kills three of them with his own hand, and even wounds the Admiral who had laughed at him. His valour restores the fainting spirits of the soldiers; the English re-embark, and all the shore resounds with shouts of—"Victory! Long live the King! Long live the Child of Nature!"

Everyone was eager to embrace him, and to staunch the blood which was flowing from several wounds which he had received.

"Ah!" said he, "if Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves were here, she would apply a bandage."

The Magistrate, who had hidden himself in his cellar during the fight, came to compliment him on his valour, like the others. But he was much surprised when he heard the Unsophisticated Hercules say to a group of about a dozen young men, by whom he was surrounded, and who were ready to follow him anywhere:

"My friends, it is nothing to have saved the Abbey of the Mountain, there is a young lady who must be rescued."

All the impetuosity of youth took fire at the mere mention of such an exploit. They followed him in a body, and made for the convent. If the Magistrate had not instantly informed the Commandant, and a detachment been dispatched after the jubilant party, the plan would have been carried out. The Child of Nature was brought back to the house of his uncle and aunt, who bathed him with tears of tender affection.

"I see plainly," said his uncle, "that you will never be a

sub-deacon nor a prior ; you will be an officer even braver than my brother the Captain, and probably quite as poor."

And Mademoiselle de Kerkabon wept, as she kissed him again and again, saying :

"He will get himself killed like my brother ; it would be far better if he were to become a sub-deacon."

During the conflict the Unsophisticated had picked up a big purse crammed with guineas, which the Admiral had probably dropped. He never doubted that with this purse he could buy the whole of Lower Brittany, and, what was a matter of more importance, make Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves a grand lady. Everybody advised him to take a journey to Versailles, in order to receive the reward of his services. The Commandant and the other principal officers supplied him with heaps of testimonials. The uncle and aunt quite approved of their nephew's journey ; there would be no difficulty in obtaining a presentation at Court, and that alone would confer upon him prodigious distinction in the province. These two kind souls added to the purse of English money a considerable present out of their own savings. The Child of Nature said to himself :

"When I see the King, I will beg him to give me Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves in marriage, and assuredly he will not refuse me."

Then he took his departure amidst the acclamations of all the country side, half smothered with embraces, bathed with his aunt's tears, blessed by his uncle, and leaving tender messages for his lovely mistress.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNSOPHISTICATED GOES TO COURT. HE SUPS ON THE
ROAD WITH SOME HUGUENOTS.

THE Unsophisticated took the road to Saumur by public coach, because there was at that time no other means of conveyance. When he arrived at Saumur, he was surprised to find the town almost deserted, and to see a number of families in the act of removing. He was told that six years before, Saumur contained more than fifteen thousand inhabitants, and that at the present time there were not six thousand. He did not fail to mention this during supper at the inn. Several Protestants were at table; some complained bitterly, others trembled with rage, and others again said with tears:

“*Nos dulcia linquimus arva,
Nos patriam fugimus.*”¹

The Child of Nature, who did not understand Latin, had the words translated for him, and found that they meant: “We are forsaking the fields we love, we are flying from our native land.”

“And why are you flying from your native land, gentlemen?”

“Because we are required to acknowledge the Pope.”

“And why should you not acknowledge him? You have no godmothers, I presume, whom you wished to marry; for I am told that it is he who gives permission for that to be done.”

“Ah! sir, this Pope claims possession over the dominions of kings.”

¹ Virgil, *Eclog.* i. 3.

"But, gentlemen, may I ask what is your calling?"

"Sir, we are for the most part clothiers and manufacturers."

"If this Pope of yours claims possession of your cloth and of your mills, you are quite right not to acknowledge him; but as for kings, it is their own business, with which you have nothing to do."

Thereupon a little man in black interposed, and set forth in a very able manner the grievances of the company. He spoke with such energy of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he deplored so pathetically the fate of fifty thousand families driven into exile, and fifty thousand others dragooned into conversion, that the Child of Nature shed tears in his turn.

"How comes it to pass," said he, "that so great a king, whose fame extends even to the land of the Hurons, should thus deprive himself of so many hearts which might have loved him, and of so many arms which might have served him?"

"Because he has been deceived, like other great kings," answered the man in black. "He has been made to believe that as soon as he says a word, all men will think as he does, and that he can make us change our religion as easily as his musician Lulli can change in a moment the scenery of his operas. He has not only already lost five or six hundred thousand very useful subjects, but he has made enemies of them as well; and King William, who is at the present moment master of England, has formed several regiments of these same Frenchmen, who would otherwise have fought for their own monarch.

"Such a disaster is all the more astonishing, that the reigning Pope,¹ to whom Louis XIV. sacrifices a part of his people, is his declared enemy. There has even been for the

¹ viz., Innocent XI. (1676-1689.)

last nine years a violent quarrel between them, which has been carried so far that France at last had hopes of seeing that yoke broken which has subjected her for so many centuries to this foreigner, and, above all, of giving him no more money,—which is the main motive power in all the business of this world. It is evident, then, that this great King has been imposed upon, alike with regard to his own interests and to the extent of his power, and that injury has been done to the magnanimity of his heart.”

The Unsophisticated, more and more concerned, inquired who and what those Frenchmen were who could thus deceive a monarch so beloved by the Hurons.

“They are the Jesuits,” was the reply, “especially Father de la Chaise, His Majesty’s Confessor. It is to be hoped that God will one day punish them for this, and that they will be banished even as they are now banishing us.¹ Where is there misfortune to equal ours? Monsieur de Louvois sends Jesuits and dragoons upon us from all directions.”

“Well, gentlemen,” replied the Child of Nature, who could no longer restrain himself, “I am on my way to Versailles to receive the reward due to my services; I will speak to this Monsieur de Louvois, I am told that it is he who makes war while seated in his closet. I shall see the King, and will acquaint him with the truth; it is impossible for anyone to resist that truth when he knows it. I shall soon return to marry Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, and I invite you to the wedding.”

Those good people thereupon took him for some great nobleman, who was travelling *incognito* by the public coach. Some took him for the King’s fool.

There happened to be seated at table a Jesuit in disguise, who served the Reverend Father de la Chaise in the

¹ The expulsion of the Jesuits from France was decreed in 1764.

capacity of a spy. He sent the latter a report of all that had taken place, and Father de La Chaise informed Monsieur de Louvois. The spy's letter to his employer arrived at Versailles almost at the same time as the Unsophisticated.

CHAPTER IX.

ARRIVAL OF THE UNSOPHISTICATED AT VERSAILLES, AND HIS RECEPTION AT COURT.

THE Unsophisticated alighted from the *pot-de-chambre*¹ in the Court of the Kitchens, and asked the sedan-chair men at what hour the King was to be seen. The porters laughed in his face, just as the English Admiral had done. He treated them in much the same way, for he beat them; they wanted to give him back as good as he gave, and blood would have been spilt, if one of the King's bodyguard, a gentleman of Brittany, had not happened to pass by, who soon scattered the rabble.

"Sir," said the traveller, "you seem to me a worthy man; I am nephew to the Prior of Our Lady of the Mountain; I have killed Englishmen, and am come hither to speak to the King. Pray, conduct me to his chamber."

The Gentleman of the Guard, delighted at finding a hero from his own province, who appeared to have no experience in the ways of the Court, informed him that the King was not to be spoken with so easily, and that it was necessary to be introduced by Monsieur de Louvois.

¹ This was the familiar name given to a public vehicle which plied between Paris and Versailles.

“Very well! Take me then to Monsieur de Louvois, who will doubtless conduct me to His Majesty.”

“It is more difficult to obtain an interview with Monsieur de Louvois than with His Majesty himself,” answered the Guardsman; “but I will bring you to Monsieur Alexandre, who is head clerk of the War Office—that will be all the same thing as speaking to the minister.”

So they went together to the residence of Monsieur Alexandre, head clerk of the War Office, but they were unable to gain admittance; he had an appointment with a lady of the Court, and orders had been given that he was not to be disturbed.

“Ah, well!” said the Gentleman of the Guard, “it is of no consequence; we will go and see Monsieur Alexandre’s head clerk, it is just the same thing as speaking to Monsieur Alexandre himself.”

The Huron, considerably astonished, followed his companion; they waited together for half an hour in a small antechamber.

“What does all this mean?” asked the Unsophisticated; “is everybody invisible in this part of the country? It is much easier to fight against Englishmen in Lower Brittany than it is to meet those with whom we have business at Versailles!”

He relieved the monotony of waiting by relating his love affair to his fellow countryman. But the hour struck which summoned the Guardsman back to his post. They promised to meet again on the morrow, and the Unsophisticated remained yet another half hour in the antechamber, dreaming of Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves, and meditating on the difficulty there was in obtaining access to kings and head clerks.

At last the Jack-in-office appeared.

“Sir,” said the Child of Nature, “if I had waited to

drive back the English as long as you have made me wait for an audience, they would now be laying waste Lower Brittany, quite at their ease."

These words seemed to make some impression on the clerk; and he said at last to the Breton:

"What is it you want?"

"Due recognition of my services," said the other; "these papers will show my title to it"—and he spread out all his testimonials before him. The clerk read them, and told him that permission would probably be granted him to purchase a lieutenancy.

"What! You surely do not mean that I am to give money for driving off the English! That I should pay for the privilege of getting myself killed in your defence, while you sit calmly here, granting an audience when it pleases you. I think you must intend it for a joke. What I want is a squadron of cavalry for nothing; I want the King to release Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves from the convent in which she is immured, and to give her to me in marriage; I want to speak to the King on behalf of fifty thousand families whom I propose to restore to him; in a word I want to be useful, let me be employed and promoted."

"What may be your name, sir, that you talk in such a lofty tone?"

"My name!" said the Unsophisticated; "pray, have you not read my testimonials? Is that the way, then, in which they are treated? My name is Hercules de Kerkabon, I have been baptized, I am lodging at the Blue Dial, and I shall complain of you to the King."

The clerk came to the same conclusion as the people of Saumur, that his head was not quite right, and paid very little attention to what he said.

That same day the Reverend Father de La Chaise, Confessor to Louis XIV., had received his spy's letter accusing

the Breton Kerkabon of secretly favouring the Huguenots, and of condemning the conduct of the Jesuits. Monsieur de Louvois, on his side, had received a letter from the question-loving Magistrate, which represented the Child of Nature as a scapegrace, bent upon burning down convents and carrying off young girls.

The Unsophisticated, after strolling about the gardens of Versailles, of which he soon grew weary, and after suffering like a Huron and a Breton, had retired to rest in pleasing hopes of seeing the King next day, of obtaining Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves in marriage, of gaining the command of at least a squadron of cavalry, and of bringing to an end the persecutions against the Huguenots. He was lulling himself to sleep with these flattering fancies, when the police entered his bedchamber. The first thing they did was to seize his double-barrelled gun and big cutlass. They took an inventory of his ready money and escorted him to the castle which King Charles V., son of John II., caused to be constructed¹ near the street of St. Antony, at the Gate of the Turrets.

I leave the reader to imagine how astonished the Child of Nature must have been, while on the way! He thought at first that it was a dream. He remained stupefied awhile with amazement, then suddenly transported with rage, which gave him twice his usual strength, he seized by the throat two of his conductors, who were with him in the carriage, flung them out through the door, sprang after them, and was in the act of carrying off the third, who tried to hold him back. But, failing in the effort, he was bound hand and foot, and placed once more in the conveyance.

“See there,” he said, “that is what one gets for driving

¹ The Bastille, originally the castle of Paris, was built in the 14th century, and demolished at the outbreak of the Revolution in 1789.

the English out of Lower Brittany! What would you say, my fair mistress, if you were to see me in this plight?"

At length he arrived at his destination. He was borne in silence to the cell in which he was to be imprisoned, like a corpse that is carried into a graveyard. That chamber was already occupied by an aged recluse of Port Royal, named Gordon, who had been languishing there for the last two years.

"Look," said the chief turnkey to the old man, "here is company I am bringing you;" and in another instant the huge bolts of the strongly barred and massive door were driven home again, and the two captives were shut off from all the world.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHILD OF NATURE IS SHUT UP IN THE BASTILLE
WITH A JANSENIST.

GORDON was a hale and cheerful old man, who knew two important things—how to bear adversity, and how to comfort the wretched. He advanced towards his companion with a frank and sympathizing air, and said, as he embraced him:

"Whoever you may be, who are come to share this tomb of mine, rest assured that I will always forget myself, if I can do anything to assuage your torments in this infernal pit into which we have been cast. Let us adore the Providence which has brought us hither, suffer in peace, and live in hope."

These words produced upon the Child of Nature the

same effect as a few drops of English cordial,' which can recall a dying man to life, and make him half open his astonished eyes.

After their first greetings were over, Gordon, without pressing him to tell the cause of his misfortune, inspired his companion, by the charm of his conversation and by that mutual interest which two unfortunate creatures take in each other, with a desire to unbosom himself and get rid of the burden which was crushing him; but he had no idea of the origin of his misfortune, which seemed to him to be an effect without a cause; and the good-natured Gordon was as much astonished as himself.

"It must needs be," said the Jansenist to the Huron, "that God has some great and wise purpose in all that has befallen you, since He has led your steps from Lake Ontario to England and to France, has caused you to be christened in Lower Brittany, and has placed you here for your salvation."

"Upon my word," replied the Child of Nature, "I believe that the devil, and the devil only, has had anything to do with my destiny. My fellow-countrymen in America would never have treated me with the barbarity which I now experience; it could not enter into their imagination. They are called *savages*; they are uncivilised, but they are honest people; whereas the inhabitants of this country are refined scoundrels. I am, indeed, very much surprised to find that I have come from the other side of the world to be shut up on this side behind four bolts in the company of a priest; but when I reflect upon the prodigious number of persons who leave one hemisphere to go and get killed in the other, or suffer shipwreck on the voyage and become food for fishes, I confess that I

¹ "Gouttes d'Angleterre"—a restorative of which one Goddard was the inventor, who practised medicine in London during the reign of Charles II.

see still less the gracious purposes of God as displayed on their behalf."

Their dinner was hereupon brought and passed in to them through a grating. The conversation turned upon Divine Providence, upon arbitrary warrants of imprisonment, and upon the art of rising superior to those reverses of fortune to which every man is exposed in this world.

"I have been here for two years," said the old man, "without other consolation than what I could derive from myself and my books; yet I have not had a fretful moment."

"Ah, Monsieur Gordon," exclaimed the Child of Nature, "then you are not in love with your godmother? If you knew Mademoiselle Saint-Yves as I do, you would be in despair."

As he uttered these words, he could not restrain his tears, and he felt a little less oppressed in consequence.

"Why, now," said he, "should tears give us relief? It seems to me that they ought to have an opposite effect."

"My son," replied the good old man, "everything about us is connected with our physical nature; every secretion benefits the body; and everything which relieves the body relieves the soul; we are machines in the hand of Providence."

The Unsophisticated, who, as we have already remarked several times, had a great stock of good sense, reflected deeply on this idea, the germ of which, as it seemed to him, existed in his own mind. After which, he asked his companion why that machine of his had been for two years imprisoned behind four bolts.

"By effectual grace," answered Gordon. "I am known to be a Jansenist, I have been on intimate terms with Arnauld and Nicole, and the Jesuits have persecuted us. We believe that the Pope is no more than any other bishop; and it was for this that Father de La Chaise obtained from the King, whose Confessor he is, an order

to rob me, without even the forms of justice, of that most precious of human possessions—liberty.”

“Why, this is very strange,” said the Unsophisticated; “all the unfortunate people I have met owe their misery to nothing and nobody but the Pope.

“As to that effectual grace of which you speak, I confess that I know nothing about it; but I regard it as a grace of no little magnitude that God has allowed me to find in my misfortune a man like yourself, who can pour into my heart consolation, of which I thought myself incapable.”

Every day their converse became more interesting and instructive. The souls of the two prisoners became linked together. The old man was well informed, and the young one was very willing to learn. At the end of a month he began to study geometry, and eagerly devoured it. Gordon made him read Rohault’s “Natural Philosophy,”¹ a book which was still in vogue, and he had the good sense to find there nothing but uncertainties.

Then he read the first volume of the “Search after Truth.”² That threw a new light upon his mind.

“What!” said he, “do our imagination and senses deceive us to such an extent? Our ideas, then, are not derived from sensible objects, nor have we any power to originate them of ourselves!”

By the time he had read the second volume, he was not quite so well satisfied, and came to the conclusion that it is easier to destroy than to build.

His fellow-prisoner, surprised that a young fellow, so ignorant as he was, should make this reflection, which

¹ Rohault’s “*Traité de Physique*” was published 1671.

² Nicolas Malebranche published his important work “*De la Recherche de la Vérité*” in 1674. It was founded upon the theory that the human soul exists in God, as matter does in space. See p. 187.

could only be expected of a well-trained mind, formed a high opinion of his judgment, and felt more strongly attached to him than ever.

"Your Malebranche," said the Unsophisticated, one day, "appears to me to have drawn upon his reason for one half of his book, and upon his imagination and prejudices for the other half."

A few days afterwards Gordon asked him :

"What do you think now of the soul, of the way in which we receive our ideas, of volition, of grace, and free will ?"

"Nothing," answered the Child of Nature ; "if I think anything, it is that we are under the power of the Almighty, like the stars and the elements ; that it is He who does everything in us, and that we are like little wheels in the immense machine of which He is the soul ; that He acts according to general laws, and not with particular views. This alone appears to me intelligible, all else, as far as I am concerned, is an abyss of darkness."

"But, my son, that would be making God the author of sin."

"But, father, your doctrine of effectual grace would make God the author of sin quite as much ; for it is certain that all those to whom that grace were denied would sin ; and he who gives us up to the power of evil is surely the author of the evil."

This artless simplicity much embarrassed the good man ; he felt as if he were making vain efforts to extricate himself from a quagmire, and he heaped so many words together which seemed to have some sense, but which really had none (in discussing "physical premotion")¹ that the Unsophisticated could not help pitying him. That

¹ "La prémotion physique" meant, according to the system of the Thomists, the direct and immediate action of the Deity upon the soul.

question inevitably led to the origin of good and evil; and then poor Gordon must needs pass in review Pandora's box, the egg of Ormuzd pierced by Ahriman, the enmity between Typhon and Osiris, and lastly the doctrine of original sin; and they both wandered about in that deep darkness without once meeting each other. But as the result of it all, this romance of the soul diverted their attention from the contemplation of their own misery, and, as though by some strange charm, the crowd of calamities spread over the universe diminished the sense of their own troubles; they dared not complain when all were sufferers.

But during the slumbers of the night the image of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves effaced all metaphysical and ethical theories from the lover's mind. His eyes were often wet with tears when he awoke; and the old Jansenist would forget all about his effectual grace, and the Abbé de Saint-Cyran,¹ and Jansenius, in order to minister consolation to a young man whom he believed to be in deadly sin.

After reading and reasoning together, they used to talk again of their adventures; and after discussing them to no purpose, they would resume their reading, either together or alone. The young man's understanding gained more and more strength; and he would in particular have made very considerable progress in mathematics, if it had not been for distracting thoughts of Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves.

He read histories, but they only made him sad. The world appeared to him overflowing with wickedness and misery. In fact History is nothing but a picture of crimes and calamities; the great crowd of harmless and peaceable men are never visible on its vast stage; and there are no characters but the ambitious and the obstinately perverse. History seems to give pleasure in much

¹ Duverger de Hauranne, a friend of Jansenius, and one of the first propagators of his opinions in France.

the same way as Tragedy, which languishes if it is not animated by violent passions, guilt, and great misfortunes. Clio must be armed with the dagger like Melpomene.

Although the history of France is as full of horrors as any other, nevertheless it appeared to him so repulsive at its commencement, so dry midway, so trivial in later times, even in those of Henry IV., always so destitute of monuments of greatness, so alien to those brilliant discoveries which have made other nations illustrious, that he was forced to struggle hard against weariness in order to read all those details of obscure calamities concentrated in one corner of the world.

Gordon thought as he did. It was with a smile of pity that both of them regarded the matter when the question was what sovereigns reigned over Fezensac, Fesansaguet, and Astarac. Such researches, indeed, would be of no good to anyone but their heirs, if they had any. The grand ages of the Roman Republic rendered him for a time indifferent to all the rest of the earth. The spectacle of victorious Rome, giving laws to the nations, engrossed his whole soul. He felt a glow of admiration in contemplating this people, who were governed for seven hundred years by the enthusiasm of liberty and glory.

Thus passed by days, weeks, and months; and he might have counted himself happy in the very haunt of despair, if he had loved no one.

His kind disposition was stirred to tender disquietude when he remembered the Prior of Our Lady of the Mountain, and the affectionate Mademoiselle Kerkabon.

“What will they think?” he often repeated, “when they get no tidings from me? They will deem me an ungrateful wretch.”

This idea tormented him, and he pitied those who loved him much more than he pitied himself.

CHAPTER XI.

DESCRIBES HOW THE CHILD OF NATURE'S GENIUS WAS DEVELOPED.

READING enlarges the mind, and an enlightened friend can give it comfort. Our prisoner enjoyed both these advantages, of which he had no suspicion before.

"I am almost tempted to believe in transformations; for I have been changed from a brute into a man."

He formed for himself a choice library, with a part of his money, over which he was allowed control. His friend encouraged him to put down his reflections in writing; and this is what he wrote on the subject of ancient history:

"I imagine that the nations of the world were for long like myself, that their progress in knowledge was very slow, that for many ages their thoughts were so much taken up by the present moment as to leave very little room for the past, and none at all for the future. I have traversed five or six hundred leagues in Canada without finding a single memorial of bygone times; no one there knows anything of the doings of his great-grandfather. May we not see in that the primitive condition of mankind? The variety which inhabits this continent seems to me superior to that of the other. They have widened the scope of existence for some centuries past by means of arts and sciences. Is that because they have a beard on the chin, whereas the Creator has denied one to American Indians? I cannot believe it, for I find that the Chinese have scarcely any beard, and yet they have cultivated the arts for more than five thousand years. For, indeed, if they have annals

extending over four thousand years, it is certain that the nation must have been consolidated and flourishing for at least fifty centuries.

“One feature strikes me particularly in the ancient history of China,—it is that almost everything there is probable and natural. I marvel at it for the mere fact of its containing nothing marvellous.

“Why have all other nations assigned to themselves fabulous origins? The ancient chroniclers of the history of France, who are not so very ancient after all, make the French come from a certain Francus, son of Hector; the Romans said that they were the offspring of a Phrygian,¹ although there was not a single word in their language which had the least connection with that of Phrygia. The gods were said to have lived for ten thousand years in Egypt, and the devils in Scythia, where they engendered the Huns. Before Thucydides I find nothing in the way of history but romances like those of Amadis and his descendants, and far less entertaining. There are everywhere apparitions, oracles, prodigies, witchcraft, transformations, and dreams interpreted so as to involve the destinies of the greatest empires or the smallest states. Here are brutes which speak, there are others which are objects of worship; on one side are gods turned into men, on the other, are men changed into gods. Ah! If we must have fables let them be at least emblematic of truth! I like the fables of philosophers, I smile at those of children, but I hate those of impostors.”

One day he fell in with a history of the Emperor Justinian, and read therein that some “Apædeutes”² of Constantinople delivered a decree in very bad Greek

¹ *i.e.* a Trojan, meaning Æneas.

² “Des apædeutes”—ignoramuses: from the Greek ἀπαίδευτος = uneducated. The Theological Faculty of Paris is intended, which had censured, in very bad Latin, Marmontel’s “Bélisaire.”

against the greatest captain of the age, because that hero had uttered these words in the heat of conversation :

“ Truth shines by its own light, and human minds gain no illumination from the fires of the stake.”

The “ Apædeutes ” were confident that this proposition was heretical, or savouring of heresy, and that the contrary axiom was Catholic, of universal application, and good Greek : “ Human minds gain illumination only from the fires of the stake, and truth could not shine by its own light.” So those “ Linostoles ”¹ condemned several of the Captain’s speeches, and published the condemnation in a decree.

“ What ! ” cried the Unsophisticated, “ decrees published by those people ! ”

“ They were not decrees at all,” replied Gordon ; “ they were counter-edicts, at which everybody in Constantinople laughed, and the Emperor louder than any. He was a wise prince who had known how to reduce the Apædeutic Linostoles to a state of impotence for anything but what was good. He knew that those gentlemen and many other ‘ Pastophores ’² had worn out the patience of the emperors who had preceded him with their counter-edicts in matters of greater importance.”

“ He did well,” said the Unsophisticated ; “ the Pastophores ought to be upheld, and kept within bounds.”

He committed to pen and paper many other reflections, which amazed old Gordon.

“ How is this ? ” he said to himself. “ Here have I spent fifty years in self-instruction, and I fear I shall never acquire the natural good sense of this lad, who is almost a savage ! I shudder to think how hard I have laboured

¹ “ Linostoles ”—surpliced folk : from the Greek *λινόστολος* = clad in a long linen robe.

² “ Pastophores ”—idol-bearers : from the Greek *παστοφόρος* = carrying the image of a god in a shrine.

in bolstering up prejudices; he listens to no other voice than the simple one of Nature."

The good man had several of those little books of criticism, those periodical pamphlets in which men, incapable of producing anything themselves, disparage the productions of others—in which a Visé insults a Racine, and a Faydit a Fénelon. The Child of Nature hastily skimmed a few of them.

"I think," said he, "that such authors resemble certain gnats, which like to lay their eggs in the posteriors of the finest horses; it does not prevent them from running."

Our pair of philosophers scarcely deigned to cast their eyes upon these offscourings of literature.

Soon afterwards they read together the elements of Astronomy, and the Unsophisticated sent for a celestial globe; that grand spectacle filled him with admiration.

"What a hard fate it is," said he, "to begin to know something of the heavens only after having been robbed of the privilege of beholding them! Jupiter and Saturn revolve in their vast orbits; millions of suns light thousands of millions of worlds, and in this corner of the earth in which I have been cast there are found beings who deprive me—me, a being who can see and think—of all those worlds to which my view might have extended, and even of that one on which it has pleased God to place me! The light, created for the whole universe, is lost to me. No one ever deprived me of it in that northern clime where I passed my childhood and my youth. Had it not been for you, my dear Gordon, I should be here now in a state no better than annihilation."

CHAPTER XII.

RELATES WHAT THE CHILD OF NATURE THOUGHT OF
THE DRAMA.

THE Child of Nature resembled one of those hardy trees which, having sprung up on unpromising ground, quickly spread abroad their roots and branches when transplanted to a more favourable soil; it was very extraordinary that this soil was in his case a prison.

Among the books which engaged the ample leisure of the two prisoners were to be found some volumes of poetry, translations of Greek tragedies, and several French plays. The verses which spoke of love brought at once pleasure and pain to the soul of the Unsophisticated; they all reminded him of his beloved mistress. The fable of "The Two Pigeons"¹ pierced his heart; so far was he from all power of returning to his own dove-cote!

Molière enchanted him, making him understand the manners not only of Paris but of the human race.

"To which of his comedies do you give the preference?"

"To 'Tartufe,' without a doubt."

"I agree with you," said Gordon; it is a Tartufe² who has cast me into this dungeon, and perhaps they are Tartufes who have brought about your misfortune."

"What do you think of these Greek tragedies?"

"That they are good,—for a Greek audience," said the Unsophisticated.

But when he came to read the modern versions of

¹ One of La Fontaine's Fables.

² *i.e.*, a hypocrite.

"Iphigenia," "Phædra," "Andromache," and "Athaliah,"¹ he was enraptured; he sighed, he shed tears; he soon knew them by heart, without intending to learn them.

"Read 'Rodogune,'" said Gordon. "People say that it is the masterpiece of the modern drama; the other plays, which have given you so much pleasure, are of little value in comparison."

The young man, before he had finished the first page, exclaimed:

"This is not by the same author."

"How do you know that?"

"I cannot tell, but these verses delight neither my ear nor my heart."

"Oh, the versification is of no consequence," said Gordon.

The Child of Nature replied:

"Why, then, is it written in verse?"

After having read the play very attentively, with no other purpose than that of getting as much pleasure as possible out of it, he looked at his friend without a tear, but with an air of surprise, and did not know what to say. At last, when urged to describe what he had felt, he answered as follows:

"I hardly understood the beginning; I was disgusted with the middle; the last scene I found very affecting, though it seems to me rather improbable. None of the characters interest me, and I do not remember twenty lines - I, who remember them all when they give me pleasure."

"And yet that play is reckoned the best we have."

"If that is so," replied he, "it may be like a good many people who occupy places to which they have no right."

¹ These are all tragedies by Racine. See "Racine's Dramatic Works," in Bohn's Standard Library.

After all, it is a matter of taste; mine can hardly yet be properly formed. I may be mistaken, but you know that I am in the habit of saying what I think, or, rather, what I feel. I suspect that the judgment of society is often influenced by illusion, fashion, and caprice. I have spoken as Nature prompted; it may be that in my case Nature is very imperfect; but it is also possible that her dictates may sometimes be too much neglected by the majority of mankind."

Then he recited some lines from "Iphigenia," with which his memory was well stored, and though his elocution was poor, he put so much truth and expression into his voice that he made the old Jansenist weep. After that he read "Cinna";¹ he shed no tears, but his admiration was excited to a high pitch.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FAIR MADemoisELLE SAINT-YVES GOES TO VERSAILLES.

WHILST our unfortunate young friend was gaining more culture than consolation, whilst his genius, so long stifled, was unfolding itself with such rapidity and vigour, and whilst Nature, gradually growing to perfection within him, was making him some amends for the buffets of Fortune,—what had become of the Prior and his kind sister, and of the beautiful Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, now in the seclusion of the cloister? During the first month

¹ "Cinna" is one of Corneille's finest plays. It was published in 1639.

they were uneasy, and ere they had completed the third they were overwhelmed with anxiety; false surmises and ill-founded reports kept them in constant alarm. At the end of six months they believed him to be dead. At last the Prior and Mademoiselle de Kerkabon learned by a letter dated some time back, which a gentleman of the King's body-guard had written to his family in Brittany, that a young man, who, as described, resembled the Unsophisticated, had arrived one evening at Versailles, but that he had been taken away in the course of the night, and, since that time, nothing more had ever been heard of him by anyone.

"Alas!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Kerkabon, "our nephew must have committed some indiscretion and got himself into a troublesome scrape. He is young, he is a Breton, he cannot know how one ought to behave at Court. My dear brother, I have never seen either Versailles or Paris; this is a good opportunity. We shall perhaps recover our poor nephew; he is our brother's son, and it is our duty to succour him. Who knows if we may not succeed at last in making a sub-deacon of him, when the fire of youth has died down? He had a great thirst for all branches of knowledge. Do you remember how he used to argue over the Old and New Testaments? We are responsible for his soul; we it was who had him christened. His beloved mistress, Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, weeps all day long. Indeed we must go to Paris. If he is hidden in one of those haunts of vicious pleasure of which I have heard so many strange stories, we will rescue him." The Prior was touched with his sister's words; he went to see the Bishop of Saint-Malo, who had baptised the Huron, and sought his countenance and advice. The Prelate quite approved of the expedition; he gave the Prior letters of recommendation to Father de La Chaise, the King's Confessor, who occupied the first

position in the realm, to Harlay, Archbishop of Paris,¹ and to Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux.

At length the brother and sister took their departure. But, on their arrival in Paris, they found themselves lost and bewildered in a vast labyrinth, without a clue to lead them in and out. Their means were slender, and they were forced to hire conveyances every day to make what discoveries they could—and they discovered nothing.

The Prior presented himself at the house of the Reverend Father de La Chaise; he was engaged with Mademoiselle de Tron, and could not give audiences to priors. He called at the gate of the Archbishop's palace; that Prelate was in close conference with the beautiful Mademoiselle de Lesdiguières touching the interests of the Church. He hastened to the country house of the Bishop of Meaux; he was engaged in examining, with Mademoiselle de Mauléon, the mystical love of Madame Guyon.² However, he succeeded at last in getting those two Prelates to grant him an audience; but both of them declared that they could not interfere in his nephew's case, inasmuch as he was not a sub-deacon.

Last of all he saw the Jesuit, who received him with open arms, and protested that he had always had a particular regard for him, though they had never met before; he assured him that his Society had always been strongly attached to the people of Lower Brittany.

“But,” continued he, “has not your nephew the misfortune to be a Huguenot?”

¹ François de Harlay de Chanvalon, Archbishop of Paris from 1670 to 1695.

² Madame Guyon, the eminent exponent of the views of the Quietists, and the friend of Fénelon, submitted her writings to a Royal Commission presided over by Bossuet, and promised to abstain from further speculation on certain specified subjects. One of her works was a mystical interpretation of the Song of Solomon.

"Certainly not, Reverend Father."

"Is he not a Jansenist, then?"

"I can assure your Reverence that he is scarcely a Christian; it is only about eleven months since we had him baptised."

"That is well! That is well! He shall have our best attention.—Is your benefice one of much value?"

"Oh, no! A very small affair—and my nephew costs us a good deal."

"Are there any Jansenists in your neighbourhood?—Be well on your guard against them, my dear Prior, they are more dangerous than Huguenots and Atheists."

"Reverend Father, we have none at all; at our Lady of the Mountain they do not even know what Jansenism means."

"So much the better. Go, and rest assured that I will do my best for you."

He took a cordial leave of the Prior, and thought no more about the matter.

Time flowed on. The Prior and his good sister began to be in despair.

Meanwhile the abominable Magistrate was pressing forward the marriage of his simpleton of a son with the beautiful Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, who had been brought out of the convent for that very purpose. She still loved her dear godson as much as she detested the husband assigned to her. The insult of being put into a convent increased her passion; the command to marry the Magistrate's son brought her feelings to a height. Regret, tenderness, and horror agitated her soul. The love of a young girl, as everyone knows, is far more ingenious and far bolder than the family affection of an old prior and an aunt of five-and-forty summers. Moreover she had imbibed many romantic ideas in the convent from the novels which she had read on the sly.

The fair Mademoiselle bethought herself of the letter which had been sent to Lower Brittany by one of the King's body-guard, and which had been so much talked of in the province. She determined to go herself to get information at Versailles, to throw herself at the feet of the King's Ministers, if her affianced husband should be in prison, as was reported, and to obtain justice on his behalf. Something or other secretly told her that nothing is refused at Court to a pretty damsel; but she little knew at what cost.

Having taken her resolution, she experienced a sense of peace and consolation. She no longer flouted her silly suitor; she smiled upon the detestable father-in-law, fondled her brother, and diffused a spirit of cheerfulness through the house. Then, on the day appointed for the ceremony, she secretly took her departure, at four o'clock in the morning, carrying with her all her little wedding presents and whatever else she could gather together. Her scheme had been so well executed, that she was already more than ten leagues away, when, about noon, her chamber was entered and found empty. Great was the surprise and great the consternation! The Magistrate, who was a mere mark of interrogation, put more questions that day than he had asked the whole week before; the bridegroom seemed more stupid than ever. The Abbé de Saint-Yves, in his anger, resolved to go after his sister post-haste; the Magistrate and his son volunteered to accompany him, and so Destiny drove almost all that district of Lower Brittany to Paris.

The beautiful Mademoiselle Saint-Yves was quite prepared for pursuit. She was on horseback, and shrewdly inquired of all the post-boys if they had seen anything of a fat abbé, a ponderous magistrate, and a young booby hurrying along the road to Paris. Finding on the third day that they were not far off she took a different road,

and was clever and fortunate enough to arrive at Versailles, while a vain search was being instituted for her in Paris.

But how was she now to behave at Versailles?—young and beautiful, without counsel or support, a stranger, and exposed to perils on every hand, how could she dare to go in search of one of the King's body-guard? She bethought herself of applying to some Jesuit of inferior grade, for there were some of them to be found for all conditions of life. As the Creator, said they, had assigned various sorts of food to different kinds of animals, so He had given the King his own private Confessor, whom all such as were soliciting good appointments were accustomed to call "the Head of the Gallican Church." Then came the Confessors of the Princesses; the King's Ministers had none at all,—they were not such fools. There were Jesuits for the general public, and, what was of more importance, there were Jesuits for ladies' maids, from whom they learned their mistresses' secrets, and that was no small service to the Society. The fair Mademoiselle Saint-Yves addressed herself to one of these last, whose name was Father Tout-à-tous (All-things-to-all-men). To him she made her confession, related her adventures, her present situation, and the dangers to which she was exposed, and entreated him to find her a lodging with some pious female who might shelter her from temptation.

Father Tout-à-tous committed her to the care of one of his most trustworthy penitents, the wife of an officer of the Buttery. No sooner was she established there than she exerted herself to win the confidence and friendship of her hostess. She gained intelligence of the Breton guardsman, and got him asked to come to the house. On learning from him that her lover had been carried off after having had an interview with a certain head-clerk, she lost no time in paying the latter a visit. The sight of a fair

female made him milder, for it must be admitted that women have been created for no other purpose than to tame the ruder sex.

So the quill-driver, moved to compassion, told her everything.

“Your lover has been in the Bastille for nearly a year, and without your help he may, perhaps, remain there all his life.”

Mademoiselle Saint-Yves was so affected that she fainted. When she recovered her senses, the knight of the pen addressed her thus:

“I have not enough influence to do good; all my power is limited to doing some harm occasionally. Take my advice and call upon Monsieur de Saint-Pouange, who does both good and evil, cousin and favourite of Monseigneur de Louvois. That Minister has two souls: Monsieur de Saint-Pouange is one of them, and Madame Dufresnoy is the other, but she is not at Versailles just now. You have nothing to do but to secure the goodwill of the patron I have mentioned.”

The lovely Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, divided between a little joy and a great deal of sorrow, between faint hopes and disheartening fears, pursued by her brother, idolising her lover, drying her tears and then weeping again, feeble and trembling, yet taking fresh courage, hastened to the house of Monsieur de Saint-Pouange.

CHAPTER XIV.

MENTAL PROGRESS OF THE CHILD OF NATURE.

THE Unsophisticated made rapid advancement in the various branches of knowledge, and, above all, in the knowledge of man. The cause of this rapid development of his mind was due almost as much to his savage training as to his intellectual capacity; for, having learned nothing in his childhood, he had imbibed no prejudices; his understanding not having been warped by error had remained perfectly straightforward. He saw things as they actually were, whereas the ideas communicated to us in childhood make us see things as they are not all our life long.

"Your persecutors are detestable," said he to his friend Gordon. "I pity you for being the victim of oppression, but I pity you also for being a Jansenist. Every sect appears to me to be a rallying point of error. Tell me if there are any sects in Geometry?"

"No, my dear child," said the good Gordon, with a sigh; "all men are of one mind on truth, when it is proved, but they are sadly divided about truths that are obscure."

"Say, rather, about obscure falsehoods. If there were a single truth hidden under your heap of arguments, so often sifted through so many ages, it could not fail to have been brought to light, and the whole world would have been agreed, at any rate, on that point. If this truth was as necessary to us as the sun is to the earth, it would be equally luminous. It is an absurdity; it is an insult to human nature; it is an outrage against the Infinite and Supreme Being to say that there is any truth

of essential importance to mankind which God has chosen to keep secret."

All that was said by this ignorant young fellow, taught only by Nature, made a deep impression upon the mind of the unfortunate old scholar.

"Can it really be true," he exclaimed, "that I have made myself miserable for extravagant fancies? I am, indeed, far surer of my unhappy situation than I am of effectual grace. I have spent my life in reasoning upon divine and human freedom, but I have lost my own. Neither Saint Augustine nor Saint Prosper will ever draw me out of the pit into which I have fallen."

The Unsophisticated was silent, and then said with characteristic frankness:

"Would you have me speak to you boldly and without reserve? Those who incur persecution for such vain scholastic disputes seem to me to have little wisdom; those who persecute appear to me to be monsters."

The two captives were of one mind about the injustice of their captivity.

"I am a hundred times more to be pitied than you are," said the Child of Nature. "I was born free as the air; I had two lives—liberty and the object of my love, and I am deprived of both. Here we are both of us in chains, without knowing the reason why, and unable to ask it. I have lived twenty years among the Hurons; they are called savages because they revenge themselves upon their enemies, but they never oppress their friends. Scarcely had I set foot in France ere I shed my blood on her behalf; it may be that I saved a province, and for reward I find myself plunged into this living tomb, where I should have died of rage if it had not been for you. Are there no laws, then, in this country, that men are condemned unheard? It is not so in England. Ah! it was not against the English that I should have fought!"

Thus was his budding philosophy unable to control nature, outraged in the first of her rights, and giving free course to her just indignation.

His companion did not contradict him. Absence always increases ungratified love, and philosophy is unable to diminish it. Hercules spoke as often of his dear mistress as of morals and metaphysics. The more his feelings became refined, the greater grew his love. He read some of the latest novels, but found few of them that expressed the emotions of his soul. He felt that his heart always went beyond what he read.

"Ah!" said he, "in almost all these authors wit and art supply the place of nature:"

At last, almost unconsciously, the good Jansenist priest became the confidant of his tenderest feelings. Formerly he had known nothing of love except as a sin of which to accuse oneself in confession; he learned to know it now as a sentiment no less noble than tender, which can elevate the soul as well as soften it, and sometimes may even become the parent of virtues. Thus it came to pass, for a final miracle, that a North American Indian converted a Jansenist.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BEAUTIFUL MADMOISELLE SAINT-YVES REJECTS CERTAIN DELICATE PROPOSALS.

THE beautiful Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, more devoted even than her lover, went then to the house of Monsieur de Saint-Pouange, accompanied by the female friend with whom she was lodging, both of them having their faces concealed by their hoods. The first object she

saw at the door was her brother, the Abbé de Saint-Yves, leaving the house. She was alarmed, but her pious friend re-assured her.

"It is precisely because he has been speaking against you that you have the more need to speak for yourself. Believe me, in this country accusations are always held to be just unless they are speedily confuted. Besides, your presence, unless I am much mistaken, will prove more efficacious than your brother's words."

However little encouragement a heart that is passionately in love receives, it is daunted by nothing.

When the young lady presented herself in the audience chamber, her youthful charms, and sweet eyes wet with tears, attracted the looks of all who were there. Each fawning sycophant of the Under-Secretary forgot for a moment the idol of power, to gaze upon the idol of beauty. Saint-Pouange invited her into a private room; she spoke with graceful emotion, and Saint-Pouange felt touched; she trembled, and he relieved her fears.

"Return this evening," said he; "your business requires consideration, and we must talk over it at leisure. There are too many people here, and each interview has to be brief; I must discuss with you, in all its bearings, a matter that so nearly concerns you."

Thereupon, after complimenting her on her beauty and good feeling, he bade her come again at seven o'clock that evening.

She did not fail to keep the appointment; her pious friend accompanied her as before, but she remained in the waiting-room, and read the "Christian Pedagogue,"¹ while Saint-Pouange and the lovely Mademoiselle Saint-Yves were in the inner chamber. He began by saying:

¹ A work by Père Outreman, to which Voltaire alludes with contempt elsewhere.

“ Would you believe, Mademoiselle, that your brother came to ask me for a warrant of imprisonment against you? But, indeed, I would rather draw up an order for him to be sent back to Lower Brittany.

“ Alas, sir, warrants of imprisonment must be very liberally dispensed in government offices, when people come from the most remote corners of the kingdom to beg for them as if they were pensions. I am very far from wishing to ask for one against my brother; he has given me great reason to complain of him, but I respect human liberty, and I am come to claim it on behalf of a man whom I wish to marry, a man to whom the King owes the preservation of a province, and one who can be of further use to him, the son of an officer killed in his service. Of what crime is he accused? How can he have been treated so cruelly as to be condemned unheard? ”

Then the Under-Secretary showed her the letter of the Jesuit spy and that of the perfidious Magistrate.

“ What! Are there such monsters upon earth? Is that the way they would force me to marry the ridiculous son of a father not only ridiculous but wicked? and is it on such information as that that the fate of citizens is here decided? ”

She threw herself on her knees, she entreated with sobs the liberation of the worthy man who adored her. Her charms in that state of agitation showed themselves to the greatest advantage. She was so lovely, that Saint-Pouange, losing all shame, insinuated that she might gain her object if she began by giving him the first fruits of what she reserved for her lover. The young lady, shocked and confused, pretended for a long time not to understand him, and he was obliged to explain his meaning more clearly. A mode of expression at first somewhat guarded gave rise to one more bold, to be followed in its turn by another even more significant. Not only did he offer to recall the

order of imprisonment, but he held out hopes of rewards, money, honours, and high appointments; and the more he promised, the more anxious he became not to be refused.

Mademoiselle Saint-Yves was in tears; she felt suffocated, as she half reclined upon a sofa, hardly believing what she saw and heard. Saint-Pouange, in his turn, threw himself upon his knees. He was not without personal attractions, nor was it possible for him to have so scared a heart less fully occupied; but Mademoiselle was devoted to her lover, and she thought it would be a dreadful crime to be unfaithful to him in order to serve him. Saint-Pouange redoubled his prayers and promises; at last his head was so far turned that he assured her such was the only way of delivering out of prison the man in whom she took so strong and tender an interest. This strange interview lasted so long that the pious female in the ante-chamber, as she read her "Christian Pedagogue," said to herself:

"Good gracious! What can they be doing there all these two hours? Monseigneur de Saint-Pouange never admitted anyone to so long an audience before; perhaps he has refused to do anything for the poor girl, since she is still entreating him to help her."

At last her companion came out of the private apartment in a state of great discomposure, unable to speak a word, and absorbed in reflections upon the character of those who have either wholly or half achieved greatness; who sacrifice so lightly the liberty of men and the chastity of women.

She said not a word all the way back, but when she had reached her friend's house, she burst out all at once, and told her everything. The pious female made the sign of the cross again and again.

"My dear friend," said she, "you must consult our director, Father Tout-à-tous, to-morrow. He has great

influence with Monsieur de Saint-Pouange; he confesses several of the maid-servants belonging to his house; he is a devout man of an accommodating turn, who also acts as spiritual guide to ladies of rank and fashion. Give yourself up entirely to him, that is what I am in the habit of doing myself, and I have always found the benefit of it. We poor women need a man to direct us.—Well then, my dear, I'll go to-morrow, and bring Father Tout-à-tous."

CHAPTER XVI.

SHE ASKS THE ADVICE OF A JESUIT.

WHEN the lovely and disconsolate Mademoiselle Saint-Yves found herself alone with her good Confessor, she told him in confidence that a statesman as licentious as he was powerful had proposed to set at liberty him to whom she was affianced in lawful matrimony, but that he claimed a high price for this service. She declared that the idea of such infidelity filled her with horrible repugnance, and that if it were only her own life that was concerned, she would rather sacrifice it than submit.

"What an abominable sinner!" said Father Tout-à-tous. "It is your duty to tell me the name of this rascally fellow; he must be surely some Jansenist; I will denounce him to His Reverence Father de La Chaise, who will have him put into the lodging where the dear one whom you are engaged to marry now resides."

The poor girl, after much embarrassment and irresolution, at last mentioned the name of Saint-Pouange.

"Monseigneur de Saint-Pouange!" exclaimed the Jesuit; "ah, my daughter, that quite alters the case; he

is a cousin of the greatest Minister we have ever had, a man of honour, a protector of the good cause, and a good Christian ; he cannot have entertained such a thought, you must have misunderstood him."

"No, father, I understood him only too well ; I am distracted, and cannot tell what to do ; I have no choice except between misery and shame ; either my lover must remain buried alive, or I must render myself unworthy to live. I cannot leave him to perish, and I cannot save him."

Father Tout-à-tous tried to calm her with these soothing words :

"In the first place, my daughter, never use that expression 'my lover' ; it savours somewhat of the world, and might displease God ; say 'my husband,' for though he may not be so yet, you regard him as such, and there is no more honourable title.

"Secondly, although he may be married to you in imagination and in hope, he is not so in reality ; so you would not be committing adultery,—a very great sin, which should always be avoided as much as possible.

"Thirdly, actions are not malignantly culpable when the intention is pure, and nothing is more meritorious than to deliver your husband.

"Fourthly, you have examples in sacred antiquity which can afford you signal service in regulating your own conduct. St Augustine relates¹ that under the Proconsul Septimus Acindynus, in the year of our salvation 340, a poor man, being unable to render to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, was condemned to death, as was only just, in spite of the maxim : *Where there is nothing the King loses his rights.* The sum in question amounted to a pound of gold. Now the condemned man had a wife, upon whom God had bestowed both beauty and prudence. A rich old man promised to give this lady a pound of gold

¹ See p. 39.

and even more, on the condition of committing with her the sin of uncleanness. The lady believed that she did nothing wrong in thus saving her husband, and St. Augustine highly approves of her generous self-devotion. It is true that the rich old sinner cheated her, and her husband was perhaps hanged all the same; but she had done all that was in her power to save his life.

“You may be quite sure, my child, when a Jesuit quotes St. Augustine, that that Saint must be undoubtedly in the right. I do not wish to advise you in this case; you are wise and discreet, and it may be presumed that you will prove yourself of service to your husband. Monseigneur de Saint-Pouange is an honourable man, he will not cheat you; that is all I can say. I will pray to God for you, and I trust that all will happen as shall be most to His glory.”

The beautiful Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, no less dismayed by the Jesuit's remarks than by the Under-Secretary's proposals, returned to her friend's house in extreme perplexity. She was tempted to seek a refuge in death, either, on the one hand, from the horror of leaving her adorable lover in dreadful captivity, or, on the other, from the shame of restoring him to liberty at the cost of that which she held most precious, and which ought to be the exclusive possession of that unfortunate lover.

CHAPTER XVII.

HER VIRTUE CAUSES HER SURRENDER.

SHE entreated her friend to kill her, but the good woman, who was no less indulgent than the Jesuit, spoke to her still more plainly.

"Alas," said she, "matters are hardly ever arranged upon any other terms in this Court, so renowned for its politeness and gallantry. The most paltry as well as the most important posts are seldom awarded except at the price now required of you. Listen,—you have inspired me with feelings of friendship and confidence; I am free to confess that, if I had been as strict as you are, my husband would not be enjoying the little berth on which he depends for a livelihood; he knows it, and, so far from being displeased thereat, he sees in me his benefactress to whom he is under an obligation. Do you suppose that all who have been set over provinces, or even over armies, have owed their honours and good fortune solely to their own merits? There are those who have to thank their wives for their advancement. Military commands are solicited by love, and high dignities have been given ere now to the husband of the fairest of the fair.

"You are in a position in which far more is at stake; the question before you is that of restoring your lover to the light of day, and of giving him your hand in marriage; that is a sacred duty which you must fulfil. No blame was ever attached to the beautiful and distinguished ladies I speak of; you will be even applauded, it will be said that it was the strength of your virtue that permitted this frailty."

"Alas! what sort of virtue!" exclaimed the fair girl. "What a labyrinth of iniquity! What a strange country! What a way to gain experience of life! A Father de La Chaise and a ridiculous Magistrate get my lover put into prison; my relations persecute me; no hand is stretched out to me in my distress except to dishonour me. One Jesuit has ruined a worthy man, another Jesuit wishes to ruin me. I am hemmed in on all sides by pitfalls, and the moment is fast approaching when I shall fall into deepest misery. I must either kill myself or speak to the King.

I will throw myself at his feet when he passes on his way to church or to the theatre."

"You will not be allowed to approach," said her good friend; "and even if you were so unfortunate as to succeed in making your voice heard, Monsieur de Louvois and the Reverend Father de La Chaise might bury you in the depths of a convent for the remainder of your life."

While this worthy female was thus increasing the perplexity of a soul already in despair, and was plunging a dagger into her heart, a special messenger from Monsieur de Saint-Pouange arrived with a letter and a pair of lovely earrings. Mademoiselle Saint-Yves rejected both with tears of indignation; but her friend took charge of them for her.

As soon as the messenger was gone, the confidante read the letter, in which the two friends were invited to a quiet supper that evening. Mademoiselle vowed she would not go. Her pious friend wished to make her try on the diamond earrings. Mademoiselle would not allow it, and kept up the contest all day. At last, having only her lover's interest in view, vanquished and almost dragged along without knowing whither she was being led, she suffered herself to be taken to the fatal supper party. No amount of persuasion had been able to induce her to wear the earrings; her friend however brought them with her, and fastened them in her ears, against her will, just before they sat down to table. Mademoiselle Saint-Yves was so troubled and confused that she let herself be tormented in this way, and her patron drew therefrom a very favourable prognostication. Towards the end of the repast the chaperon discreetly retired. The master of the house then showed her an order revoking the warrant of imprisonment, letters patent conferring a handsome pension, and a captain's commission, nor was he sparing of his promises of further favours.

“ Ah ! ” said Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, “ how I should love you if you did not wish to be loved so much ! ”

At last, after prolonged resistance, sobs, cries, and tears, worn out with the useless struggle, distracted, and almost fainting, she was obliged to give way ; and the only consolation she had left was her determination to think only of the Unsophisticated whilst the cruel seducer pitilessly reaped the advantage of the necessity to which she was reduced.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHE LIBERATES HER LOVER AND A JANSENIST.

AT daybreak she flew to Paris, furnished with an order from the Minister. It is not easy to picture what passed through her mind during this journey. Let the reader imagine the feelings of a virtuous and noble soul, humiliated by its own reproaches, intoxicated with tenderness, torn by remorse at having been false to her lover, yet enraptured with delight at the prospect of delivering the object of her warmest affection ! Her grief, her conflict, and her success divided all her thoughts between them. She was no longer the simple maiden whose ideas had been confined within narrow bounds by a provincial education. Love and adversity had formed her character. Sensibility had made as much progress in her as reason had made in the mind of her unfortunate lover. Girls learn to feel more readily than men learn to think. Her adventure had taught her more than four years in a convent would have done.

Her dress was one of extreme simplicity. She saw with horror the trappings in which she had been arrayed to

appear before her cruel benefactor; she had left her diamond earrings for her companion, without another look at them. Abashed, and, as it were, spell-bound, idolising the Child of Nature, and abhorring herself, she came at last to the gate of

“ That frowning fortress, where grim Vengeance reigns,
Which crime and innocence alike contains.”¹

When it was necessary for her to leave the carriage her strength failed her, and she had to be assisted out of it; with a throbbing heart, tearful eyes, and a look of dismay she entered the prison. On being introduced to the Governor, she tried to speak to him, but her voice died away into silence; she showed her order, and managed with difficulty to utter a few articulate words. The Governor liked his prisoner, and was very glad that he was to be set free. His heart had not been rendered callous like those of some of his honourable fellow-gaolers, who, thinking only of the gains to be derived from the custody of their captives, founding their fortunes upon their victims, and living by the misery of others, secretly gloat with hideous joy over the tears of the distressed.

He invited the prisoner to come and see him in his own quarters. There the two lovers met each other, and both fainted from the violence of their emotions. The lovely Mademoiselle Saint-Yves long remained motionless and inanimate; her lover's spirit soon revived.

“ This lady here is apparently your wife,” said the Governor; “ you did not tell me that you were married. I am informed that it is to her generous efforts that you owe your restoration to liberty.”

“ Ah! I am unworthy to be his wife,” said the beautiful girl, with a faltering voice; and she fell back once more in a swoon.

¹ Voltaire's “ *Henriade*,” chant iv. 456-7.

As soon as she recovered her senses, she held out the patent for a pension, and the captain's commission. The Unsophisticated, as much astonished as he was touched, awoke from one dream only to fall into another.

"Why have I been shut up here? How is it you have been able to deliver me? Where are the monsters who plunged me into this dungeon? You are a divinity who come down from heaven to succour me."

The lovely Mademoiselle Saint-Yves hung down her head, looked at her lover, blushed, and the moment afterwards turned away her eyes, which were suffused with tears. At last she told him all she knew, and all she had undergone, except what she would fain have hidden for ever even from herself, and what any other man than the Unsophisticated, more used to the ways of the world, and better versed in the customs of the Court, would have had no difficulty in divining.

"Is it possible that such a miserable wretch as this Magistrate can have had power to rob me of my liberty? Ah! I see plainly that there are some men like the vilest vermin, all of which can do some harm. But is it possible that a monk, a Jesuit, the King's Confessor, can have contributed to my ruin as much as this Magistrate, without my being able to imagine under what pretext this execrable villain has made me the object of his persecution? Has he represented me to be a Jansenist? Lastly, how was it that you remembered me? I did not deserve it, for when you knew me I was nothing better than a savage. What! Did you venture without counsel, and without aid, to undertake the journey to Versailles? You showed yourself there, and my chains were broken! There must then be in beauty and virtue an invincible charm that can pull down gates of brass and soften hearts of iron!"

At the word "virtue" the beautiful girl could not restrain her sobs. She had no idea how far her virtue had

been concerned in the crime with which she reproached herself.

Her lover continued thus :

“ Angel, who hast burst my bonds, if thou hast had (though I cannot yet comprehend it) enough influence to procure me justice, cause the same justice to be rendered to an old man who first taught me to think, as thou hast taught me to love. Common misfortune has united us ; I love him like a father, and I cannot live without him any more than I can without thee.”

“ I ! Shall I beg a favour of the same man who—— ? ”

“ Yes, I would fain owe you everything, and owe nothing to anyone else ; write to this man who is so powerful, overwhelm me with your acts of kindness, finish what you have begun, and work another miracle.”

She felt that she ought to do all that her lover required ; she tried to write, but her hand refused to obey her will. Thrice she began a letter, and thrice she tore it up ; at last she got it written, and the two lovers left the prison, after having taken a warm farewell of the aged martyr to effectual grace.

Desolate in the midst of her happiness, Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, knowing in what house her brother was lodging, directed her steps thither ; her lover engaged rooms in the same house.

They had hardly arrived before her protector sent her an order for the release of the good old Gordon, and requested a meeting the next day. Thus her dishonour was counted on as the price of every noble and generous action which she achieved. She regarded with abhorrence that custom of selling the happiness and misery of men. She gave the order of release to her lover, and declined the appointment made by her benefactor, whom she could not see without dying of shame and sorrow. The Unsophisticated would have been unable to tear himself from

her side for anything less than going to give freedom to a friend, an errand which he flew to execute. As he discharged that duty he reflected on the strange events which happen in this world, and admired the courageous virtue of so young a girl, to whom two unfortunate prisoners owed more than life itself.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHILD OF NATURE, THE FAIR MADEMOISELLE SAINT-YVES, AND THEIR RELATIONS ARE ALL REUNITED.

MADemoiselle DE SAINT-YVES, generous and estimable in spite of her fall, met once more her brother the Abbé, the excellent Prior of the Mountain, and Madame de Kerkabon. All were alike astonished, but their situation and feelings were very different. The Abbé de Saint-Yves asked pardon at his sister's feet, and that with tears, for the wrong he had done her, and she forgave him; the Prior and his gentle sister wept also, but it was for joy. The rascally Magistrate and his insufferable son did not disturb by their presence this touching scene; they had taken their departure at the first rumour of their enemy's release, and hastened to bury in the obscurity of their native province their folly and their fear.

The four, agitated by a hundred varied emotions, awaited the return of the young man with the friend whom he had gone to release. The Abbé de Saint-Yves did not dare to lift his eyes to his sister's face. The kind Madame Kerkabon said more than once:

"Shall I then see my dear nephew again?"

“Yes, you will see him again,” said the charming Made-moiselle Saint-Yves; “but he is no longer the same man that he was; his demeanour, his tone, his ideas, his mind, all are changed. He is now as much entitled to respect as he was formerly artless and inexperienced. He will be the honour and comfort of your family—would that I could also be the happiness of mine!”

“You are no longer the same either,” said the Prior; “what can have happened to you to cause so great a change?”

In the midst of this conversation the Unsophisticated arrived, holding his friend the Jansenist by the hand. The scene then became more novel and interesting. It began with fond embraces on the part of the uncle and aunt. The Abbé de Saint-Yves almost fell on his knees before the Unsophisticated, who no longer deserved that name. The two lovers conversed with each other in looks that expressed all the tender feelings which penetrated their hearts. Satisfaction and gratitude beamed on the countenance of the one, embarrassment was manifest in the melting and somewhat bewildered eyes of the other. There was general surprise that she should mingle any grief with so much joy.

Old Gordon in a few moments endeared himself to all the family. He had shared the misfortune of the young prisoner, and that was a great claim upon their regard. He owed his deliverance to the lovers, and that alone was enough to reconcile him to the tender passion; the harshness of his former opinions vanished from his heart; he was transformed into a man no less than the Huron. Each of them related his adventures before supper. The two abbés and the aunt listened as children might do to ghost-stories, and like persons who were all intimately concerned in the disasters of which they heard so much.

“Alas!” said Gordon, “there are, perhaps, more than five hundred virtuous souls at the present moment held fast by the same chains which Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves has shattered for us, and the world knows nothing about their misfortunes. Plenty of hands are found to strike the multitude of the unhappy, and rarely is one stretched out to help” This just reflection increased his emotion and gratitude. Everything tended to enhance the triumph of the fair Mademoiselle Saint-Yves; all admired the firmness and fortitude of her soul. With admiration was mingled that respect which is involuntarily felt for a person who is believed to have influence in high quarters. But the Abbé de Saint-Yves said sometimes to himself:

“How has my sister been able to obtain this influence so quickly?”

All in good time they were about to sit down to table, when, lo and behold, the worthy woman who had befriended her at Versailles drove up, knowing nothing of all that had taken place since she saw her last. She was in a carriage drawn by six horses, and it was easy to see to whom it belonged. She entered with the imposing air of a lady of the Court who had important business, and, saluting the company with scant ceremony, drew the beautiful Mademoiselle Saint-Yves apart, and whispered:

“Why do you make people wait so long? Follow me; there are your diamonds which you forgot to take with you.”

Though she uttered these words in so low a tone, they did not escape the ears of the Unsophisticated; nor did he fail to catch sight of the diamonds. The brother was confounded; the uncle and aunt only manifested the surprise of simple folk who had never before seen such magnificence. The young man, whose character had been formed by a year's reflections, made some now in spite of himself, and appeared troubled for a moment. His

mistress perceived it; a mortal pallor spread itself over her lovely face, a shuddering fit seized her, and she could scarcely prevent herself from falling.

"Ah, madam," said she to the friend who had been so fatal to her peace, "you have destroyed me, you have given me a mortal wound!"

These words pierced the heart of the Unsophisticated; but, having now learned to control himself, he took no notice of them, for fear of making his mistress uneasy before her brother, but he turned as pale as herself.

She then, perceiving with dismay the change upon her lover's countenance, led the woman out of the room into a little passage, and, throwing the diamonds down on the ground before her, exclaimed:

"Ah! it was not these jewels which seduced me, as you very well know; but the man who gave them shall never see me again."

Her friend was in the act of picking them up, when the young lady added:

"Let him take them back, or let him give them to you. Go, do not make me more ashamed of myself than I am already."

The ambassadress at last withdrew, unable to comprehend the remorse of which she was a witness.

The beautiful Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, oppressed with a feeling of suffocation which betokened serious bodily disorder, was obliged to retire to her bed; but, in order not to alarm anyone, she said nothing of what she suffered, and alleging merely that she felt tired, asked permission to seek repose. This was only after having relieved the anxiety of the company by reassuring and delusive words, and after casting a look upon her lover which sent fire into his inmost soul.

The supper, which lacked the animation of her presence, began gravely enough, but the gravity was of that inter-

esting kind which furnishes attractive and useful conversation, vastly superior to the frivolous mirth so much sought after, and which is generally nothing better than a wearisome babble.

Gordon, in a few words, gave an account of Jansenism and Molinism; of the persecutions with which one party overwhelmed the other, and of the obstinacy of both. The Child of Nature criticised their conduct, and pitied the men who, not content with the numerous sparks of discord kindled by their conflicting interests, bring fresh calamities upon themselves for imaginary ones and unintelligible absurdities. Gordon related the facts, the other pronounced judgment; the rest of the company listened with emotion, and new light dawned upon them. They then spoke of the long duration of our misfortunes, and the shortness of life. It was remarked that each profession had some peculiar vice and danger attached to it, and that all men, from the prince upon his throne to the lowest beggar, seemed to throw all the blame upon Nature. How is it that so many men are found ready to play the part of persecutors for so little profit, as the agents and executioners of others? With what inhuman indifference does a man in high place sign an order for the destruction of a whole family, and with what still more barbarous delight do his hirelings carry it out!

“In my young days,” said the good old Gordon, “I saw a kinsman of the Marshal de Marillac, who, being persecuted on account of that illustrious and unfortunate gentleman, concealed himself in Paris under an assumed name. He was an old man seventy-two years of age. His wife, who accompanied him, was nearly as old. They had a wild rake of a son, who, when he was fourteen, had run away from his father’s house, turned soldier, deserted, and passed through all the various stages of vice and misery; at last, having taken a false name, he became one of the

guards of Cardinal Richelieu (for that prelate, like Mazarin, had a body-guard), and he had obtained a constable's staff in that company of the Cardinal's satellites. This adventurer was charged with the arrest of the old man and his wife, and acquitted himself with all the rigour of one who was anxious to please his master. As he was leading them along, he heard these two victims deploring the long train of misfortunes which had followed them from the very cradle. The father and mother counted among their greatest calamities the misconduct and loss of their son. He recognized them as his parents, but none the less for that conducted them to prison, assuring them that His Eminence must be obeyed in preference to any other consideration. And His Eminence duly rewarded his zeal.

"I have seen a spy of Father de La Chaise betray his own brother, in the hope of a small benefice, which he did not obtain after all; and I saw him die, not of remorse, but of disappointment at having been deceived by the Jesuit.

"The office of confessor, which I have long exercised, has made me intimately acquainted with family secrets. There is scarcely a single household which I have not found plunged into bitter mortifications, whilst, all the time, each member of the family, wearing an outside mask of happiness, seemed floating on a sunny sea; and I have always observed that the worst vexations are the fruit of our own inordinate desires."

"For my part," said the Child of Nature, "I think that a noble soul, capable of gratitude and affection, may pass a happy life; and I anticipate the enjoyment of felicity without alloy in union with the lovely and generous Mademoiselle Saint-Yves; for I flatter myself," added he, addressing himself to her brother with a friendly smile, "that you will not refuse me, as you did last year, and

that I shall conduct myself in a manner more accordant with modesty."

The Abbé apologised in confusion for his past behaviour, and assured him of his unalterable attachment.

His uncle declared that that would be the happiest day of his life. His kind aunt, enraptured and weeping for joy, exclaimed :

"Did I not tell you rightly that you would never be a sub-deacon ! This sacrament surpasses the other in value. Would to God that I had been honoured by participating in it myself ! However, I will fulfil a mother's part towards you."

Then they all vied with each other in praising Made-moiselle's tender devotion.

Her lover's heart was too full of what she had done for him, and he loved her too much, for the incident of the diamonds to have made any deep impression upon him. But those words, which he had heard only too well,—“You have given me a mortal wound,”—still terrified him in secret, and spoiled all his joy ; while the commendations that were bestowed upon his charming mistress yet further inflamed his love. Indeed everyone was occupied with thinking of her and her only ; nothing was spoken of but the felicity which those two lovers deserved. They arranged to live all together in Paris ; they laid schemes of wealth and prosperity, and gave themselves up to all those hopes to which the least glimmer of happiness so easily gives birth. But the Child of Nature, in the inmost recesses of his heart, felt a secret suspicion which dispelled these illusions. He read over again those promises signed Saint-Pouange, and the commission signed Louvois ; those two men were described to him in their true characters, or as they were believed to be. Everyone spoke of the Ministers and of their functions with that freedom of social intercourse which is regarded in France

as the most precious fruit of liberty which can be tasted upon earth.

“If I were King of France,” said the Child of Nature, “this is the sort of Minister of War that I would choose. I would have a man of the highest birth, inasmuch as he has to give orders to the nobility. I would require him to have been himself an officer, to have been promoted step by step, till he had reached at least the rank of Lieutenant-General, and was worthy of being Field-Marshal. For is it not indispensable for him to have served in person if he is to understand properly the details of the service? And will not the officers obey a hundred times more cheerfully a warrior, who has given proof of courage like themselves, than a mere statesman, who at the best can only conjecture the operations of a campaign, however intelligent he may be? I should not be sorry to have my Minister generously disposed, though he might thereby cause a little embarrassment at times to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I should like him to have an aptitude for work, and yet withal to be distinguished by that sprightliness of mind, the mark of a man superior to mere business routine, which so delights the populace, and renders all duties less irksome.” He desired his ideal Minister to have this character, since he had constantly observed that good humour is incompatible with cruelty.

Monsieur de Louvois would not perhaps have satisfied the wishes of the Unsophisticated; his merits were of another order.

But whilst they were at table, the illness of the unfortunate girl took a fatal turn; it seemed as if fire were in her veins; she was seized with a devouring fever, she suffered torture, but never complained, in her care not to disturb the cheerfulness of the company.

Her brother, knowing that she was not asleep, went to the side of the bed, and was surprised at the state in

which he found her. Everyone hurried into her chamber ; her lover followed closely upon the brother's footsteps. He was undoubtedly the most alarmed and distressed of them all ; but he had learned to join discretion to the many happy gifts which had been lavishly bestowed upon him by Nature, and a ready sense of what was becoming began to assert itself within him.

The nearest physician was immediately fetched. He was one of those practitioners who pay flying visits, who confound the disease of the patient they have seen last with that of the one they see next, and who blindly play experiments in a science from which the highest maturity of sound discernment and thoughtful reflection cannot altogether remove uncertainty and danger. He often made the evil twice as great as it was before by his haste in prescribing some remedy which happened then to be in fashion. Fashion even in Medicine ! That folly was only too common in Paris.

The young lady's grief contributed even more than her physician to render her malady dangerous. Her soul was preying upon her body. The swarm of thoughts which agitated her carried into her veins a poison more virulent than that of the most malignant fever.

CHAPTER XX.

DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL MADEMOISELLE SAINT-YVES, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

ANOTHER physician was called in ; but he, instead of helping Nature, and leaving her to act freely in a young constitution in which all the organs were loath to part with life, directed all his efforts towards thwarting

his rival's treatment. Recovery was hopeless after two days. The brain, which is considered to be the seat of the understanding, was attacked as violently as the heart, which, as we are told, is the seat of the passions.

What incomprehensible mechanism has subjected the bodily organs to the influence of thought and feeling? How is it that a single painful idea deranges the whole current of the blood? And how is it that the blood, in its turn, carries its disorders into the human understanding? What is that unknown fluid, the existence of which is certain, and which, with greater rapidity and more active power than light, flies, in less than the twinkling of an eye, into all the channels of life, producing feelings, memories, sadness or joy, sound judgment or infatuation, calling back, to our horror, what we would fain forget, and making of a rational animal an object of admiration, or a subject for tears and pity?

Such were the questions that the good Gordon asked himself; but this natural reflection, which men so seldom make, had no power to impair his sympathy, for he was not one of those miserable philosophers who force themselves to suppress all emotion. He was touched by the fate of this young girl, as a father might be who sees his beloved child dying by inches. The Abbé de Saint-Yves was in despair, the Prior and his sister shed torrents of tears. But who could picture the condition of her lover? No tongue has power to express such a load of agony; human language is too imperfect.

The aunt, herself scarcely alive, was holding the head of the dying girl in her feeble arms; her brother was kneeling at the foot of the bed; her lover squeezed her hand, and bathed it with tears, as he broke into sobs. He called her his good providence, his hope, his life, the half of himself, his sweetheart, and his wife. At the word "wife" she sighed, gazed at him with ineffable tenderness,

and suddenly uttered a cry of horror ; then in one of those intervals, wherein the heavy slumber of the senses and the suspension of suffering leave the soul a little space to recover freedom and strength, she exclaimed :

“ I your wife ! Ah, my dear lover, that name, that happiness, that prize were never destined for me ! I am dying, and I deserve my fate. O object of my heart’s devotion, whom I have sacrificed to infernal demons, it is all over with me, I have received my punishment, and you—may you live and be happy ! ”

This touching and terrible language was incomprehensible, but it pierced their hearts with alarm and tender concern. She had the courage to explain herself. Each word made all who heard her shudder with astonishment, pain, and pity. They were unanimous in detesting the man in power who had redressed a horrible act of injustice only by a crime, and who had forced the innocence that was most worthy of respect to be his accomplice.

“ Who ? Is it yourself whom you call guilty ? ” said her lover. “ No, that indeed you are not. Crime can only exist in the heart. What you suffered was for virtue and for me.”

He supported this opinion by language which seemed to bring back life to the beautiful Mademoiselle Saint-Yves. She felt comforted, and was astonished to find herself still beloved. Old Gordon would have condemned her in the days when he was a Jansenist and nothing more ; but, having become wise, he esteemed her, and wept.

In the midst of all these tears and terrors, while the danger that threatened a damsel so beloved filled all their hearts with consternation, a messenger from the Court was announced. A messenger ! From whom, and why ? He brought a letter from the King’s Confessor to the Prior of the Mountain. It was not Father de La Chaise who wrote, but Brother Vadbled, his valet and factotum, a

personage of great influence at that time, for it was he who communicated to the Archbishops the wishes of the Reverend Father, gave audience to suitors, and promised them fat livings, and he it was who sometimes secured the execution of secret warrants of imprisonment. He wrote to the Abbé of the Mountain that His Reverence had been informed of his nephew's adventures; that his incarceration was due to a mistake; that such little accidents frequently occurred, and should not be regarded as anything extraordinary; and lastly, that it would be desirable for the Prior to come and present his nephew to him on the morrow, bringing with him the good old Gordon, and Brother Vadbled engaged to introduce them to His Reverence and to Monsieur de Louvois, who would have a word or two to say to them in his antechamber.

He added that the King had been told all about the Unsophisticated, and about his fight with the English; that His Majesty would certainly deign to notice him in passing along the gallery, and might, perhaps, even honour him with a nod. The letter concluded by holding out flattering hopes that all the ladies of the Court would be anxious to admit his nephew to their early receptions, that many amongst them would address him by name and bid him good morning, and that without a doubt he would form a prominent topic of conversation at the royal supper table. The letter was signed "Your affectionate Vadbled, Jesuit Brother."

The Prior having read the letter aloud, his nephew, enraged though he was, curbed his anger for a moment and said nothing to the bearer, but, turning towards the companion of his misfortunes, asked him what he thought of that style. Gordon replied:

"That is just their way; they treat men like monkeys, beating them and making them dance!"

The Child of Nature, recovering his true character,

which always comes back when the soul is strongly moved, tore the letter to pieces and flung them in the messenger's face, saying:

“There! That is my answer.”

The uncle, frightened out of his wits, thought he saw a thunderbolt and twenty secret warrants of imprisonment falling on his nephew's head. He hastened to write and excuse, as well as he could, what he took for the ungovernable fury of a young man, but what was in reality the outburst of a generous soul.

But more painful anxieties soon took possession of all hearts. The beautiful and unfortunate Mademoiselle Saint-Yves already began to feel her end approaching. She was calm, but it was with that terrible calmness of exhausted nature which has no longer the strength to struggle.

“O, my dear lover!” said she, in faltering tones, “death comes to punish me for my frailty; but I die with the consolation of knowing that you are free. It was through my devotion to you that I betrayed you, and in bidding you farewell for ever my heart is still yours.”

She did not affect any vain fortitude; she had none of that miserable ambition which would fain give occasion to friends and neighbours to say, “She died with courage.” Who, at twenty years of age, could lose her lover, her life, and what the world calls *honour*, without heart-rending regrets? She felt all the horror of her situation, and showed that she felt it by those words and dying looks which speak with such commanding force. To be brief, she wept like those around her, whenever she had strength enough to do so.

Let others seek to praise the disdainful deaths of those who face dissolution with indifference; this is the way with all the lower animals. Such apathy is only natural with us when age or disease renders us like them by

stupefying our intellectual organs. Whoever experiences a great loss is conscious of great regret, and if he stifles it, it is only because he carries vanity even into the arms of Death.

When the fatal moment arrived, all who looked on shed tears and cried aloud. The Unsophisticated lost the use of his senses. Strong souls have far more violent feelings than others, when they are tender as well. The good Gordon knew him well enough to dread that, when he came to himself, he might rush upon self-destruction. All weapons were removed out of his reach; the unhappy young man perceived what was being done, and said to his relations and to Gordon, without a sigh, without a groan, or any other sign of emotion:

“Do you think now that there is anyone on earth who has either the right or the power to prevent me from putting an end to my life?”

Gordon wisely refrained from parading before him those tedious commonplaces by which men have attempted to prove that we are forbidden to use our liberty in ceasing to exist when things are at their worst, that it is unlawful to leave one's house when it is no longer possible to remain there, that man is placed upon this earth like a sentinel on duty; as if it mattered a whit to the Supreme Being whether the conjunction of some particles of matter were in one place or another! Feeble reasons, to which a resolute and profound despair disdains to listen, and to which Cato gave no other answer than the dagger's thrust.

The gloomy and terrible silence of the Unsophisticated, his melancholy eyes, his quivering lips, and shaking limbs, moved the hearts of all those who looked upon him with that mixture of fear and compassion which enchains all the powers of the soul, which excludes all connected discourse, and displays itself only in broken accents. The lady of the house and her family had hastened to join the others;

they trembled at his despair, keeping him in sight and watching all his movements. The ice-cold corpse of the beautiful Mademoiselle Saint-Yves had already been carried into a hall below, far from her lover's sight; he seemed to be searching for her still, although he was no longer in a condition to see anything.

In the midst of this scene of death, while the body lay displayed at the open door of the house, while two priests, one on either side of a vessel of holy water, were repeating prayers in an absent sort of way, the passers by mechanically sprinkling a few drops of holy water upon the bier, or else pursuing their way with indifference, while relatives and friends were weeping, and her lover was on the point of taking his own life, Saint Pouange arrived with the lady from Versailles.

His passing taste, having been only once gratified, had changed into amorous ardour. The refusal of his presents had piqued his pride. Father de la Chaise would never have dreamed of visiting that house; but Saint-Pouange, having ever before his mind's eye the picture of the beautiful Mademoiselle Saint-Yves, and eager to assuage a passion which a single indulgence had seemed only to intensify with a sharper goad of desire, felt no hesitation in going himself in search of one whom he would not perhaps have cared to see again a third time, if she had come to him of her own accord.

He stepped down from his earriage; the first object which met his sight was a bier, and he turned away his eyes with the mere disgust of a man devoted to pleasure, who thinks he ought to be spared every spectacle which recalls to him the consideration of human misery. He was about to walk upstairs, when the lady of Versailles inquired, out of curiosity, who was going to be buried. The name of Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves was mentioned, and at that name she turned pale and gave a dreadful

scream. Saint-Pouange turned back, pierced to the soul with painful surprise. The good old Gordon stood there, his eyes filled with tears; he interrupted his orisons to tell the courtier all about the horrible catastrophe, and he spoke to him with all the authority which virtuous indignation can confer. Saint-Pouange was not naturally wicked; his soul had been swept away in the torrent of business and pleasures, and had not yet learned to examine itself. He had not reached the threshold of age, which generally hardens the hearts of statesmen. He listened to Gordon with downcast looks, and wiped away a few tears which he was astonished to find start to his eyes: he felt the stings of remorse.

“I have a strong wish to see this extraordinary man,” said he, “of whom you speak; he has moved my compassion almost as much as this innocent victim of whose death I am guilty.”

Gordon brought him into the chamber where the Prior and his sister, the Abbé de Saint-Yves, and some neighbours were recalling to life the young man, who had fallen into another swoon.

“I have been the cause of your unhappiness,” said the Under-Secretary; “I will devote my life to making reparation.”

The first idea that occurred to the Child of Nature was to kill him, and afterwards to kill himself. Nothing could be more just and proper, but he was without arms and closely watched. Saint-Pouange was not discouraged by refusals, accompanied by the reproachés, scorn, and horror which he had so richly deserved, and which were showered upon him without stint. But time tempers all things. Monsieur de Louvois succeeded ere long in making an excellent officer of the Unsophisticated, who entered the army and appeared in Paris under another name; he gained the esteem of all good people, and distinguished

himself for courage at once as a soldier and as a philosopher.

He could never allude to his loss without emotion, and yet he found some consolation in speaking of it. He cherished the memory of his tenderly devoted mistress to the last moment of his life. The Abbé de Saint-Yves and the Prior obtained each a good living; the latter's excellent sister liked better to see her nephew decorated with military honours than his being even a sub-deacon. The pious lady of Versailles kept the diamond earrings, and received another handsome present besides. Father Tout-à-tous had packets of chocolate, coffee, sugar candy, and crystallised fruits, together with the "Meditations of the Reverend Father Croiset" and "The Flower of Sanctity,"¹ both bound in morocco. The good Gordon lived with the Child of Nature, until his death, in the closest friendship; he too was promoted to a benefice, and forgot all about effectual grace and concomitant concurrence. He took for his motto:

MISFORTUNE IS OF SOME USE.

How many honest folk there are in this world who might say: *Misfortune is good for nothing!*

¹ A work of edification by the Jesuit Ribadeneira.

